[redacted]

THE

CONFESSIONS

[redacted]

OF

J. J. ROUSSEAU,

CITIZEN OF GENEVA.

PART THE FIRST.

To which are added,

THE REVERIES

OF

A SOLITARY WALKER.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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THE

CONFESSIONS

OF

J. J. ROUSSEAU.

BOOK V.

IT was, I believe, in 1732, that I arrived at Chambery, as already related, and began my employment of registering land for the King. I was almost twenty-one, my mind well enough formed for my age with respect to sense, but very deficient in point of judgment, and needing every instruction from those into whose hands I fell, to make me conduct myself with propriety; for a few years experience had not been able to cure me radically of my romantic ideas; and notwithstanding the ills I had sustained, I knew as little of the world, or mankind, as if I had never purchased instruction. I slept at home, that is at the house of Madame de Warrens; but it was not as at Annecy:

necy: here were no gardens, no brook, no land- [redacted] and diſmal, and my apartment the moſt gloomy of the whole. The proſpect a dead wall, an alley inſtead of a ſtreet, confined air, bad light, ſmall rooms, iron bars, rats, and a rotten floor; an aſſemblage of circumſtances that do not conſtitute a very agreeable habitation; but I was in the ſame houſe with my beſt friend, inceſſantly near her, at my deſk or in her chamber, ſo that I could not perceive the gloominefs of my own, or have time to think of it. It may appear whimſical that ſhe ſhould reſide at Chambery on purpoſe to live in this diſagreeable houſe; but it was a trait of contrivance which I ought not to paſs over in ſilence. She had no great inclination for a journey to Turin, fearing that after the recent revolutions, and the agitation in which the Court yet was, ſhe ſhould not be very favourably received there; but her affairs ſeemed to demand her preſence, as ſhe feared being forgotten or ill treated, particularly as the Count de ****, Intendant-General of the Finances, was not in her intereſt. He had an old houſe at Chambery, ill built, and ſtanding in ſo diſagreeable a ſituation, that it was always untenanted; ſhe hired, and ſettled in this houſe; a plan that ſucceeded much better than a journey to Turin would

have

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have done, for her penſion was not ſuppreſſed, and the Count de **** was ever after one of her beſt friends.

Her houſehold was much on the old footing; the faithful Claude Anet ſtill remained with her. He was, as I have before mentioned, a peaſant of Moutru, who in his childhood had gathered herbs in Jura for the purpoſe of making Swiſs tea: ſhe had taken him into her ſervice for his knowledge of drugs, finding it convenient to have a herbaliſt among her domeſtics. Paſſionately fond of the ſtudy of plants, he became a real botaniſt, and had he not died young, might have acquired as much fame in that ſcience as he deſerved for being an honeſt man. Serious even to gravity, and older than myſelf, he was to me a kind of tutor, commanding reſpect, and preſerving me from a number of follies, for I dared not forget myſelf before him. He commanded it likewiſe from his miſtreſs, who knew his underſtanding, uprightneſs, and inviolable attachment to herſelf, and returned it. Claude Anet was of an uncommon temper, I never encountered a ſimilar diſpoſition: he was ſlow, deliberate, and circumſpect in his conduct; cold in his manner; laconic and ſententious in diſcourſe, yet of an impetuoſity in his paſſions, which (though

careful to conceal) preyed upon him inwardly, [illegible] urged him to the only folly he ever committ[illegible] that, folly, indeed was terrible, it was poifoni[illegible] himfelf. This tragic fcene paffed foon after [illegible] arrival, and opened my eyes to the intimacy th[illegible] fubfifted between Claude Anet and h[illegible] her for had not the information come from her, I fhould never have fufpected it: yet, furely, if attachment, fidelity, and zeal, could merit fuch a recompence, it was due to him; and what further proves him worthy fuch a diftinction, he never once abufed her confidence. They feldom difputed, and their difagreements ever ended amicably; one, indeed, was not fo fortunate; his miftrefs, in a paffion, faid fomething affronting, which not being able to digeft, he confulted only with defpair, and finding a bottle of laudanum at hand, drank it off; then went peaceably to bed, expecting to awake no more. Madame de Warrens herfelf was uneafy, agitated, wandering about the houfe, and, happily, finding the vial empty, gueffed the reft. Her fcreams, while flying to his affiftance, alarmed me; fhe confeffed all, implored my help, and was fortunate enough, after repeated efforts, to make him throw up the laudanum. Witnefs of this fcene, I could not but wonder at my ftupidity in never having fufpected

the

connection; but Claude Anet was so discreet, it a more penetrating observer might have been ceived. Their reconciliation affected me, and ded respect to the esteem I before felt for him. [illegible] time I became, in some measure, his pupil, [illegible] I find myself the worse for his instruction.

I could not learn without pain, that she lived in greater intimacy with another than myself: it was a situation I had not even thought of, but (which was very natural) it hurt me to see another in possession it. Nevertheless, instead of feeling any aversion to the person who had this advantage over me, I found the attachment I felt for her, actually extend to him. I desired her happiness above all things, and since he was concerned in her plan of felicity, I was content he should be happy likewise. Meantime, he perfectly entered into the views of his mistress; conceived a sincere friendship for me, and without affecting the authority his situation might have entitled him to, he naturally possessed that which his superior judgment gave him over mine. I dared do nothing he disapproved of, but he was sure to disapprove only what merited disapprobation: thus we lived in a

union which rendered us mutually happy and which death alone could diſſolve.

One proof of the excellence of this amiable woman's character, is, that all thoſe who loved her loved each other; even jealouſy and rivalſhip ſubmitting to the more powerful ſentiment with which ſhe inſpired them, and I never ſaw any of thoſe who ſurrounded her entertain the leaſt ill will among themſelves. Let the reader pauſe a moment on this encomium, and if he can recollect any other woman who deſerves it, let him attach himſelf to her, if he would obtain happineſs.

From my arrival at Chambery, to my departure for Paris, in 1741, included an interval of eight or nine years, during which time I have few adventures to relate; my life being as ſimple as it was agreeable. This uniformity was preciſely what was moſt wanting to compleat the formation of my character, which continual troubles had prevented from acquiring any degree of ſtability. It was during this pleaſing interval, that my unconnected, unfiniſhed education, gained conſiſtence, and made me what I have unalterably remained amid the ſtorms with which I have ſince been ſurrounded.

The

The progreſs was ſlow, almoſt imperceptible, attended by few memorable circumſtances, yet deſerves to be followed and inveſtigated.

At firſt I was wholly occupied with my buſineſs, the conſtraint of a deſk left little opportunity for other thoughts, the ſmall portion of time I was at liberty was paſſed with my dear Mad. de Warrens, and not having leiſure to read, I felt no inclination for it; but when my buſineſs (by daily repetition) became familiar, and my mind was leſs occupied, ſtudy again became neceſſary, and (as my deſires were ever irritated by any difficulty that oppoſed the indulgence of them) might once more have become a paſſion, as at my maſter's, had not other inclinations interpoſed and diverted it.

Though our occupation did not demand a very profound ſkill in arithmetic, it ſometimes required enough to puzzle me. To conquer this difficulty, I purchaſed books which treated on that ſcience, and learned well, for I now ſtudied alone. Practical arithmetic extends farther than is uſually ſuppoſed, if you would attain exact preciſion.—— There are operations of extreme length in which I have ſometimes ſeen good geometricians loſe themſelves. Reflection, aſſiſted by practice, gives clear

clear ideas, and enables you to devife ſhorter methods; theſe inventions flatter our ſelf complacency, while their exactitude ſatisfies our underſtanding and renders a ſtudy pleaſant, which is, of itſelf, heavy and tertaining. At length I became ſo expert as not to be puzzled by any queſtion that was ſolvable by arithmetical calculation; and even now, while every thing I formerly knew fades daily on my memory, this acquirement, in a great meaſure, remains, through an interval of thirty years. A few days ago, in a journey I made to Davenport, being with my hoſt at an arithmetical leſſon given his children, I did (with pleaſure and without errors) a moſt complicated work. While ſetting down my figures, methought I was ſtill at Chambery, ſtill in my days of happineſs—how far had I to look back for them!

The coloured plans of our geometricians, had given me a taſte for drawing: accordingly I bought colours, and began by attempting flowers and landſcapes. It was unfortunate that I had not talents for this art, for my inclination was much diſpoſed to it, and while ſurrounded with crayons, pencils and colours, I could have paſſed whole months without wiſhing to leave them. This amuſement engaged me ſo much, that they were obliged to force

me

me from it; and thus it is with every inclination I give into, it continues to augment, till at length it becomes ſo powerful, that I loſe ſight of every thing except the favourite amuſement. Years have not been able to cure me of that fault, nay have not even diminiſhed it, for while I am writing this, behold me, like an old dotard, infatuated with another, to me uſeleſs ſtudy, which I do not underſtand, and which even thoſe who have devoted their youthful days to the acquiſition of, are conſtrained to abandon at the age I am begining with it.

At that time, the ſtudy I am now ſpeaking of would have been well placed, the opportunity was good, and I had ſome temptation to profit by it; for the ſatisfaction I ſaw in the eyes of Anet, when he came home loaded with new diſcovered plants, ſet me two or three times on the point of going to herbalize with him, and I am almoſt certain that had I gone once I ſhould have been caught, and perhaps at this day might have been an excellent botaniſt, for I know no ſtudy more congenial to my natural inclination than that of plants, the life I have led for theſe ten years paſt, in the country, being little more than a continual herbalizing, though, I muſt confeſs, without object and with-

out improvement; but at the time I am now ſpeaking of, I had no inclination for botany, nay I even deſpiſed and was diſguſted at the idea, conſidering it only as a fit ſtudy for an apothecary. Madame de Warrens was fond of it merely for this purpoſe, ſeeking none but common plants to uſe in her medical preparations: thus, Botany, Chymiſtry and Anatomy, were confounded in my idea under the general denomination of medicine, and ſerved to furniſh me with pleaſant ſarcaſms the whole day, which procured me from time to time a box on the ear, applied by Madame de Warrens. Beſides this, a very contrary taſte grew up with me, and by degrees abſorbed all others; this was, muſic. I was certainly born for that ſcience, I loved it from my infancy, and it was the only inclination I have conſtantly adhered to, but it is aſtoniſhing that what nature ſeemed to have deſigned me for, ſhould have coſt me ſo much pains to learn, and that I ſhould acquire it ſo ſlowly, that after a whole life ſpent in the practice of this art, I could never attain to ſing with any certainty at ſight. What rendered the ſtudy of muſic more agreeable to me at that time, was, being able to practiſe it with Madame de Warrens. In other reſpects our taſtes were widely different, this was a point of coincidence which I loved to avail myſelf of. She had

had no more objection to this than myself: I knew at that time almost as much of it as she did, and after two or three efforts, we could make shift to decypher an air. Sometimes, when I saw her busy at her furnace, I have said, "Here now is a charming duet, which seems made for the very purpose of spoiling your drugs," her answer would be, "If you make me burn them, I'll make you eat them:" thus disputing, I drew her to the harpsichord; the furnace was presently forgotten, the extract of juniper or wormwood calcined, and these scenes, (which I cannot recollect without transport) usually ended by her smearing my face with the remains of them.

It may easily be conjectured I had plenty of employment to fill up my leisure hours: one amusement, however, found room, that was well worth all the rest.

We lived in such a confined dungeon, that it was necessary sometimes to breathe the open air: Anet, therefore, engaged Madame de Warrens to hire a garden in the suburbs, both for this purpose and the convenience of rearing plants, &c. to this garden was added a summer-house, which was furnished in the customary manner; we sometimes

dined, and I frequently ſlept there. Inſenſibly I became attached to this little retreat, decorated it with books and prints, ſpending part of my time in ornamenting it during the abſence of Madame de Warrens, that I might ſurprize her the more agreeably on her return. Sometimes I quitted this dear friend that I might enjoy the uninterrupted pleaſure of thinking on her; this was a caprice I can neither excuſe nor fully explain, I only know this really was the caſe, and therefore I avow it. I remember Madame de Luxembourg told me one day in raillery, of a man who uſed to leave his miſtreſs that he might enjoy the ſatisfaction of writing to her, I anſwered, I could have been this man, I might have added, that I had done the very ſame.

I did not however find it neceſſary to leave Madame de Warrens that I might love her the more ardently, for I was ever as perfectly free with her as when alone, an advantage I never enjoyed with any other perſon, man or woman, however I might be attached to them; but ſhe was ſo often ſurrounded by company who were far from pleaſing me, that ſpight and wearineſs drove me to this aſylum, where I could indulge her idea without danger of being interrupted by impertinents.

Thus

Thus my time being divided between bufinefs, pleafure and inftruction, my life paffed in the moft abfolute ferenity. Europe was not equally tranquil: France and the Emperor had mutually declared war, the King of Sardinia had entered into the quarrel, and a French army had filed off into Piedmont to awe the Milanefe. One divifion paffed through Chambery, and among others, the regiment of Champaigne, whofe Colonel was the Duke de la Tremouille, to whom I was prefented. He promifed many things, but doubtlefs never more thought of me. Our little garden was exactly at the end of the fuburb by which the troops entered, fo that I could fully fatisfy my curiofity in feeing them pafs, and I became as anxious for the fuccefs of the war as if it had nearly concerned me. 'Till now I had never troubled myfelf about politics, for the firft time I began reading the gazettes, but with fo much partiality on the fide of France, that my heart beat with rapture on its moft trifling advantages, and I was as much afflicted on a reverfe of fortune as if I had been particularly concerned.

Had this folly been tranfient, I fhould not, perhaps, have mentioned it, but it took fuch root in my heart (without any reafonable caufe) that when I after-

I afterwards acted the anti-despot and proud republican at Paris, in spight of myself, I felt a secret predilection for the nation I declared servile, and for that government I affected to oppose. The pleasantest of all was, that ashamed of an inclination so contrary to my professed maxims, I dared not own it to any one, but rallied the French on their defeats, while my heart was more wounded than their own. I am certainly the first, that living with a people who treated him well, and whom he almost adored, put on, even in their own country, a borrowed air of despising them; yet my original inclination is so powerful, constant, disinterested and invincible, that even since my quitting that kingdom, since its government, magistrates and authors, have out-vied each other in rancour against me, since it has become fashionable to load me with injustice and abuse, I have not been able to get rid of this folly, but, notwithstanding their ill treatment, love them in spite of myself.

I long sought the cause of this partiality, but was never able to find any, except in the occasion that gave it birth. A rising taste for literature attached me to French books, to their authors and their country: At the very moment the French troops were passing Chambery, I was reading *Brantome's celebrat-*

ed Captains; my head was full of the *Cliſſons*, *Bayards*, *Lautrecs*, *Colignys*, *Montmorencys*, and *Trimouilles*, and I loved their deſcendants as the heirs of their merit and courage. In each regiment that paſſed by methought I ſaw thoſe famous black bands who had formerly done ſo many noble exploits in Piedmont; in fine, I applied to theſe all the ideas I had gathered from books; my reading continued, which ſtill drawn from the ſame nation, nouriſhed my affection for that country, till at length it became a blind paſſion which nothing could overcome. I have had occaſion to remark ſeveral times in the courſe of my travels, that this impreſſion was not peculiar to me for France, but was more or leſs active in every country, for that part of the nation who were fond of literature and cultivated learning, and it was this conſideration that balanced in my mind the general hatred which the conceited air of the French is ſo apt to inſpire. Their romances, more than their men, attract the women of all countries, and the celebrated dramatic pieces of France create a fondneſs in youth for their theatres; the reputation which that of Paris in particular has acquired, draws to it crowds of ſtrangers, who return enthuſiaſts to their own country: in ſhort, the excellence of their literature captivates the ſenſes, and in the unfortunate war juſt ended,

I have

I have ſeen their authors and philoſophers maintain the glory of France, ſo tarniſhed by its warriors.

I was therefore an ardent Frenchman; this rendered me a politician, and I attended in the public ſquare, amid a throng of news-mongers, the arrival of the poſt, and ſillier than the aſs in the fable, was very uneaſy to know whoſe pack-ſaddle I ſhould next have the honour to carry, for it was then ſuppoſed we ſhould belong to France, and that Savoy would be exchanged for Milan. I muſt confeſs, however, that I experienced ſome uneaſineſs, for had this war terminated unfortunately for the allies, the penſion of Madame de Warrens would have been in a dangerous ſituation; nevertheleſs, I had great confidence in my good friends, the French, and for once (in ſpight of the ſurpriſe of M. de Broglio) my confidence was not ill founded—— thanks to the King of Sardinia, whom I had never thought of.

While we were fighting in Italy, they were ſinging in France: the operas of *Rameau* began to make a noiſe there, and once more raiſed the credit of his theoretic works, which from their obſcurity were within the compaſs of very few underſtandings. By chance I heard of his Treatiſe on Harmony,

and

and had no reſt till I had purchaſed it. By another chance I fell ſick; my illneſs was inflammatory, ſhort, and violent, but my convaleſcence was tedious, being unable to go abroad for a whole month. During this time I eagerly ran over my Treatiſe on Harmony but it was ſo long, ſo diffuſe, and ſo badly diſpoſed, that I found it would require a conſiderable time to unravel it: accordingly I ſuſpended my inclination, and recreated my ſight with muſic.

The cantatas of *Bernier* were what I principally exerciſed myſelf with. Theſe were never out my mind; I learned four or five by heart, and among the reſt, *The ſleeping Cupids*, which I have never ſeen ſince that time, though I ſtill retain it almoſt entirely; as well as *Cupid ſtung by a Bee*, a very pretty cantata by *Clerambault*, which I learned about the ſame time.

To compleat me, there arrived a young organiſt from *Valdoſt*, called the Abbe Palais, a good muſician and agreeable companion, who performed very well on the harpſichord: I got acquainted with him, and we ſoon became inſeparable. He had been brought up by an Italian Monk, who was a capital organiſt. He explained to me his principles of muſic, which I compared with *Rameau*; my head

head was filled with accompanyments, concords, and harmony, but as it was neceſſary to accuſtom the ear to all this, I propoſed to Madame de Warrens having a little concert once a month, to which ſhe conſented.

Behold me then ſo full of this concert, that night or day I could think of nothing elſe, and it actually employed a great part of my time to ſelect the muſic, aſſemble the muſicians, look to the inſtruments, and write out the ſeveral parts. Madame de Warrens ſung; Father Cato (whom I have before mentioned, and ſhall have occaſion to ſpeak of again) ſung likewiſe; a dancing-maſter, named *Roche*, and his ſon, played on the violin; *Canavas*, a Piedmonteſe muſician (who was employed like myſelf in the ſurvey, and has ſince married at Paris) played on the violoncello; the Abbe *Palais* performed on the harpſichord, and I had the honour to conduct the whole. It may be ſuppoſed all this was charming: I cannot ſay it equalled my concert at Monſieur de *Treytoren's*, but certainly it was not far behind it.

This little concert, given by Madame de Warrens, the new convert, who lived (as it was expreſſed) on the King's charity, made the whole

tribe

tribe of devotees murmur, but was a very agreeable amusement to several worthy people, at the head of whom it would not be easily surmised that I should place a Monk; yet, though a Monk, a man of considerable merit, and even of a very amiable disposition, whose subsequent misfortunes gave me the most lively concern, and whose idea, attached to that of my happy days, is yet dear to my memory. I speak of Father Cato, a Cordelier, who, in conjunction with the Count d'Ortan, had caused the music of poor Le Maitre to be seized at Lyons; which action was far from being the brightest trait in his history. He was a Bachelor of Sorbonne; had lived long in Paris among the great world, and was particularly caressed by the Marquis d'Antremont, then Ambassador from Sardinia. He was tall and well made; full faced, with very fine eyes, and black hair, which formed natural curls on each side of his forehead. His manner was at once noble, open, and modest; he presented himself with ease and good manners, having neither the hypocritical nor impudent behaviour of a Monk, nor the forward assurance of a fashionable coxcomb, but the manners of a well-bred man, who, without blushing for his habit, set a value on himself, and ever felt in his proper situation when in good company. Though Father

Cato was not deeply ſtudied for a Doctor, he was much ſo for a man of the world, and not being compelled to ſhew his talents, he brought them forward ſo advantageouſly, that they appeared greater than they really were. Having lived much in the world, he had rather attached himſelf to agreeable acquirements than to ſolid learning; had ſenſe, made verſes, ſpoke well, ſung better, and added to his good voice by playing on the organ and harpſichord, So many pleaſing qualities were not neceſſary to make his company ſought after, and, accordingly, it was very much ſo, but this did not make him neglect the duties of his function: he was choſen (in ſpight of his jealous competitors) Definitor of his Province, or, according to them, one of the greateſt pillars of their order.

Father Cato became acquainted with Madame de Warrens at the Marquis of Antremont's; he had heard of her concerts, wiſhed to aſſiſt at them, and by his company rendered our meetings truly agreeable. We were ſoon attached to each other by our mutual taſte for muſic, which in both was a moſt lively paſſion, with this difference, that he was really a muſician, and myſelf a bungler. Sometimes aſſiſted by Canavas and the Abbe Palais, we had muſic in his apartment, or on holi-

days

days at his organ, and frequently dined with him; for what was very aſtoniſhing in a Monk, he was generous, profuſe, and loved good cheer, without the leaſt tincture of greedineſs. After our concerts he always uſed to ſtay ſupper, and theſe evenings paſſed with the greateſt gaiety and good humour; we converſed with the utmoſt freedom, and ſang duets; I was perfectly at my eaſe, had ſallies of wit and merriment; Father Cato was charming, Madame de Warrens adorable, and the Abbe Palais, with his rough voice, was the butt of the company. Pleaſing moments of ſportive youth, how long ſince have ye fled!

As I ſhall have no more occaſion to ſpeak of poor Father Cato, I will here conclude in few words his melancholy hiſtory. His brother Monks, jealous, or rather exaſperated to diſcover in him a merit and elegance of manners which favoured nothing of monaſtic ſtupidity, conceived the moſt violent hatred to him, becauſe he was not as deſpicable as themſelves: the chiefs, therefore, combined againſt this worthy man, and ſet on the envious rabble of Monks, who otherwiſe would not have dared to hazard the attack. He received a thouſand indignities; they degraded him from his office, took away the apartment which he had furniſhed

niſhed with elegant ſimplicity, and, at length, baniſhed him I know not whither: in ſhort, theſe wretches overwhelmed him with ſo many evils, that his honeſt and proud ſoul ſunk under the preſſure, and, after having been the delight of the moſt amiable ſocieties, he died of grief, on a wretched bed, hid in ſome cell or dungeon, lamented by all worthy people of his acquaintance, who could find no fault in him, except, being a Monk.

Accuſtomed to this manner of life for ſome time, I became ſo entirely attached to muſic, that I could think of nothing elſe. I went to my buſineſs with diſguſt, the neceſſary confinement and aſſiduity appeared an inſupportable puniſhment, which I at length wiſhed to relinquiſh that I might give myſelf up without reſerve to my favourite amuſement. It will be readily believed that this folly met with ſome oppoſition, to give up a creditable employment and fixed ſallary to run after uncertain ſcholars, was too giddy a plan to be approved of by Madame de Warrens, and even ſuppoſing my future ſucceſs ſhould prove as great as I flattered myſelf, it was fixing very humble limits to my ambition to think of reducing myſelf for life to the condition of a muſic maſter. She who formed for me the brighteſt

brighteſt projects, and no longer truſted implicitly to the judgment of M. d'Aubonne, ſeeing with concern that I was ſo ſeriouſly occupied by a talent which ſhe thought frivolous, frequently repeated to me that provincial proverb, which does not hold quite ſo good in Paris, *Qui bien chante et bien dance, fait un metier qui peu avance.* On the other hand, ſhe ſaw me hurried away by this irreſiſtable paſſion, my taſte for muſic having become a furor, and it was much to be feared that my employment, ſuffering by my diſtraction, might draw on me a diſcharge, which would be worſe than a voluntary reſignation. I repreſented to her, that this employment could not laſt long, that it was neceſſary I ſhould have ſome permanent means of ſubſiſtance, and it would be much better to compleat by practice the acquiſition of that art to which my inclination led me, than to make freſh eſſays, which poſſibly might not ſucceed, ſince by this means, having paſſed the age moſt proper for improvement, I might be left without a ſingle reſource for gaining a livelihood: in ſhort, I extorted her conſent more by importunity and careſſes than by any ſatisfactory reaſons. Proud of my ſuceeſs, I immediately ran to thank M. Coccelli, Director-General of the Survey, as though I had performed the moſt heroic action, and quitted

ted my employment without caufe, reafon, or pretext, with as much pleafure as I had accepted it two years before.

This ftep, ridiculous as it may, appear procured me a kind of confideration which I found extremely ufeful. Some fuppofed I had refources I did not poffefs; others, feeing me totally given up to mufic, judged of my abilities by the facrifice I had made, and concluded, that with fuch a paffion for the art, I muft poffefs it in a fuperior degree. In a nation of blind men thofe with one eye are kings. I paffed here for an excellent mafter, becaufe all the reft were very bad ones. Poffeffing tafte in finging, and being favoured by my age and figure, I foon procured more fcholars than were fufficient to compenfate for the lofs of my Secretary's pay.

It is certain, that had it been reafonable to confider the pleafure of my fituation only, it was impoffible to pafs more fpeedily from one extreme to the other. At our meafuring, I was confined eight hours in the day to the moft unentertaing employment, with yet more difagreeable company. Shut up in a melancholy counting-houfe, empoifoned by the fmell and refpiration of a number of clowns, the major part of whom were ill combed

and

and very dirty, that what with attention, bad air, conſtraint and wearineſs, I was ſometimes ſo far overcome as to occaſion a vertigo. Inſtead of this, behold me admitted into the faſhionable world, ſought after in the firſt houſes, and every where received with an air of ſatisfaction; amiable and gay young ladies waiting my arrival, and welcoming me with pleaſure; I ſee nothing but charming objects, ſmell nothing but roſes and orange flowers, ſinging, chatting, laughter and amuſements perpetually ſucceed each other. It muſt be allowed, that reckoning all theſe advantages, no heſitation was neceſſary in the choice; in fact, I was ſo content with mine, that I never once repented it, nor do I even now; when free from the irrational motives that influence me at that time, I weigh in the ſcale of reaſon every action of my life.

This is perhaps the only time that, liſtening to inclination, I was not deceived in my expectations. The eaſy acceſs, obliging temper and free humour of this country, rendered a commerce with the world agreable, and the inclination I then felt for it, proves to me, that if I have a diſlike for ſociety it is more their fault than mine. It is a pity the Savoyards are not rich: though perhaps it would be a ſtill greater pity if they were ſo, for altogether

they are the beſt, the moſt ſociable people that I know, and if there is a little city in the world where the pleaſures of life are experienced in an agreeable and friendly commerce, it is at Chambery. The gentry of the province who aſſemble there, have only ſufficient wealth to live and not enough to ſpoil them; they cannot give way to ambition, but follow through neceſſity the council of *Cyneas*, devoting their youth to a military emyloyment, and returning home, grow old in peace; an arrangewent, over which honour and reaſon equally preſide. The women are handſome, yet do not ſtand in need of beauty, ſince they poſſeſs all thoſe qualifications which inhance its value and even ſupply the want of it. It is remarkable, that being obliged by my profeſſion to ſee a number of young girls, I do not recollect one at Chambery but what was charming: it will be ſaid, I was diſpoſed to find them ſo, and perhaps there may be ſome truth in the ſurmiſe. I cannot remember my young ſcholars without pleaſure. Why in naming the moſt amiable cannot I recall them, and myſelf alſo to that happy age in which our moments, pleaſing as innocent, were paſſed with ſuch happineſs together? The firſt was Mademoiſelle de Mallarede, my neighbour and ſiſter to a pupil of Monſieur Gaime. She was a fine clear brunette, lively and graceful, without

out giddineſs; thin, as girls of that age uſually are, but her bright eyes, fine ſhape and eaſy air, rendered her ſufficiently pleaſing without that degree of plumpneſs which would have given a heightening to her charms. I went there of mornings, when ſhe was uſually in diſhabille, her hair carleſsly turned up, and, on my arrival, ornamented with a flower, which was taken off at my departure for her hair to be dreſſed. There is nothing I fear ſo much as a pretty woman in an elegant diſhabille; I ſhould dread them a hundred times leſs in full-dreſs. Mademoiſelle de Menthon, whom I attended in the afternoon, was ever ſo. She made an equally pleaſing, but quite different impreſſion on me. Her hair was flaxen, her perſon delicate, ſhe was very timid and extremely fair, had a clear voice, capable of juſt modulation, but which ſhe had not courage to employ to its full extent. She had the mark of a ſcald on her boſom, which a ſcanty piece of blue chenille did not entirely cover, this ſcar ſometimes drew my attention, though not abſolutely on its own account. Mademoiſelle de Challes, another of my neighbours was a woman grown, tall, well formed, jolly, very pleaſing though not a beauty, and might be quoted for her gracefulneſs, equal temper and good humour. Her ſiſter, Madame de Charley, the handſomeſt woman of Chambery, did not learn muſic, but I taught

taught her daughter, who was yet young, but whoſe growing beauty promiſed to equal her mother's, if ſhe had not unfortunately been a litttle red-haired. I had likewiſe among my ſcholars a little French lady, whoſe name I have forgot, but who merits a place in my liſt of preferences. She had adopted the ſlow drawling tune of the Nuns, in which voice ſhe would utter ſome very keen things, which did not in the leaſt appear to correſpond with her manner; but ſhe was indolent and could not generally take pains to ſhew her wit, that being a favour ſhe did not grant to every one. After a month or two of negligent attendance, this was an expedient ſhe deviſed to make me more aſſiduous, for I could not eaſily perſuade myſelf to be ſo. When with my ſcholars I was fond enough of teaching, but could not bear the idea of being obliged to attend at a particular hour; conſtraint and ſubjection, in every ſhape, are to me inſupportable, and alone ſufficient to make me hate even pleaſure itſelf.

I had ſome ſcholars likewiſe among the trades-people, and among others one who was the indirect cauſe of a change of relationſhip (which as I have promiſed to declare all) I muſt relate in its place. She was the daughter of a grocer, and was called Mademoiſelle L***, a perfect model for a Grecian ſtatue,

ſtatue, and whom I ſhould quote for the handſomeſt girl I have ever ſeen, if true beauty could exiſt without life or ſoul. Her indolence, reſerve, and inſenſibility were inconceivable: it was equally impoſſible to pleaſe or make her angry, and I am convinced that had any one formed a deſign upon her virtue he might have ſucceeded, not through her inclination, but from her ſtupidity. Her mother, who would run no riſk of this, did not leave her a ſingle moment. In having her taught to ſing and providing a young maſter, ſhe had hoped to enliven her, but it all proved ineffectual. While the maſter was admiring the daughter, the mother was admiring the maſter; but this was equally loſt labour. Madame L*** added to her natural vivacity that portion of ſprightlineſs which ſhould have belonged to the daughter. She was a little, ugly, lively trollop, with ſmall twinkling ferret eyes, and marked with the ſmall pox. On my arrival in the morning, I always found my coffee and cream ready, and the mother never failed to welcome me with a kiſs on the lips, which I would willingly have returned the daughter, to ſee how ſhe would have received it. All this was done with ſuch an air of careleſſneſs and ſimplicity that even when M. L*** was preſent her kiſſes and careſſes were not omitted. He was a good quiet fellow, the true original of his

 daughter,

daughter, nor did his wife endeavour to deceive him, becauſe there was abſolutely no occaſion for it.

I received all theſe careſſes with my uſual ſtupidity, taking them only for marks of pure friendſhip, though they were ſometimes troubleſome; for the lively Madame L*** was diſpleaſed, if, during the day, I paſſed the ſhop without calling; it became neceſſary, therefore, (when I had no time to ſpare) to go out of my way through another ſtreet, well knowing it was not ſo eaſy to quit her houſe as to enter it.

Madame L*** thought ſo much of me, that I could not avoid thinking ſomething of her. Her attentions affected me greatly, and I ſpoke of them to Madame de Warrens, without ſuppoſing any myſtery in the matter, but had there been one I ſhould equally have divulged it, for to have kept a ſecret of any kind from her would have been impoſſible. My heart lay as open to Madame de Warrens as to Heaven. She did not underſtand the matter quite ſo ſimply as I had done, but ſaw advances where I only diſcovered friendſhip. She concluded that Madame L*** would make a point of not leaving me as great a fool as ſhe found me,

and

and ſome way or other contrive to make herſelf underſtood; but excluſive of the conſideration that it was not juſt another ſhould undertake the inſtruction of her pupil, ſhe had motives more worthy of her, wiſhing to guard me againſt the ſnares to which my youth and inexperience expoſed me. Meantime, a more dangerous temptation offered, which I likewiſe eſcaped, but which proved to her that ſuch a ſucceſſion of dangers required every preſervative ſhe could poſſibly apply.

The Counteſs of M***, mother to one of my ſcholars, was a woman of great wit, and reckoned to poſſeſs at leaſt an equal ſhare of miſchief, having (as was reported) cauſed a number of quarrels, and among others one that terminated fatally for the houſe of A***. Madame de Warrens had ſeen enough of her to know her character; for having (very innocently) pleaſed ſome perſon to whom Madame de M*** had pretenſions, ſhe found her guilty of the crime of this preference, though Madame de Warrens had neither ſought after nor accepted it, and from that moment endeavoured to play her rival a number of ill turns, none of which ſucceeded: I ſhall relate one of the moſt whimſical, by way of ſpecimen.

They were together in the country, with several gentlemen of the neighbourhood, and among the reſt the lover in queſtion. Madame de M*** took an opportunity to ſay to one of theſe gentlemen, that Madame de Warrens was a prude, that ſhe dreſſed ill, and particularly, that ſhe covered her neck like a trades-woman. "O, for that matter," replied the perſon ſhe was ſpeaking to (who was fond of a joke) "ſhe has good reaſon, for I know ſhe is marked with a great ugly rat on the boſom, ſo naturally, that it even appears to be running. Hatred, as well as love, renders its votaries credulous. Madame de M*** reſolved to make uſe of this diſcovery, and one day, while Madame de Warrens was at cards with this lady's ungrateful favourite, ſhe contrived, in paſſing behind her rival, almoſt to overſet the chair ſhe ſat on, and at the ſame inſtant very dexterouſly diſplaced her handkerchief; but inſtead of this hideous rat, the gentleman beheld a far different object, which it was not more eaſy to forget than to obtain a ſight of, and which by no means anſwered the intentions of the lady.

I was not calculated to engroſs the attention of Madame de M***, who loved to be ſurrounded by brilliant company; notwithſtanding, ſhe beſtowed

ſtowed ſome attention on me, not for the ſake of my perſon, which ſhe certainly did not regard, but for the reputation of wit which I had acquired, and which might have rendered me convenient to her predominant inclination. She had a very lively paſſion for ridicule, and loved to write ſongs and lampoons on thoſe who diſpleaſed her: had ſhe found me poſſeſſed of ſufficient talents to aid the fabrication of her verſes, and complaiſance enough to write them, we ſhould preſently have turned Chambery upſide down; theſe libels would have been traced to their ſource, Madame de M*** would have ſaved herſelf by ſacrificing me, and I ſhould have been cooped up in priſon, perhaps, for the reſt of my life as a recompence for having figured away as the Apollo of the Ladies.

Fortunately nothing of this kind happened; Madame de M*** made me ſtay dinner two or three days, to chat with me, and ſoon found I was too dull for her purpoſe. I felt this myſelf, and was humiliated at the diſcovery, envying the talents of my friend Venture; though I ſhould rather have been obliged to my ſtupidity for keeping me out of the reach of danger. I remained, therefore, Madame de M***'s daughter's ſinging-maſter, and nothing more! but I lived happily, and was ever

 well

well received at Chambery, which was a thoufand times more defirable than paffing for a wit with her and for a ferpent with every body elfe.

However this might be, Madame de Warrens conceived it neceffary to guard me from the perils of youth by treating me as a man: this fhe immediately fet about, but in the moft extraordinary manner that any woman, in fimilar circumftances, ever devifed. I all at once obferved that her manner was graver, and her difcourfe more moral than ufual. To the playful gaiety, with which fhe ufed to intermingle her inftructions, fuddenly fucceeded an uniformity of manner, neither familiar or fevere, but which feemed to prepare me for fome explanation. After having vainly racked my brain for the reafon of this change, I mentioned it to her; this fhe had expected, and immediately propofed a walk to our garden the next day. Accordingly we went there the next morning; fhe had contrived we fhould remain alone the whole day, which fhe employed in preparing me for thofe favours fhe meant to beftow; not as another woman would have done, by toying and folly, but by difcourfes full of fentiment and reafon, rather tending to inftruct than feduce, and which fpoke more to my heart than to my fenfes. Meantime, however excellent

cellent and to the purpofe thefe difcourfes might be, and though far enough from coldnefs or melancholy, I did not liften to them with all the attention they merited, nor fix them in my memory as I fhould have done at any other time. That air of preparation which fhe had adopted, gave me a degree of inquietude; while fhe fpoke (in fpight of myfelf) I was thoughtful and abfent, attending lefs to what fhe faid than curious to know what fhe aimed at; and no fooner had I comprehended her defign (which I could not eafily do) than the novelty of the idea, which all the years I had paffed with her had never once entered my imagination, took fuch entire poffeffion of me, that I was no longer capable of minding what fhe faid! I only thought of her, I I heard her no longer.

Thinking to render young minds attentive to reafon by propofing fome highly interefting object as the refult of it, is an error inftructors frequently run into, and which I have not avoided in my Emilius. The young pupil, ftruck with the object prefented to him, is occupied only with that, and leaping lightly over your preliminary difcourfes, lights at once on the point, to which, in his idea, you lead him too tedioufly. To render him attentive, he muft be prevented from feeing

the whole of your defign ; and in this particular Madame de Warrens did not act with fufficient precaution.

By a fingularity which adhered to her fyftematic difpofition, fhe took the vain precaution of propofing conditions ; but the moment I knew the purchafe, I no longer even heard them, but immediately confented to every thing ; and I doubt whether there is a man on the whole earth who would have been fincere, or courageous enough to difpute terms, or one fingle woman who would have pardoned fuch a difpute. By a continuation of the fame whimficality, fhe attached a number of the graveft formalities to the acquifition of her favours, and gave me eight days to think of them, which I affured her I had no need of, though that affurance was far from a truth ; for to compleat this affemblage of fingularities, I was very glad to have this intermiffion ; fo much had the novelty of thefe ideas ftruck me, and fuch diforder did I feel in mine, that it required time to arrange them.

It will be fuppofed, that thefe eight days appeared to me as many ages ; on the contrary, I fhould have been very glad the time had been lengthened·

lengthened. I find it difficult to defcribe the ftate I found myfelf in; it was a ftrange chaos of fear and impatience, dreading what I defired, and ftudying fom civil pretext to evade my happinefs.

Let the warmth of my conftitution be remembered, my age, my heart intoxicated with love; let my tender attachment to her be fuppofed, which far from having diminifhed, had daily gained additional ftrength; let it be confidered that I was only happy when with her, that my heart was full, not only of her bounty, of her amiable difpofition, but of her fhape, her perfon, of herfelf; in a word, conceive me united to her by every affinity that could poffibly render her dear; nor let it be fuppofed, that, ten or twelve years older than myfelf, fhe began to grow an old woman, or was fo in my opinion. From the time the firft fight of her had made fuch an impreffion on me, fhe had really altered very little, and in my mind not at all. To me fhe was ever charming, and was ftill thought fo by every one. She had got fomething jollier, but had the fame fine eyes, the fame clear complexion, the fame features, the fame beautiful light hair, the fame gaiety, and even the fame voice, whofe youthful, filver found, made fo lively an impreffion on my heart, that even to this day,

I cannot

I cannot hear a young woman's voice, that is any ways harmonious, without emotion. It will be ſeen, that in a more advanced age, the bare idea of ſome trifling favours I had to expect from the perſon I loved, inflamed me ſo far, that I could not ſupport with any degree of patience the time neceſſary to traverſe the ſhort ſpace that ſeparated us; how then, by what miracle, when in the flower of my youth, had I ſo little impatience for a happineſs I had never taſted but in idea? How could I ſee the moment advancing with more pain than pleaſure? Why, inſtead of tranſports that ſhould have intoxicated me with their delicious-neſs, did I experience only fears and repugnance? I have no doubt, but if I could have avoided this happineſs with any degree of decency, I ſhould have relinquiſhed it with all my heart. I have promiſed a number of extravagances in the hiſtory of my attachment to her; this certainly is one that no idea could be formed of.

The reader (already diſguſted) ſuppoſes, that being in the ſituation I have before deſcribed with Claude Anet, ſhe was already degraded in my opinion by this participation of her favours, and that a ſentiment of diſeſteem weakened thoſe ſhe had before inſpired me with; but he is miſtaken. 'Tis

true

true that this participation gave me a cruel uneafi-nefs, as well from a very natural fentiment of delicacy, as becaufe it appeared unworthy both of her and myfelf; but as to my fentiments for her, they were ftill the fame, and I can folemnly aver, that I never loved her more tenderly than when I felt fo little propenfity to avail myfelf of her condefcenfion. I was too well acquainted with the chaftity of her heart and the icynefs of her conftitution, to fuppofe a moment that the gratification of the fenfes had any influence over her; I was well convinced that her only motive was to guard me from dangers, which appeared otherwife inevitable, by this extraordinary favour, which fhe did not confider in the fame light that women ufually do; as will prefently be explained.

The habit of living a long time innocently together, far from weakening the firft fentiments I felt for her, had contributed to ftrengthen them, giving a more lively, a more tender, but at the fame time a lefs fenfual turn to my affection. Having ever accuftomed myfelf to call her *Mamma* (as formerly obferved) and enjoying the familiarity of a fon, it became natural to confider myfelf as fuch, and I am inclined to think this was the true rea-

fon

ſon of that inſenſibility with a perſon I ſo tenderly loved; for I can perfectly recollect that my emotions on firſt ſeeing her, though not more lively, were more voluptuous: at Annecy I was intoxicated, at Chambery I poſſeſſed my reaſon. I always loved her as paſſionately as poſſible, but I now loved her more for herſelf and leſs on my own account; or, at leaſt, I rather ſought for happineſs than pleaſure in her company. She was more to me than a ſiſter, a mother, a friend, or even than a miſtreſs, and for this very reaſon ſhe was not a miſtreſs; in a word, I loved her too much to deſire her.

This day, more dreaded than hoped for, at length arrived. I have before obſerved, that I promiſed every thing that was required of me, and I kept my word: my heart confirmed my engagements without deſiring the fruits, though at length I obtained them. Was I happy? No: I felt I know not what invincible ſadneſs which impoiſoned my happineſs: it ſeemed that I had committed an inceſt, and two or three times, preſſing her eagerly in my arms, I deluged her boſom with my tears. On her part, as ſhe had never ſought pleaſure, ſhe had not the ſtings of remorſe.

I repeat

I repeat it, all her failings were the effect of her errors, never of her paſſions. She was well born, her heart was pure, her manners noble, her deſires regular and virtuous, her taſte delicate: ſhe ſeemed formed for that elegant purity of manners which ſhe ever loved, but never practiſed, becauſe, inſtead of liſtening to the dictates of her heart, ſhe followed thoſe of her reaſon, which led her aſtray: for when once corrupted by falſe principles it will ever run counter to its natural ſentiments. Unhappily, ſhe piqued herſelf on philoſophy, and the morals ſhe drew from thence, clouded the genuine purity of her heart.

Mr. Tavel, her firſt lover, was alſo her inſtructor in this philoſophy, and the principles he had inſtilled into her mind, were ſuch as tended to ſeduce her. Finding her cold and impregnable on the ſide of her paſſions, and firmly attached to her huſband and her duty, he attacked her by ſophiſms, endeavouring to prove that the liſt of duties ſhe thought ſo ſacred, was but a ſort of catechiſm, fit only for children. That the kind of infidelity ſhe thought ſo terrible, was in itſelf, abſolutely indifferent; that all the morality of conjugal faith conſiſted in opinion, the contentment of huſbands being the only reaſonable rule of duty in wives,

wives, confequently that concealed infidelities, doing no injury, could be no crimes; in a word, he perfuaded her that the fin confifted only in the fcandal, that woman being really virtuous, who took care to appear fo. Thus the deceiver obtained his end in fubverting the reafon of a girl, whofe heart he found it impoffible to corrupt, and received his punifhment, in a devouring jealoufy, being perfuaded fhe would treat him, as he had prevailed on her to treat her hufband.

I don't know whether he was miftaken in this refpect: the Minifter P*** paffed for his fucceffor; all I know, is, that the coldnefs of temperament which it might have been fuppofed would have kept her from embracing this fyftem, in the end prevented her from renouncing it. She could not conceive how fo much importance fhould be given to what feemed to have none for her; nor could fhe honour with the name of virtue, an abftinence which would have coft her little.

She did not, therefore, give into this falfe principle on her own account, but for the fake of others; and that from another maxim almoft as falfe as the former, but more confonant to the generofity of her difpofition.

She

She was perfuaded that nothing could attach a man fo truly to any woman as an unbounded freedom, and though fhe was only fufceptible of friendfhip, this friendfhip was fo tender, that fhe made ufe of every means which depended on her to fecure the objects of it, and what is very extraordinary, almoft always fucceeded: for fhe was fo truly amiable, that an encreafe of intimacy was fure to difcover additional reafons to love and refpect her. Another thing worthy remark is, that after her firft folly, fhe only favoured the unfortunate. Lovers in a more brilliant ftation loft their labour with her, but the man who at firft attracted her pity, muft have poffeffed very few good qualities if in the end he did not obtain her affection. Even when fhe made an unworthy choice, far from proceeding from bafe inclinations, (which were ftrangers to her noble heart) it was the effect of a difpofition too generous, humane, compaffionate and fenfible, which fhe did not always govern with fufficient difcernment.

If fome falfe principles mifled her, how many admirable did fhe poffefs, which never forfook her! By how many virtues did fhe atone for her failings! if we can call by that name errors in which the fenfes had fo little fhare. The man who in one particular

ticular deceived her ſo compleatly, had given her excellent inſtructions in a thouſand others, and her paſſions, being far from turbulent, permitted her to follow the dictates. She ever acted wiſely when her ſophiſms did not intervene, and her deſigns were laudable even in her failings. Falſe principles might lead her to do ill, but ſhe never did any thing ſhe conceived to be wrong. She abhorred lying and duplicity, was juſt, equitable, humane, diſintereſted, true to her word, her friends, and thoſe duties ſhe conceived to be ſuch; incapable of hatred or revenge, and not even conceiving there was a merit in pardoning; in fine (to return to thoſe qualities which were leſs excuſable) though ſhe did not proporly value, ſhe never made a vile commerce of her favours; ſhe laviſhed, but never ſold them, though continually reduced to expedients for a ſubſiſtence: and I dare aſſert, that if Socrates could eſteem Aſpaſia, he would have reſpected Madame de Warrens.

I am well aware that aſcribing ſenſibility of heart with coldneſs of temperament to the ſame perſon, I ſhall generally, and with great appearance of reaſon, be accuſed of a contradiction. Perhaps Nature did ill, and this combination ought not to have exiſted; I only know it did exiſt. All thoſe who

know

know Madame de Warrens (a great number of whom are yet living) have had opportunities of knowing this was a fact; I dare even aver ſhe had but one pleaſure in the world, which was ſerving thoſe ſhe loved. Let every one argue on the point as he pleaſes, and wiſely prove this cannot be; my buſineſs is to declare the truth, and not to enforce a belief of it.

I became acquainted with the particulars I have juſt related in thoſe converſations which ſucceeded our union, and alone rendered it delicious. She had reaſon when ſhe concluded her complaiſance would be uſeful to me; I derived great advantages from it in point of uſeful inſtruction. Hitherto ſhe had uſed me as a child, ſhe now began to treat me as a man, and entertain me with accounts of herſelf. Every thing ſhe ſaid was ſo intereſting, and I was ſo ſenſibly touched with it; that reaſoning with myſelf, I applied theſe confidential relations to my own improvement, and received more inſtruction from them than from her documents. When we truly feel that the heart ſpeaks, our own opens to receive its inſtructions, nor can all the pompous morality of a pedagogue have half the effect that is produced by the tender, affectionate,

fectionate, and artlefs converfation of a fenfible woman, on him who loves her.

The intimacy in which I lived with Madame de Warrens, having placed me more advantageoufly in her opinion than formerly, fhe began to think (notwithftanding my aukward manner) that I deferved cultivation for the polite world, and that if I could one day fhow myfelf there in an eligible fituation, I fhould foon be able to make my way. In confequence of this idea, fhe not only fet about forming my judgment, but my addrefs, endeavouring to render me amiable as well as eftimable; and if it is true that fuccefs in this world is confiftent with ftrict virtue (which, for my part, I do not believe) I am certain there is no other road than that fhe had taken, and wifhed to point out to me; for Madame de Warrens knew mankind, and underftood exquifitely well the art of treating all ranks, without falfehood, and without imprudence, neither deceiving or provoking them: but this art was rather in her difpofition than her precepts, fhe knew better how to practife than explain it, and I was of all the world the leaft calculated to become mafter of fuch an attainment; accordingly, the means employed for this purpofe were nearly

nearly loſt labour, as well as the pains ſhe took to procure me a fencing and a dancing maſter.

Though very well made, I could never learn to dance a minuet; for being plagued with corns, I had acquired a habit of walking on my heels, which *Roche*, the dancing maſter could never break me of. It was ſtill worſe at the fencing-ſchool, where, after three months practice, I made but very little progreſs, and could never attempt fencing with any but my Maſter. My wriſt was not ſupple enough, nor my arm ſufficiently firm to retain the foil, whenever he choſe to make it fly out of my hand. Add to this, I had a mortal averſion both to the art itſelf and to the perſon who undertook to teach it to me; nor ſhould I ever have imagined, that any one could have been ſo proud of the ſcience of ſending men out of the world. To bring his vaſt genius within the compaſs of my comprehenſion, he explained himſelf by compariſons drawn from muſic, which he underſtood nothing of. He found ſtriking analogies between a hit in *quarte* or *tierce* and the intervals of muſic which bear thoſe names: when he made a feint, he cried out, "Take care of this *dieſis*," becauſe anciently they called the dieſis a *feint*, and when he had made the foil fly from my hand, he would

would add, with a ſneer, that this was a *pauſe:* In a word, I never in my life ſaw a more inſupportable pedant.

I made, therefore, but little progreſs in my exerciſes, which I preſently quitted from pure diſguſt, but I ſucceeded better in an art of a thouſand times more value, namely, that of being content with my ſituation, and not deſiring one more brilliant, for which I began to be perſuaded Nature had not deſigned me. Given up to the endeavour of rendering Madame de Warrens happy, I was ever beſt pleaſed when in her company, and, notwithſtanding my fondneſs for muſic, began to grudge the time I employed in giving leſſons to my ſcholars.

I am ignorant whether Anet perceived the full extent of our union, but I am inclined to think he was no ſtranger to it. He was a young man of great penetration, and ſtill greater diſcretion; who never belied his ſentiments, but did not always ſpeak them: without giving me the leaſt hint that he was acquainted with our intimacy, he appeared by his conduct to be ſo; nor did this moderation proceed from baſeneſs of ſoul, but having entered entirely into the principles of his miſtreſs, he

he could not reaſonably diſapprove of the natural conſequences of them. Though as young as herſelf, he was ſo grave and thoughtful, that he looked on us as two children who required indulgence, and we regarded him as a reſpectable man, whoſe eſteem we had to manage. It was not until after ſhe was unfaithful to Anet, that I learned the ſtrength of her attachment to him. She was fully ſenſible I only thought, felt, or lived for her; ſhe let me ſee, therefore, how much ſhe loved Anet, that I might love him likewiſe, and dwelt leſs on her friendſhip, than her eſteem for him, becauſe this was the ſentiment I could moſt fully partake of. How often has ſhe affected our hearts and made us embrace with tears, by aſſuring us we were both neceſſary to her happineſs. Let not women read this with an ill-natured ſmile; with the temperament ſhe poſſeſſed, this neceſſity was not equivocal, it was only that of the heart.

Thus there was eſtabliſhed among us three, an union without example, perhaps, on the face of the earth. All our wiſhes, our cares, our very hearts were for each other, and abſolutely confined to this little circle. The habit of living together, and living excluſively from the reſt of the world, became ſo ſtrong, that if at our

repafts one of the three was wanting, or a fourth perfon came in, every thing feemed deranged, and notwithftanding our particular attachments, even our *tete-a-tetes* were lefs agreeable than our re-union. What banifhed every fpecies of conftraint from our little community, was a lively reciprocal confidence, and dullnefs or infipidity could find no place among us, becaufe we were always fully employed. Madame de Warrens, always projecting, always bufy, left us no time for idlenefs, though, indeed, we had each fufficient employment on our own account. It is my maxim, that idlenefs is as much the peft of fociety as of folitude. Nothing more contracts the mind, engenders more tales, mifchief, goffipping, and lies, than for people to be eternally fhut up in the fame apartment together, and reduced, from the want of employment, to the neceffity of an inceffant chat. When every one is bufy, (unlefs you really have fomething to fay) you may continue filent; but if you have nothing to do, you muft abfolutely fpeak continually, and this, in my mind, is the moft burthenfome and the moft dangerous conftraint. I will go farther, and maintain, that, to render company harmlefs, as well as agreeable, it is neceffary, not only that they fhould have fomething to do, but fomething that requires a degree of attention.

Knotting,

Knotting, for inſtance, is abſolutely as bad as doing nothing; you muſt take as much pains to amuſe a woman whoſe fingers are thus employed, as if ſhe ſat with her arms acroſs; but let her embroider, and it is a different matter; ſhe is then ſo far buſied, that a few intervals of ſilence may be borne with. What is moſt diſguſting and ridiculous, during theſe intermiſſions of converſation, is to ſee, perhaps, a dozen over-grown fellows, get up, ſit down again, walk backwards and forwards, turn on their heels, play with the chimney ornaments, and rack their brains to maintain an inexhauſtible chain of words: what a charming occupation! Such people, wherever they go, muſt be troubleſome both to others and themſelves. When I was at Motier's, I uſed to employ myſelf in making laces with my neighbours, and was I again to mix with the world, I would always carry a cup-and-ball in my pocket; I would ſometimes play with it the whole day, that I might not be conſtrained to ſpeak when I had nothing to diſcourſe about; and I am perſuaded, that if every one would do the ſame, mankind would be leſs miſchievous, their company would become more rational, and, in my opinion, a vaſt deal more agreeable: in a word, let wits laugh if they pleaſe, but I maintain, that the only practical leſ-

ſon of morality, within the reach of the preſent age, is that of the cup-and-ball.

At Chambery they did not give us the trouble of ſtudying expedients to avoid wearineſs when by ourſelves, for a troop of importunate viſitors gave us too much by their company, to feel any when alone. The impatience they formerly gave me had not diminiſhed, all the difference was, I now found leſs opportunity to abandon myſelf to the diſſatisfaction of it. Poor Madame de Warrens had not loſt her old predilection for ſchemes and ſyſtems; on the contrary, the more ſhe felt the preſſure of her domeſtic neceſſities, the more ſhe endeavoured to extricate herſelf from them by viſionary projects; and in proportion to the decreaſe of her preſent reſources, ſhe contrived to enlarge, in idea, thoſe of the future. Increaſe of years only ſtrengthened this folly: as ſhe loſt her reliſh for the pleaſures of the world and youth, ſhe replaced it by an additional fondneſs for ſecrets and projects: her houſe was never clear of quacks, contrivers of new manufactures, alchymiſts, projectors of all kinds and of all deſcriptions, whoſe diſcourſes began by a diſtribution of millions, and concluded by giving you to underſtand they were in want of a crown piece. No one went from her

empty

empty handed; and what aſtoniſhed me moſt was, how ſhe could ſo long ſupport ſuch profuſion, without exhauſting the ſource, or wearying her creditors.

Her principal project at the time I am now ſpeaking of, was eſtabliſhing a Royal Phyſical Garden at Chambery, with an eſtabliſhed Demonſtrator; it will be unneceſſary to add who this office was deſigned for. The ſituation of this city, in the midſt of the Alps, was extremely favourable to botany, and as Madame de Warrens was always for helping out one project with another, a College of Pharmacy was to be added, which really would have been a very uſeful foundation in ſo poor a country, where apothecaries are almoſt the only medical practitioners. The retreat of the chief Phyſician, Groſſi, to Chambery, on the demiſe of King Victor, ſeemed to favour this idea, or, perhaps, firſt ſuggeſted it; however this may be, by flattery and attention ſhe ſet about managing Groſſi, who, in fact, was not very manageable, being the moſt cautic and brutal for a man, who had any pretenſions to the quality of a gentleman, that ever I knew. The reader may judge for himſelf by two or three traits of character, which I ſhall add by way of ſpecimen.

He aſſiſted one day at a conſultation with ſome other doctors, and among the reſt, a young gentleman from Annecy, who was phyſician in ordinary to the ſick perſon. This young man, being but indifferently taught for a doctor, was bold enough to differ in opinion from Monſ. Groſſi, who only anſwered him by aſking when he ſhould return, which way he meant to take, and what conveyance he ſhould make uſe of? The other, after having ſatisfied Groſſi in theſe particulars, aſked if there was any thing he could ſerve him in? "Nothing, nothing," anſwered he, "only I ſhall place myſelf at a window in your way, that I may have the pleaſure of ſeeing an aſs ride on horſeback. His avarice equalled his riches and want of feeling. One of his friends wanted to borrow ſome money of him, on good ſecurity. "My friend," anſwered he, ſhaking him by the arm, and grinding his teeth, "Should St. Peter deſcend from Heaven, to borrow ten piſtoles of me, and offer the Trinity as ſureties, I would not lend them." One day, being invited to dinner with Count Picon, Governor of Savoy, who was very religious, he arrived before it was ready, and found his Excellency buſy at his devotions, who propoſed to him the ſame employment: Not knowing how to refuſe, he knelt down with a frightful grimace,

mace, but had hardly recited two *Ave-Marias*, when not able to contain any longer, he roſe haſtily, ſnatched his hat and cane, and, without ſpeaking a word, was making towards the door; Count Picon ran after him, crying, "Monſieur Groſſi! Monſieur Groſſi! ſtop, there's a moſt excellent ortolan on the ſpit for you." "Monſieur le Count," replied the other, turning his head, "though you ſhould give me a roaſted angel, I would not ſtay." Such was M. Groſſi, whom Madame de Warrens undertook, and ſucceeded in civilizing. Though his time was very much occupied, he accuſtomed himſelf to come frequently to her houſe, conceived a friendſhip for Anet, ſeemed to think him intelligent, ſpoke of him with eſteem, and, what would not have been expected from ſuch a brute, affected to treat him with reſpect, wiſhing to efface the impreſſions of the paſt; for though Anet was no longer on the footing of a domeſtic, it was known he had been one, and nothing leſs than the countenance and example of the chief phyſician, was neceſſary to ſet an example of reſpect, which would not otherwiſe have been paid him. Thus Claude Anet, with a black coat, a well-dreſſed wig, a grave decent behaviour, a proper circumſpect conduct, and with a tolerable knowledge in medical and botanical matters, might

 reaſonably

reasonably have hoped to fill, with universal satisfaction, the place of public Demonstrator, had the proposed establishment taken place. Grossi highly approved the plan, and only waited an opportunity to propose it to administration, whenever a return of peace should permit them to think of useful institutions, and enable them to spare the necessary pecuniary supplies.

But this project, whose execution would probably have plunged me into botanical studies, for which I am inclined to think Nature designed me, failed through one of those unexpected strokes which frequently overthrow the best concerted plans. I was destined to become an example of human misery; and it might be said, that Providence, who called me by degrees to these extraordinary trials, disconcerted every opportunity that could prevent my encountering them.

In an excursion which Anet made to the top of the mountains to seek for genipi, a scarce plant that grows only on the Alps, and which Monsieur Grossi had occasion for, unfortunately he heated himself so much, that he was seized with a pleurisy, which the genipi could not relieve, though said to be specific in that disorder; and, notwith-

standing

ſtanding all the art of Groſſi, (who certainly was very ſkilful) and all the care of his good miſtreſs and myſelf, he died the fifth day of his diſorder, in the moſt cruel agonies. During his illneſs he had no exhortations but mine, beſtowed with ſuch tranſports of grief and zeal, that had he been in a ſtate to underſtand them, they muſt have been ſome conſolation to him. Thus I loſt the firmeſt friend I ever had; a man eſtimable and extraordinary; in whom Nature ſupplied the defects of education, and who (though in a ſtate of ſervitude) poſſeſſed all the virtues neceſſary to form a great man, which, perhaps, he would have ſhewn himſelf, and been acknowledged, had he lived to fill the ſituation he ſeemed ſo perfectly adapted to.

The next day I ſpoke of him to Madame de Warrens with the moſt ſincere and lively affection; when, ſuddenly, in the midſt of our converſation, the vile, ungrateful thought occurred, that I ſhould inherit his wardrobe, and particularly a handſome black coat, which I thought very becoming. As I thought this, I conſequently uttered it; for when with her, to think and ſpeak was the ſame thing. Nothing could have made her feel more forcibly the loſs ſhe had ſuſtained, than this unworthy and odious obſervation; diſintereſtedneſs

and greatneſs of ſoul being qualities which poor Anet had eminently poſſeſſed. The generous Madame de Warrens turned from me, and (without any reply) burſt into tears. Dear and precious tears! your reprehenſion was fully felt; ye ran into my very heart, waſhing from thence even the ſmalleſt traces of ſuch deſpicable and unworthy ſentiments, never to return.

This loſs cauſed Madame de Warrens as much inconvenience as ſorrow, ſince from this moment her affairs were ſtill more deranged. Anet was extremely exact, and kept every thing in order: his vigilance was univerſally feared, and this ſet ſome bounds to that profuſion they were too apt to run into; even Madame de Warrens, to avoid his cenſure, kept her diſſipation within bounds: his attachment was not ſufficient, ſhe wiſhed to preſerve his eſteem, and avoid the juſt remonſtrances he ſometimes took the liberty to make her, by repreſenting that ſhe ſquandered the property of others as well as her own. I thought as he did, nay, I even ſometimes expreſſed myſelf to the ſame effect, but had not an equal aſcendency over her, and my advice did not make the ſame impreſſion, On his deceaſe, I was obliged to occupy his place, for which I had as little inclination as abilities, and therefore

filled it ill. I was not ſufficiently careful, and ſo very timid, that though I frequently found fault to myſelf, I ſaw ill management without taking courage to oppoſe it; beſides, though I had acquired an equal ſhare of reſpect, I had not the ſame authority. I ſaw the diſorder that prevailed, trembled at it, ſometimes complained, but was never attended to. I was too young and lively to have any pretenſion to the exerciſe of reaſon, and when I would have acted the reformer, Madame de Warrens, calling me her little Mentor, with two or three playful flaps on the cheek, reduced me again to my natural thoughtleſſneſs. Notwithſtanding, an idea of the certain diſtreſs into which her ill-regulated expences, ſooner or later, muſt neceſſarily plunge her, made a ſtronger impreſſion on me ſince I had become the inſpector of her houſehold, and had a better opportunity of calculating the inequality that ſubſiſted between her income and her expences. I even date from this period the beginning of that inclination to avarice which I have ever ſince been ſenſible of. I was never fooliſhly prodigal, except by intervals, but till then I was never concerned whether I had much or little money. I now began to pay more attention to this circumſtance, taking care of my purſe, and becoming mean from a laudable motive; for I only ſought to enſure Madame de Warrens ſome

ſome reſource againſt that cataſtrophe which I dreaded the approach of. I feared her creditors would ſeize her penſion, or that it might be diſcontinued and ſhe reduced to want, when I fooliſhly imagined that the trifle I could ſave might be of eſſential ſervice to her; but to accompliſh this, it was neceſſary I ſhould conceal what I meant to make a reſerve of; for it would have been an aukward circumſtance, while ſhe was perpetually drove to expedients, to have her know that I hoarded money. Accordingly, I ſought out ſome hiding places, where I laid up a few *louis*, reſolving to augment this ſtock, from time to time, till a convenient opportunity to lay it at her feet; but I was ſo incautious in the choice of my repoſitories, that ſhe always diſcovered them, and to convince me ſhe did ſo, changed the *louis* I had concealed for a larger ſum in different pieces of coin. Aſhamed of theſe diſcoveries, I brought back to the common purſe my little treaſure, which ſhe never failed to lay out in cloaths, or other things for my uſe, ſuch as a ſilver hilted ſword, watch &c. Being convinced that I ſhould never ſucceed in accumulating money, and that what I could ſave would furniſh but a very ſlender reſource againſt the misfortune I dreaded, made me wiſh to place myſelf in ſuch a ſituation that I might be enabled to provide for her,

whenever

whenever ſhe might chance to be reduced to want. Unhappily, ſeeking theſe reſources on the ſide of my inclinations, I fooliſhly determined to conſider muſic as my principal dependance; and ideas of harmony riſing in my brain. I imagined, that if placed in a proper ſituation to profit by them, I ſhould acquire celebrity, and preſently become a modern Orpheus, whoſe myſtic ſounds, would attract all the riches of Peru.

As I began to read muſic tolerably well, the queſtion was, how I ſhould learn compoſition? The difficulty lay in meeting with a good maſter, for with the aſſiſtance of my *Rameau* alone, I deſpaired of ever being able to accompliſh it; and ſince the departure of M. le Maitre, there was nobody in Savoy that underſtood any thing of the principles of harmony.

I am now about to relate another of thoſe inconſequences, which my life is full of, and which have ſo frequently carried me directly from my deſigns, even when I thought myſelf immediately within reach of them. Venture had ſpoken to me in very high terms of the Abbe Blanchard, who had taught him compoſition; a deſerving man, poſſeſſed of great talents, who was muſic-maſter to the Cathedral

dral at Besancon, and is now in that capacity at the Chapel of Versailles. I therefore determined to go to Besancon, and take some lessons from the Abbe Blanchard, and the idea appeared so rational to me, that I soon made Madame de Warrens of the same opinion, who immediately set about the preparations for my journey, in the same stile of profusion with which all her plans were executed. Thus this project for preventing a bankruptcy, and repairing in future the waste of dissipation, began by causing her to expend eight hundred livres; her ruin being accelerated that I might be put in a condition to prevent it. Foolish as this conduct may appear, the illusion was compleat on my part, and even on her's, for I was persuaded I should labour for her emolument, and she thought she was highly promoting mine.

I expected to find Venture still at Annecy, and promised myself to obtain a recommendatory letter from him to the Abbe Blanchard; but he had left that place, and I was obliged to content myself in the room of it, with a mass in four parts, of his composition, which he had left with me. With this slender recommendation I set out for Besancon, by the way of Geneva, where I saw my relations; and through Nyon, where I saw my father, who

received

received me in his ufual manner, and promifed to forward my portmanteau, which, as I travelled on horfe-back, came after me. I arrived at Befancon, and was kindly received by the Abbe Blanchard, who promifed me his inftruction, and offered his fervices in any other particular. We had juft fat about our mufic, when I received a letter from my father, informing me that my portmanteau had been feized and confifcated at *Rouffes*, a French barrier on the fide of Switzerland. Alarmed at the news, I employed the acquaintance I had formed at Befancon, to learn the motive of this confifcation. Being certain there was nothing contraband among my baggage, I could not conceive on what pretext it could have been feized on; at length, however, I learned the rights of the ftory, which (as it is a very curious one) muft not be omitted.

I became acquainted at Chambery with a very worthy old man, from Lyons, named Monfieur Duvivier, who had been employed at the *Vifa* under the regency, and for want of other bufinefs, now affifted at the furvey. He had lived in the polite world, poffeffed talents, was good humoured, and underftood mufic. As we both wrote in the fame chamber, we preferred each other's acquaintance to that of the unlicked cubs that furrounded us. He had

had ſome correſpondents at Paris, who furniſhed him with thoſe little nothings, thoſe daily novelties, which circulate one knows not why, and dies one cares not when, without any one thinking of them longer than they are repeating. As I ſometimes took him to dine with Madame de Warrens, he in ſome meaſure treated me with reſpect, and (wiſhing to render himſelf agreeable) endeavoured to make me fond of theſe trifles, for which I naturally had ſuch a diſtaſte, that I never in my life read any of them. Unhappily one of theſe curſed papers happened to be in the waiſtcoat pocket of a new ſuit, which I had only wore two or three times to prevent its being ſeized by the commiſſioners of the cuſtoms. This paper contained an inſipid Janſeniſt parody on that beautiful ſcene in Racine's Mithridates: I had not read ten lines of it, but by forgetfulneſs left it in my pocket, and this cauſed all my neceſſaries to be confiſcated. The commiſſioners at the head of the inventory of my portmanteau, ſet a moſt pompous verbal proceſs, in which it was taken for granted that this terrible writing came from Geneva for the ſole purpoſe of being printed and diſtributed in France; and then ran into holy invectives againſt the enemies of God and the Church, and praiſed the pious vigilance of thoſe who had prevented the execution of this moſt infer-

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nal machination. They doubtlefs found alfo that my fpirits fmelt of herefy, for on the ftrength of this dreadful paper they were all feized, and from that time I never received any account of my unfortunate portmanteau. The revenue officers whom I applied to for this purpofe, required fo many inftructions, informations, certificates, memorials &c. &c. that loft a thoufand times in the perplexing labyrinth, I was glad to abandon them entirely. I feel a real regret for not having preferved this verbal procefs from the office of *Rouffes*, for it was a piece calculated to hold a diftinguifhed rank in the collection which is to accompany this work.

The lofs of my neceffaries immediately brought me back to Chambery, without having learned any thing of the Abbe Blanchard. Reafoning with myfelf on the events of this journey, and feeing that misfortunes attended all my enterprifes, I refolved to attach myfelf entirely to Madame de Warrens, to fhare her fortune, and diftrefs myfelf no longer about future events, which I could not regulate. She received me as if I had brought back treafures, replaced by degrees my little wardrobe, and though this misfortune fell heavy enough on us both, it was forgotten almoft as fuddenly as it arrived.

Though

Though this miſchance had rather damped my muſical ardour, I did not leave off ſtudying my *Rameau*, and by repeated efforts, was at length able to underſtand it, and to make ſome little attempts at compoſition, the ſucceſs of which, encouraged me to proceed. The Count de Bellegrade, ſon to the Marquis of Antremont, had returned from Dreſden after the death of King Auguſtus. Having long reſided at Paris he was fond of muſic, and particularly that of Rameau. His brother, the Count of Nangis, played on the violin; the Counteſs la Tour, their ſiſter, ſung tolerably, this rendered muſic the faſhion at Chambery, and a kind of public concert was eſtabliſhed there, the direction of which was at firſt deſigned for me, but they ſoon diſcovered I was not competent to the undertaking, and it was otherwiſe arranged. Notwithſtanding this, I continued writing a number of little pieces, in my own way, and among others, a cantata, which gained great approbation; it could not, indeed, be called a finiſhed piece, but the airs were wrote in a ſtyle of novelty, and produced a good effect, which was not expected from me. Theſe gentlemen could not believe, that reading muſic ſo indifferently, it was poſſible I ſhould compoſe any that was paſſable, and made no doubt but I had taken to myſelf the credit of ſome other perſon's labours. Monſieur de Nangis,

gis, wiſhing to be aſſured of this, called on me one morning with a cantata of Clerambault's which he had tranſpoſed, as he ſaid, to ſuit his voice, and to which another baſe was neceſſary, the tranſpoſition having rendered that of Clerambault impracticable. I anſwered it required conſiderable labour, and could not be done on the ſpot. Being convinced I only ſought an excuſe, he preſſed me to write at leaſt the baſs to a recitative: I do ſo, not well, doubtleſs, becauſe to attempt any thing with ſucceſs, I muſt have both time and freedom, but I did it at leaſt according to rule, and he being preſent, could not doubt but I underſtood the elements of compoſition. I did not therefore, loſe my ſcholars, though it hurt my pride that there ſhould be a concert at Chambery in which I was not neceſſary.

About this time, peace being concluded, the French army repaſſed the Alps. Several officers came to viſit Madame de Warrens, and among others, the Count de Lautrec, Colonel of the regiment of Orleans, ſince Plenipotentiary of Geneva, and afterwards the Marſhal of France, to whom ſhe preſented me. On her recommendation, he appeared to intereſt himſelf greatly in my behalf, promiſing a great deal, which he never remembered till the laſt year of his life, when I no longer ſtood in need

of

of his aſſiſtance. The young Marquis of Sennecterre, whoſe father was then Ambaſſador at Turin, paſſed through Chambery at the ſame time, and dined one day at M. de Menthon's, when I happened to be among the gueſts, After dinnner, the diſcourſe turned on muſic, which the Marquis underſtood extremely well The opera of Jephtha was then new; he mentioned this piece, it was brought him, and he made me tremble by propoſing to execute it between us. He opened the book at that celebrated double chorus,

"La Terre, l'Enfer, le Ciel même,
"Tout tremble devant le Seigneur! *

He ſaid, "how many parts will you take? I will do theſe ſix." I had not yet been accuſtomed to this trait of French vivacity, and though acquainted with diviſions, could not comprehend how one man could undertake to perform ſix, or even two parts at the ſame time. Nothing has coſt me more trouble in muſic than to ſkip lightly from one part to another, and have the eye at once on a whole diviſion. By the manner I evaded this trial, he muſt have been inclined to believe I did not underſtand muſic, and perhaps it was to ſatisfy himſelf in this particular,

* The Earth, and Hell, and Heaven itſelf, tremble before the Lord!

particular, that he propoſed my noting a ſong for Mademoiſelle de Menthon, in ſuch a manner, that I could not avoid it. He ſang this ſong, and I wrote from his voice, without giving him much trouble to repeat it. When finiſhed, he read my performance, and found (which was very true) that it was very correctly noted. He had obſerved my embarraſſment, and now ſeemed to enhance the merit of this little ſucceſs. In reality, I then underſtood muſic very well, and only wanted that quickneſs at firſt ſight, which I poſſeſs in no one particular, and is only to be acquired in this art by long and conſtant practice. Be that as it may, I was fully ſenſible of his kindneſs in endeavouring to efface from the minds of others, and even from my own, the little conſtraint I had experienced on this occaſion. Twelve or fifteen years afterwards, meeting this gentleman at ſeveral houſes in Paris, I was tempted to make him recollect this anecdote, and ſhew him I ſtill remembered it; but he had loſt his ſight ſince that time; I feared to give him pain by recalling to his memory how uſeful it formerly had been to him, and was therefore ſilent on that ſubject.

I now touch on the moment that binds my paſt exiſtence to the preſent, ſome friendſhips of that period,

period, prolonged to the present time, being very dear to me, have frequently made me regret that happy obscurity, when those who called themselves my friends, were really so; loved me for myself, through pure good-will, and not from the vanity of being acquainted with a conspicuous character, perhaps, for the secret purpose of finding more occasions to injure him.

From this time I date my first acquaintance with my old friend Gauffecourt, who notwithstanding every effort to disunite us has still remained so—Still remained so?—No alas! I have just lost him!—but his affection terminated only with his life—death alone could put a period to our friendship. Monsieur de Gauffecourt was one of the most amiable men that ever existed; it was impossible to see him without affection, or to live with him without feeling a sincere attachment. In my life I never saw features more expressive of goodness and serenity, or that marked more feeling, more understanding, or inspired greater confidence. However reserved one might be, it was impossible even at first sight to avoid being as free with him as if he had been an acquaintance of twenty years; for myself, who find so much difficulty to be at ease among new faces, I was familiar with him in a moment.

moment. His manner, accent and converſation, perfectly ſuited his features: the ſound of his voice was clear, full and muſical; it was an agreeable expreſſive baſs, which ſatisfied the ear, and ſounded full upon the heart. It was impoſſible to poſſeſs a more equal and pleaſing vivacity, or more real and unaffected gracefulneſs, more natural talents, or cultivated with greater taſte; join to all theſe good qualities, an affectionate heart, but loving rather too diffuſively, and beſtowing his favours with too little caution; ſerving his friends with zeal, or rather making himſelf the friend of every one he could ſerve, yet contriving very dextrouſly to manage his own affairs, while warmly purſuing the intereſt of others.

Gauffecourt was the ſon of a clock-maker, and would have been a clock-maker himſelf had not his perſon and deſert called him to a ſuperior ſituation. He became acquainted with M. de la Cloſure, the French Reſident at Geneva, who conceived a friendſhip for him and procured him ſome connections at Paris, which were uſeful, and through whoſe influence he obtained the privilege of furniſhing the ſalts of Valais, which was worth twenty thouſand livres a year. This very amply ſatisfied his wiſhes with reſpect to fortune, but with

with regard to women he was more difficult; he had to provide for his own happineſs, and did what he ſuppoſed moſt conducive to it. What renders his character moſt remarkable, and does him the greateſt honour, is, that though connected with all conditions, he was univerſally eſteemed and ſought after, without being envied or hated by any one, and I really believe he paſſed through life without a ſingle enemy.—Happy man!

He went every year to the baths of Aix, where the beſt company from the neighbouring countries reſorted, and being on terms of friendſhip with all the nobility of Savoy, came from Aix to Chambery to ſee the young Count de Bellegarde and his father the Marquis of Antermont. It was here Madame de Warrens introduced me to him, and this acquaintance, which appeared at that time to end in nothing, after many years had elapſed, was renewed on an occaſion which I ſhould relate, when it became a real friendſhip. I apprehend I am ſufficiently authoriſed in ſpeaking of a man to whom I was ſo firmly attached, but had I no perſonal intereſt in what concerned him, he was ſo truly amiable, and born with ſo many natural good qualities, that for the honour of human nature I ſhould think it neceſſary to preſerve

ſerve his memory. This man, eſtimable as he certainly was, had, like other mortals, ſome failings, as will be ſeen hereafter; perhaps had it not been ſo he would have been leſs amiable, ſince to render him as intereſting as poſſible, it was neceſſary he ſhould ſometimes act in ſuch a manner as to require a ſmall portion of indulgence.

Another connection of the ſame time, that is not yet extinguiſhed, and continues to flatter me with the idea of temporal happineſs, which it is ſo difficult to obliterate from the human heart, is Monſieur de Conzie, a Savoyard gentleman, then young and amiable, who had a fancy to learn muſic, or rather to be acquainted with the perſon who taught it. With great underſtanding and taſte for polite acquirements, M. de Conzie poſſeſſed a mildneſs of diſpoſition which rendered him extremely attractive, and my temper being ſomething ſimilar, when it found a counterpart, our friendſhip was ſoon formed. The ſeeds of literature and philoſophy, which began to ferment in my brain, and only waited for culture and emulation to ſpring up, found in him exactly what was wanting to render them prolific. M. de Conzie had no great inclination to muſic, and even this was uſeful to me, for the hours deſtined to leſſons were paſſed any how ra-

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ther than musically: we breakfasted, chatted and read new publications, but not a word of music.

The correspondence between Voltaire and the Prince Royal of Prussia then made a noise in the world, and these celebrated men were frequently the subject of our conversation, one of whom, recently seated on a throne, already indicated what he would prove himself hereafter, while the other, as much disgraced as he is now admired, made us sincerely lament the misfortunes that seemed to pursue him, and which are so frequently the appendage of superior talents. The Prince of Prussia had not been happy in his youth, and it appeared that Voltaire was formed never to be so. The interest we took in both parties extended to all that concerned them, and nothing that Voltaire wrote escaped us. The inclination I felt for these performances inspired me with a desire to write elegantly, and an endeavour to imitate the colouring of that author, with whom I was so much enchanted. Some time after, his philosophical letters, (though certainly not his best work) greatly augmented my fondness for study: it was a rising inclination, which from that time has never been extinguished.

But the moment was not yet arrived when I ſhould give into it entirely; my rambling diſpoſition (rather contracted than eradicated) being kept alive by our manner of living at Madame de Warrens's, which was too unſettled for one of my ſolitary temper. The crowd of ſtrangers who daily ſwarmed about her from all parts, and the certainty I was in that theſe people ſought only to dupe her, each in his particular mode, rendered home diſagreeable. Since I had ſucceeded Anet in the confidence of his miſtreſs, I had ſtrictly examined her circumſtances, and ſaw their evil tendency with horror. I had remonſtrated a hundred times, prayed, argued, conjured, but all to no purpoſe. I had thrown myſelf at her feet and ſtrongly repreſented the cataſtrophe that threatened her, had earneſtly entreated that ſhe would reform her expences, and begin with myſelf, repreſenting that it was better to ſuffer ſomething while ſhe was yet young, than by multiplying her debts and creditors, expoſe her old age to vexation and miſery.

Senſible of the ſincerity of my zeal ſhe was frequently affected, and would then make the fineſt promiſes in the world: but only let an artful ſchemer arrive, and in an inſtant all her good reſolutions were forgotten. After a thouſand proofs of the

the inefficacy of my remonſtrances, what remained but to turn away my eyes from the ruin I could not prevent? and fly myſelf from the door I could not guard? I made, therefore, little journeys to Geneva and Lyons, which diverted my mind in ſome meaſure from this ſecret uneaſineſs, though it encreaſed the cauſe by theſe additional expences. I can truly aver I ſhould have acquieſced with pleaſure in every retrenchment, had Madame de Warrens really profited by it, but being perſuaded that what I might refuſe myſelf would be diſtributed among a ſet of intereſted villains, I took advantage of her eaſineſs to partake with them, and, like the dog returning from the ſhambles, carried off a part of that morſel which I could not protect.

Pretences were not wanting for all theſe journeys; even Madame de Warrens would alone have ſupplied with more than was neceſſary, having plenty of connections, negociations, affairs and commiſſions, which ſhe wiſhed to have executed by ſome truſty hand. In theſe caſes ſhe uſually applied to me; I was always willing to go, and conſequently found occaſions enough to furniſh out a rambling kind of life. Theſe excurſions procured me ſome good connections, which have ſince been agreeable or uſeful to me. Among others, I met at Lyons, with

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Mr. Perrichon, whose friendship I accuse myself with not having sufficiently cultivated, considering the kindness he had for me; and that of the good Parisot, which I shall speak of in its place; at Grenoble, that of Madame Deybens and Madame la Presidente de Bardonanche, a woman of great understanding, and who would have entertained a friendship for me had it been in my power to have seen her oftener: at Geneva, that of M. de la Closure the French Resident, who often spoke to me of my mother, the remembrance of whom neither death or time had erased from his heart; likewise those of the two Barillots, the father, who was very amiable, a good companion, and one of the most worthy men I ever met, calling me his grandson. During the troubles of the Republic these two citizens took contrary sides, the son siding with the people, the father with the magistrates. When they took up arms in 1737, I was at Geneva, and saw the father and son quit the same house armed, the one going to the town-house, the other to his quarters, almost certain to meet face to face in the course of two hours, and prepared to give or receive death from each other. This unnatural sight made so lively an impression me, that I solemnly vowed never to interfere in any civil war, nor assist in deciding our internal dispute by arms, either person-

 ally

ally or by my influence, ſhould I ever enter into my rights as a citizen. I can bring proofs of having kept this oath on a very delicate occaſion, and it will be confeſſed (at leaſt I ſhould ſuppoſe ſo) that this moderation was of ſome worth.

But I had not yet arrived at that fermentation of patriotiſm which the firſt ſight of Geneva in arms has ſince excited in my heart, as may be conjectured by a very grave fact that will not tell to my advantage, which I forgot to put in its proper place, but which ought not to be omitted.

My uncle Bernard died at Carolina, where he had been employed ſome years in the building of Charles Town, which he had formed the plan of. My poor couſin, too, died in the Pruſſian ſervice; thus my aunt loſt nearly at the ſame period her ſon and huſband. Theſe loſſes re-animated in ſome meaſure her affection for the neareſt relative ſhe had remaining, which was myſelf. When I went to Geneva, I reckoned her houſe my home, and amuſed myſelf with rummaging and turning over the books and papers my uncle had left. Among them I found ſome curious ones, and ſome letters, which they certainly little thought of. My aunt, who ſet no ſtore by theſe duſty papers, would willingly have

given the whole to me, but I contented myſelf with two or three books, with notes written by the Miniſter Bernard, my grandfather, and among the reſt, the poſthumous works of Rohault in quarto, the margins of which were full of excellent commentaries, which gave me an inclination to the mathematics. This book remained among thoſe of Madame de Warrens's, and I have ſince lamented that I did not preſerve it. To theſe I added five or ſix memorials in manuſcript, and a printed one, compoſed by the famous Micheli Ducret, a man of conſiderable talents, being both learned and enlightened, but too much, perhaps, inclined to ſedition, for which he was cruelly treated by the Magiſtrates of Geneva, and lately died in the fortreſs of Arberg, where he had been confined many years for being, as it was ſaid, concerned in the conſpiracy of Berne.

This memorial was a judicious critic on the extenſive but ridiculous plan of fortification, which had been adopted at Geneva, though exploded by every perſon of judgment in the art, who was unacquainted with the ſecret motives of the Council in the execution of this magnificent enterprize. Monſieur de Micheli, who had been excluded from the committee of fortification for having condemn-

ed this plan, thought as a citizen, and a member of the two hundred, he might give his advice at large, therefore did ſo in this memorial, which he was imprudent enough to have printed, though he never publiſhed it, having only thoſe copies ſtruck off which were meant for the two hundred, and which were all intercepted at the poſt-houſe by order of the Senate.* I found this memorial among my uncle's papers, with the anſwer he had been ordered to make to it, and took both. This was ſoon after I had left my place at the ſurvey, and I yet remained on good terms with the Counſellor de Coccelli who had the management of it. Some time after, the director of the cuſtom-houſe intreated me to ſtand god-father to his child, with Madame Coccelli, who was to be god-mother: proud of being placed on ſuch terms of equality with the Counſellor, I wiſhed to aſſume importance, and ſhew myſelf worthy of that honour.

Full of this idea, I thought I could do nothing better than ſhew him Micheli's memorial, which was really a ſcarce piece, and would prove I was connected with people of conſequence in Geneva, who

* The grand council of Geneva in December 1728, pronounced this paper highly diſreſpectful to the councils, and injurious to the committee of fortification.

who were intrusted with the secrets of the state, yet by a kind of reserve which I should find it difficult to account for, I did not shew him my uncle's answer, perhaps, because it was a manuscript, and nothing less than print was worthy to approach the Counsellor. He understood, however, so well the importance of this paper, which I had the folly to put into his hands, that I could never after get it into my own possession, and being convinced that every effort for that purpose would be ineffectual, I made a merit of my forbearance, transforming the theft into a present. I made no doubt but this writing (more curious however than useful) answered his purpose at the court of Turin, where probably he took care to be re-imbursed in some way or other for the expence which the acquisition of it might be supposed to have cost him. Happily, of all future contigences, the least probable, is, that ever the King of Sardinia should besiege Geneva, but as that event is not absolutely impossible, I shall ever reproach my foolish vanity with having been the means of pointing out the greatest defects of that city to its most ancient enemy.

I passed three or four years in this manner, between music, magistery, projects and journeys, floating incessantly from one object to another and

wiſhing to fix, though I know not on what, but inſenſibly inclining towards ſtudy. I was acquainted with men of letters, I had heard them ſpeak of literature and ſometimes mingled in the converſation, yet rather adopted the jargon of books than the knowledge they contained. In my excurſions to Geneva I frequently called on my good old friend Monſieur Simon, who greatly promoted my riſing emulation by freſh news from the republic of letters, extracted from *Baillet* or Colomies. I frequently ſaw too, at Chambery, a Dominican profeſſor of phyſic, a good kind of friar, whoſe name I have forgot, who often made little chymical experiments, which greatly amuſed me. In imitation of him I attempted to make ſome ſympathetic ink, and having for that purpoſe more than half filled a bottle with quick lime, orpiment and water, the efferveſcence immediately became extremely violent; I ran to unſtop the bottle, but had not time to effect it, for during the attempt it burſt in my face like a bomb, and I ſwallowed ſo much of the orpiment and lime that it nearly coſt me my life. I remained blind for ſix weeks, and by the event of this experiment learned to meddle no more with experimental chemiſtry while the elements were unknown to me.

This

This adventure happened very unluckily for my health, which for ſome time paſt had been viſibly on the decline. This was rather extraordinary, as I was guilty of no kind of exceſs; nor could it have been expected from my make, for my cheſt, being well-formed and rather capacious, ſeemed to give my lungs full liberty to play; yet I was ſhort breathed, felt a very ſenſible oppreſſion, ſighed involuntarily, had palpitations of the heart, and ſpitting of blood, accompanied with a lingering fever, which I have never ſince entirely overcome. How is it poſſible to fall into ſuch a ſtate in the flower of one's age, without any inward decay, or without having done any thing to deſtroy health?

It is ſometimes ſaid, "the ſword wears the ſcabbard," this was truly the caſe with me: the violence of my paſſions both kept me alive and haſtened my diſſolution. What paſſions? will be aſked: mere nothings: the moſt trivial objects in nature, but which affected me as forcibly as if the acquiſition of a Helen, or the throne of the univerſe had been at ſtake. My ſenſes, for inſtance, were at eaſe with one woman, but my heart never was, and the neceſſities of love conſumed me in the very boſom of happineſs. I had a tender, reſpected and lovely friend, but I ſighed for a miſtreſs; my

prolific fancy painted her as ſuch, and gave her a thouſand forms, for had I conceived that my endearments had been laviſhed on Madame de Warrens, they would not have been leſs tender, though infinitely more tranquil. But is it poſſible for man to taſte in their utmoſt extent, the delights of love? I cannot tell, but I am perſuaded my frail exiſtence would have ſunk under the weight of them.

I was therefore dying for love without an object, and this ſtate, perhaps, is of all others the moſt dangerous. I was, likewiſe uneaſy, tormented at the bad ſtate of poor Madame de Warrens's circumſtances, and the imprudence of her conduct, which could not fail to bring them in a ſhort time to total ruin. My tortured imagination, (which ever paints misfortunes in the extremity; continually beheld this in its utmoſt exceſs, and in all the horror of its conſequences. I already ſaw myſelf forced by want to quit her—to whom I had conſecrated my future life, and without whom I could not hope for happineſs: thus was my ſoul continually agitated, and hopes and fears devoured me alternately.

Muſic was a paſſion leſs turbulent, but not leſs conſuming, from the ardour with which I attached

myſelf

myſelf to it; by the obſtinate ſtudy of the obſcure books of Rameau; by an invincible reſolution to charge my memory with rules it could not contain; by continual application, and by long and immenſe compilations which I frequently paſſed whole nights in copying: but why dwell on theſe particularly, while every folly that took poſſeſſion of my wandering brain, the moſt tranſient ideas of a ſingle day, a journey, a concert, a ſupper, a walk, a novel to read, a play to ſee, things in the world the leaſt premeditated in my pleaſures or occupation became for me the moſt violent paſſions, which by their ridiculous impetuoſity conveyed the moſt ſerious torment? even the imaginary misfortunes of Cleveland, read with avidity and frequent interruption, have, I am perſuaded, diſordered me more than my own.

There was a Geneveſe named Bagueret, who had been employed under Peter the Great of the court of Ruſſia, one of the moſt worthleſs, ſenſeleſs fellows I ever met with, full of projects as fooliſh as myſelf, which were to rain down millions on thoſe who took part in them. This man, having come to Chambery on account of ſome ſuit depending before the Senate, immediately got acquainted with Madame de Warrens, and with great reaſon on his

ſide;

ſide, ſince for thoſe imaginary treaſures that coſt him nothing, and which he beſtowed with the utmoſt prodigality, he gained, in exchange, the unfortunate crown pieces one by one out of her pocket. I did not like him; and he plainly perceived this, for with me it is not a very difficult diſcovery, nor did he ſpare any ſort of meanneſs to gain my good will, and among other things propoſed learning me to play at cheſs, which game he underſtood ſomething of. I made an attempt, though almoſt againſt my inclination, and after ſeveral efforts, having learned the march, my progreſs was ſo rapid, that before the end of the firſt ſitting I gave him the rook, which in the beginning he had given me. Nothing more was neceſſary; behold me facinated with cheſs! I buy a board with the reſt of the apparatus, and, ſhutting myſelf up in my chamber, paſs whole days and nights in ſtudying all the varieties of the game, being determined by playing alone without end or relaxation, to drive them into my head, right or wrong. After incredible efforts, during two or three months paſſed in this curious employment, I go to the coffee-houſe, thin, ſallow, and almoſt ſtupid; I ſeat myſelf, and again attack M. Bagueret: he beats me, once, twice, twenty times; ſo many combinations were fermenting in my head, and my imagination was ſo ſtupified

that

that all appeared confusion. I tried to exercise myself with *Philidor*'s or Stamma book of instructions, but I was always equally perplexed, and, after having exhausted myself with fatigue, was farther to seek than ever, and whether I abandoned my chess for a time, or resolved to surmount every difficulty by unremitted practice, it was the same thing, I could never advance one step beyond the improvement of the first sitting, nay, I am convinced that had I studied it a thousand ages I should have ended by being able to give Baugeret the rook and thing more.

It will be said my time was well employed, and not a little of it passed in this occupation, nor did I quit my first essay, till unable to persist in it, for on leaving my apartment I had the appearance of a corps, and had I continued this course much longer I should certainly have been one.

Any one will allow it must have been extraordinary, especially in the ardour of youth, that such a head should suffer the body to enjoy continued health; the alteration of mine had an effect on my temper, moderating the ardour of my chimerical fancies, for as I grew weaker they became more tranquil, and I even lost, in some measure, my

my rage for travelling. I was not ſeized with heavineſs, but melancholy, vapours ſucceeded paſſions, langour became ſorrow; I wept and ſighed without cauſe, and felt my life ebbing away before I had enjoyed it. I only trembled to think of the ſituation in which I ſhould leave my dear Madame de Warrens; and I can truly ſay, that quitting her, and leaving her in theſe melancholy circumſtances, was my only concern. At length I fell quite ill, and was nurſed by her in this illneſs as never mother nurſed a child. The care ſhe took of me was of real utility to her affairs, ſince it diverted her mind from ſchemes, and kept projectors at a diſtance. How pleaſing would death have been at that time, when, if I had not taſted many of the enjoyments of life, I had felt but few of its miſfortunes. My tranquil ſoul would have taken her flight, without having experienced thoſe cruel ideas of the injuſtice of mankind which impoiſon both life and death. I ſhould have enjoyed the ſweet conſolation that I ſtill ſurvived in the dearer part of myſelf: in the ſituation I then was, it could hardly be called death; and had I been diveſted of my uneaſineſs on her account, it would have appeared but a gentle ſleep; yet even theſe diſquietudes had ſuch an affectionate tender turn, that their bitterneſs was tempered by a pleaſing ſenſibility.

lity. I ſaid to her, "You are the depoſitory of my whole being, act ſo that I may be happy." Two or three times, when my diſorder was moſt violent, I crept to her apartment to give her my advice reſpecting her future conduct, and I dare affirm theſe admonitions were both wiſe and equitable, in which the intereſt I took in her future concerns was ſtrongly marked. As if tears had been both nouriſhment and medicine, I found myſelf the better for thoſe I ſhed with her, while ſeated on her bed-ſide, and holding her hands between mine. The hours crept inſenſibly away in theſe nocturnal diſcourſes; I returned to my chamber better than I had quitted it, being content and calmed by the promiſes ſhe made, and the hopes with which ſhe had inſpired me: I ſlept on them with my heart at peace, and fully reſigned to the diſpenſations of Providence. God grant, that after having had ſo many reaſons to hate life, after being agitated with ſo many ſtorms, after it has even become a burden, that death, which muſt terminate all, may be no more terrible than it would have been at that moment.

By inconceivable care and vigilance ſhe ſaved my life, and I am convinced ſhe alone could have done this. I have little faith in the ſkill of phyſicians,

cians, but depend greatly on the affiftance of real friends, and am perfuaded that being eafy in thofe particulars on which our happinefs depends, is more falutary than any other application. If there is a fenfation in life peculiarly delightful, we experienced it in being reftored to each other; our mutual attachment did not encreafe, for that was impoffible, but it became, I know not how, more exquifitely tender, frefh foftnefs being added to its former fimplicity. I became in a manner her work; we got into the habit, though without defign, of being continually with each other, and enjoying, in fome meafure, our whole exiftence together, feeling reciprocally that we were not only neceffary, but entirely fufficient for each other's happinefs. Accuftomed to think of no fubject foreign to ourfelves, our happinefs and all our defires were confined to that pleafing and fingular union, which, perhaps, had no equal, which is not, as I have before obferved, love, but a fentiment inexpreffibly more intimate, neither depending on the fenfes, age or figure, but an affemblage of every endearing fenfation that compofes our rational exiftence and which can only ceafe with our being.

How was it that this delightful crifis did not fecure our mutual felicity for the remainder of her life

life and mine? I have the confoling conviction, that it was not my fault; nay, I am perfuaded, fhe did not wilfully deftroy it; the invincible peculiarity of my difpofition was doomed foon to regain its empire; but this fatal return was not fuddenly accomplifhed, there was, thank Heaven, a fhort, but precious interval, that did not conclude by my fault, and which I cannot reproach myfelf with having employed amifs.

Though recovered from my dangerous illnefs, I did not regain my ftrength; my ftomach was weak, fome remains of the fever kept me in a languifhing condition, and the only inclination I was fenfible of, was to end my days near one fo truly dear to me; to confirm her in thofe good refolutions fhe had formed; to convince her in what confifted the real charms of a happy life, and, as far as depended on me, to render her's fo; but I forefaw, and event felt, that in a gloomy, melancholy houfe, the continual folitude of our *tete-a-tetes* would at length become too dull and monotonous: a remedy prefented itfelf; Madame de Warrens had prefcribed milk for me, and infifted I fhould take it in the country; I confented, provided fhe would accompany me; nothing more was neceffary to gain her compliance, and fixing where we fhould

ſhould go, was all that remained to be determined on. Our garden (which I have before-mentioned) was not properly in the country, being ſurrounded by houſes and other gardens, and poſſeſſing none of thoſe attractions ſo deſirable in a rural retreat; beſides, after the death of Anet, we had given up this place from œconomical principles, feeling no longer a deſire to rear plants, and other views making us not regret the loſs of that little retreat. Improving the diſtaſte I found ſhe began to imbibe for the town, I propoſed to abandon it entirely, and ſettle ourſelves in an agreeable ſolitude, in ſome ſmall houſe, diſtant enough from the city to avoid the perpetual intruſion of her hangers-on. She followed my advice, and this plan, which her good angel and mine ſuggeſted, might fully have ſecured our happineſs and tranquility till death had divided us—but this was not the ſtate we were appointed to; Madame de Warrens was deſtined to endure all the ſorrows of indigence and poverty, after having paſſed the former part of her life in abundance, that ſhe might learn to quit it with the leſs regret; and myſelf, by an aſſemblage of misfortunes of all kinds, was to become a ſtriking example to thoſe, who, inſpired with a love of juſtice and the public good, and truſting too implicitly to their own innocence, ſhall openly dare

aſſert

aſſert truth to mankind, unſupported by cabals, or without having previouſly formed parties to protect them.

An unhappy fear furniſhed ſome objections to our plan: ſhe did not dare to quit her ill-contrived houſe, for fear of diſpleaſing the proprietor.—— "Your propoſed retirement is charming," ſaid ſhe, "and much to my taſte, but we are neceſſitated to remain here, for, on quitting this dungeon, I hazard loſing the very means of life, and when theſe fail us in the woods, we muſt again return to ſeek them in the city. That we may have the leaſt poſſible cauſe for being reduced to this neceſſity, let us not leave this houſe entirely, but pay a ſmall penſion to the Count of ***, that he may continue mine. Let us ſeek ſome little habitation, far enough from the town to be at peace, yet near enough to return when it may appear convenient."

This mode was finally adopted; and after ſome ſmall ſearch, we fixed at Charmettes, on an eſtate belonging to M. de Conzie, at a very ſmall diſtance from Chambery; but as retired and ſolitary as if it had been a hundred leagues off. The ſpot we had concluded on was a valley between two tolerably

ſerably high hills, which ran north and ſouth ; at the bottom, among the trees and pebbles, ran a rivulet, and about the declivity, on either ſide, were ſcattered a number of houſes, forming altogether a beautiful retreat for thoſe who love a peaceful romantic aſylum. After having examined two or three of theſe houſes, we choſe that we thought the moſt pleaſing, which was the property of a gentleman of the army, called M. Noiret. This houſe was in good condition, before it a garden, forming a terrace ; below that, on the declivity, an orchard, and on the aſcent, behind the houſe, a vineyard ; a little wood of cheſnut trees oppoſite ; a fountain juſt by, and, higher up the hill, meadows for the cattle ; in ſhort, every thing that could be thought neceſſary for the country retirement we propoſed to eſtabliſh. To the beſt of my remembrance, we took poſſeſſion of it towards the latter end of the Summer of 1736. I. was delighted on going to ſleep there—" Oh !" ſaid I to this dear friend, embracing her with tears of tenderneſs and delight, " this is the abode of happineſs and innocence, if we do not find them here toge- it will be in vain to ſeek them elſewhere.

END OF THE FIFTH BOOK.

BOOK VI.

Hoc erat in votis: Modus agri non ita magnus
Hortus ubi, & tecto vicinus aquæ fons;
Et paululùm ſylvæ ſuper his foret.

I Cannot add, *auctius atque dî meliùs fecere*; but no matter, the former is enough for my purpoſe; I had no occaſion to have any property there, it was ſufficient that I enjoyed it; for I have long ſince both ſaid and felt, that the proprietor and poſſeſſor are two very different people, even leaving huſbands and lovers out of the queſtion.

At this moment began the ſhort happineſs of my life, thoſe peaceful and rapid moments which have given me a right to ſay, *I have lived.* Precious and ever-regretted moments!—Ah! recommence your delightful courſe; paſs more ſlowly through my memory, if poſſible, than you actually did in your fugitive ſucceſſion. How ſhall I prolong, according to my inclination, this recital, at once ſo pleaſing

pleaſing and ſimple? How ſhall I continue to relate the ſame occurrences, without wearying my Readers with the repetition, any more than I was ſatiated with the enjoyment? Again, if all this conſiſted of facts, actions or words, I could ſome how or other convey an idea of it; but how ſhall I deſcribe what was neither ſaid or done, nor even thought, but enjoyed, felt, without my being able to particularize any other object of my happineſs than the bare idea? I roſe with the Sun, and was happy; I walked, and was happy; I ſaw Madame de Warrens, and was happy; I quitted her, and ſtill was happy!—Whether I rambled through the woods, over the hills, or ſtrolled along the valley; read, was idle, worked in the garden, or gathered fruits, happineſs continually accompanied me; it was fixed on no particular object, it was within me, nor could I depart from it a ſingle moment.

Nothing that paſſed during that charming epocha, nothing that I did, ſaid, or thought, has eſcaped my memory. The time that preceded or followed it, I only recollect by intervals, unequally and confuſed; but here I remember all as diſtinctly as if it exiſted at this moment. Imagination, which in my youth was perpetually anticipating the future, but now takes a retrogade courſe, makes ſome amends

amends by theſe charming recollections for the deprivation of hope, which I have loſt for ever. I no longer ſee any thing in the future that can tempt my wiſhes, it is a recollection of the paſt alone that can flatter me, and the remembrance of the period I am now deſcribing, is ſo true and lively, that it ſometimes makes me happy, even in ſpight of my misfortunes.

Of theſe recollections I ſhall relate one example, which may give ſome idea of their force and preciſion. The firſt day we went to ſleep at Charmettes, the way being up-hill, and Madame de Warrens rather heavy, ſhe was carried in a chair, while I followed on foot. Fearing the chairmen would be fatigued, ſhe got out, at about half-way, deſigning to walk the reſt of it. As we paſſed along, ſhe ſaw ſomething blue in the hedge, and ſaid; "There's ſome periwinkle in flower yet!" I had never ſeen any before, nor did I ſtop to examine this; my ſight is too ſhort to diſtinguiſh plants on he ground, and I only caſt a look at this as I paſſed: an interval of near thirty years had elapſed before I ſaw any more periwinkle, at leaſt before I obſerved it, when being at Creſſier, in 1764, with my friend, M. du Peyrou, we went

up a ſmall mountain, on the ſummit of which there is a level ſpot, called, with reaſon, *Belle-vue*; I was then beginning to herbalize ;—walking and looking among the buſhes, I exclaimed with rapture, " Ah ! there's ſome periwinkle !" Du Peyrou, who perceived my tranſport, was ignorant of the cauſe, but will ſome day be informed, I hope, on reading this. The Reader may judge by this impreſſion, made by ſo ſmall an incident, what an effect muſt have been produced by every occurrence of that time.

Meantime, the air of the country did not reſtore my health ; I was languiſhing, and became more ſo ; I could not endure milk, and was obliged to diſcontinue the uſe of it. Water was at this time the faſhionable remedy for every complaint ; accordingly I entered on a courſe of it, and ſo indiſcreetly, that it almoſt releaſed me, not only from my illneſs, but alſo from my life. The water I drank was rather hard and difficult to paſs, as water from mountains generally is ; in ſhort, I managed ſo well, that in the courſe of two months I totally ruined my ſtomach, which until that time had been very good, and no longer digeſting any thing properly, had no reaſon to expect a cure.

At

At this time an accident happened, as ſingular in itſelf as in its ſubſequent conſequences, which can only terminate with my exiſtence.

One morning, being no worſe than uſual, while putting up the leaf of a ſmall table, I felt a ſudden, and almoſt inconceivable revolution throughout my whole frame. I know not how to deſcribe it better than as a kind of tempeſt, which ſuddenly roſe in my blood, and ſpread in a moment over every part of my body. My arteries began beating ſo violently, that I not only felt their motion, but even heard it, particularly that of the carotides, attended by a loud noiſe in my ears, which was of three, or rather four, diſtinct kinds. For inſtance, firſt, a grave, hollow buzzing; then a more diſtinct murmur, like the running of water; then an extremely ſharp hiſſing, attended by the beating I have before mentioned, and whoſe throbs I could eaſily count, without feeling my pulſe, or putting a hand to any part of my body. This internal tumult was ſo violent, that it has injured my auricular organs, and rendered me, from that time, not entirely deaf, but hard of hearing.

My ſurprize and fear may eaſily be conceived; imagining it was the ſtroke of death, I went to

bed, and the physician being ſent for, trembling with apprehenſion, I related my caſe, judging it paſt all cure. I believe the Doctor was of the ſame opinion; however, he performed his office, running over a long ſtring of cauſes and effects beyond my comprehenſion, after which, in conſequence of this ſublime theory, he ſet about, *in anima vili*, the experimental part of his art, but the means he was pleaſed to adopt in order to effect a cure were ſo troubleſome, diſguſting, and followed by ſo little effect, that I ſoon diſcontinued it, and after ſome weeks, finding I was neither better or worſe, left my bed, and returned to my uſual method of living; but the beating of my arteries and the buzzing in my ears, has never quitted me a moment during the thirty years which have elapſed ſince that time.

Till now I had been a great ſleeper, but a total privation of repoſe, with the other alarming ſymptoms which have accompanied it, even to this time, perſuaded me I had but a ſhort time to live. This idea tranquilized me for a time: I became leſs anxious about a cure, and being perſuaded I could not prolong life, determined to employ the remainder of it as uſefully as poſſible.— This was practicable by a particular indulgence of

Nature,

Nature, which, in this melancholy ſtate, exempted me from ſufferings which it might have been ſuppoſed I ſhould have experienced. I was incommoded by the noiſe, but felt no pain, nor was it accompanied by any habitual inconvenience, except nocturnal wakefulneſs, and at all times, a ſhortneſs of breath, which is not violent enough to be called an aſthma, but was troubleſome when I attempted to run, or uſe any degree of exertion.

This accident, which ſeemed to threaten the diſſolution of my body, only killed my paſſions, and I have reaſon to thank Heaven for the happy effect produced by it on my ſoul. I can truly ſay, I only began to live when I conſidered myſelf as entering the grave, for eſtimating thoſe things I was quitting at their real value, I began to employ myſelf on nobler objects; namely, by anticipating thoſe I hoped ſhortly to have the contemplation of, and which I had hitherto too much neglected. I had often made light of religion, but was never totally devoid of it; conſequently it coſt me leſs pain to employ my thoughts on that ſubject, which is generally thought melancholy, though highly pleaſing to thoſe who make it an object of hope and conſolation; Madame de Warrens, therefore, was

 more

more uſeful to me on this occaſion than all the theologians in the world would have been.

She, who brought every thing into a ſyſtem, had not failed to do as much by religion ; and this ſyſtem was compoſed of ideas that bore no affinity to each other. Some were extremely good, and others very ridiculous, being made up of ſentiments proceeding from her diſpoſition, and prejudices derived from education. Men, in general, make God like themſelves ; the virtuous make him good, and the profligate make him wicked ; ill-tempered and bilious devotees ſee nothing but Hell, becauſe they would willingly damn all mankind, while loving and gentle ſouls diſbelieve it altogether ; and one of the aſtoniſhments I could never overcome, is to ſee the good Fenelon ſpeak of it in his Telemachus as if he really gave credit to it ; but I hope he lied in that particular, for, however ſtrict he might be in regard to truth, a Biſhop abſolutely muſt lie ſometimes. Madame de Warrens ſpoke truth with me, and that ſoul made up without gall, who could not imagine a revengeful and ever angry God, ſaw only clemency and forgiveneſs, where devotees beſtowed inflexible juſtice and eternal puniſhment.

She

She frequently ſaid there would be no juſtice in the Supreme Being ſhould he be ſtrictly juſt to us; becauſe, not having beſtowed what was neceſſary to render us eſſentially good, it would be requiring more than he had given. The moſt whimſical idea was, that not believing in Hell, ſhe was firmly perſuaded of the reality of Purgatory. This aroſe from her not knowing what to do with the wicked, being loth to damn them utterly, nor yet caring to place them with the good till they had become ſo; and we muſt really allow, that both in this world and the next, the wicked are very troubleſome company.

It is clearly ſeen that the doctrine of original ſin and the redemption of mankind is deſtroyed by this ſyſtem; conſequently, that the baſis of the Chriſtian diſpenſation, as generally received, is ſhaken, and that the Catholic faith cannot ſubſiſt with theſe principles; Madame de Warrens, notwithſtanding, was a good Catholic, or pretended at leaſt to be one, and certainly deſired to become ſuch, but it appeared to her that the ſcriptures were too literally and harſhly explained, ſuppoſing that all we read of everlaſting torments were figurative threatenings, and the death of Jeſus Chriſt an example of charity truly divine, which ſhould teach man-

kind to love God and each other; in a word, faithful to the religion ſhe had embraced, ſhe acquieſced in all its profeſſions of faith, but on a diſcuſſion of each particular article, it was plain ſhe thought diametrically oppoſite to that Church whoſe doctrines ſhe profeſſed to believe. In theſe caſes ſhe exhibited ſimplicity of heart, a frankneſs more eloquent than ſophiſtry, which frequently embarraſſed her confeſſor; for ſhe diſguiſed nothing from him. "I am a good Catholic," ſhe would ſay, and will ever remain ſo; I adopt with all the powers of my ſoul the deciſions of our holy Mother Church; I am not miſtreſs of my faith, but I am of my will, which I ſubmit to you without reſerve; I will endeavour to believe all, what can you require more?"

Had there been no Chriſtian morality eſtabliſhed, I am perſuaded ſhe would have lived as if regulated by its principles, ſo perfectly did they ſeem to accord with her diſpoſition. She did every thing that was required; and ſhe would have done the ſame had there been no ſuch requiſition: but all this morality was ſubordinate to the principles of of M. Tavel, or rather ſhe pretended to ſee nothing in religion that contradicted them; thus ſhe would have favoured twenty lovers in a day, without

out any idea of a crime, her conſcience being no more moved in that particular than her paſſions.—I know that a number of devotees are not more ſcrupulous, but the difference is, they are ſeduced by conſtitution, ſhe was blinded by her ſophiſms. In the midſt of converſations the moſt affecting, I might ſay the moſt edifying, ſhe would touch on this ſubject, without any chance of air or manner. and without being ſenſible of any contradiction in her opinions; ſo much was ſhe perſuaded that our reſtrictions on that head are merely political, and that any perſon of ſenſe might interpret, apply, or make exceptions to them, without any danger of offending the Almighty.

Though I was far enough from being of the ſame opinion in this particular, I confeſs I dared not combat her's; indeed, as I was ſituated, it would have been putting myſelf in rather aukward circumſtances, ſince I could only have ſought to eſtabliſh my opinion for others, myſelf being an exception. Beſides, I entertained but little hopes of making her alter her's, which never had any great influence on her conduct, and at the time I am ſpeaking of none; but I have promiſed faithfully to deſcribe her principles, and I will perform my engagement—I now return to myſelf.

 Finding

Finding in her all thoſe ideas I had occaſion for to ſecure me from the fears of death and its future conſequences, I drew confidence and ſecurity from this ſource; my attachment became more warm than ever, and I would willingly have tranſmitted to her my whole exiſtence, which ſeemed ready to abandon me. From this redoubled attachment, a perſuaſion that I had but a ſhort time to live, and profound ſecurity on my future ſtate, aroſe an habitual and even pleaſing ſerenity, which calming every paſſion that extends our hopes and fears, made me enjoy without inquietude or concern the few days which I imagined remained for me. What contributed to render them ſtill more agreeable was an endeavour to encourage her riſing taſte for the country, by every amuſement I could poſſibly deviſe, wiſhing to attach her to her garden, poultry, pigeons and cows: I amuſed myſelf with them, and theſe little occupations, which employed my time without injuring my tranquility, were more ſervicable than a milk diet, or all the remedies beſtowed on my poor ſhattered machine, even to effecting the utmoſt poſſible re-eſtabliſhment of it.

The vintage and gathering in our fruit employed the remainder of the year; we became more and

more

more attached to a ruftic life, and the fociety of our honeft neighbours. We faw the approach of winter with regret, and returned to the city as if going into exile. To me this return was particularly gloomy, who never expected fo fee the return of fpring, and thought I took an everlafting leave of Charmettes. I did not quit it without kiffing the very earth and trees, cafting back many a wifhful look as I went toward Chambery.

Having left my fcholars for fo long a time, and loft my relifh for the amufements of the town, I feldom went out, converfing only with Madame de Warrens, and a Monfieur Salomon, who had lately become our phyfician. He was an honeft man, of good underftanding, a great Cartefian, fpoke tolerably well on the fyftem of the world, and whofe agreeable inftructive converfations were more fervicable than his prefcriptions. I could never bear that foolifh trivial mode of converfation which is fo generally adopted, but ufeful, inftructive difcourfe has always given me great pleafure, nor was I ever backward to join in it. I was much pleafed with thofe of M. Salomon; it appeared to me, that when in his company, I anticipated the acquifition of that fublime knowledge which my foul would enjoy when freed from its mortal fetters. The inclina-

tion I had for him extended to the ſubjects he treated on, and I began to look after books which might better enable me to underſtand his diſcourſe. Thoſe which mingled devotion with ſcience were moſt agreeable to me, particularly Port Royal's Oratory, and I began to read, or rather to devour them. One fell into my hands written by Father Lami, called, *Entretiens ſur les Sciences*, which was a kind of introduction to the knowledge of thoſe books it treated of. I read it over a hundred times, and reſolved to make this my guide; in ſhort, I found (notwithſtanding my ill ſtate of health) that I was irreſiſtably drawn towards ſtudy, and though looking on each day as the laſt of my life, read with as much avidity as if conſcious I was to live for ever.

I was aſſured that reading would injure me; but on the contrary, I am rather inclined to think it was ſerviceable, not only to my ſoul, but alſo to my body; for this application, which ſoon became delightful, diverted my thoughts from my diſorders, and I ſoon found myſelf much leſs affected by them. It is certain, however, that nothing gave me abſolute eaſe, but having no longer any acute pain, I became accuſtomed to languiſhment and wakefulneſs; to thinking inſtead of acting; in ſhort, I looked on the gradual and ſlow decay of my body as ine-

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vitably progreſſive, and only to be terminated by death.

This opinion not only detached me from all the vain cares of life, but delivered me from the importunity of medicine, to which, hitherto, I had been forced to ſubmit, though contrary to my inclination. Salomon, being convinced that his drugs were unavailable, ſpared me the diſagreeable taſk of taking them, and contented himſelf with amuſing the grief of my poor Madame de Warrens by ſome of thoſe harmleſs preparations, which ſerve to flatter the hopes of the patient, and keep up the credit of the Doctor. I diſcontinued the ſtrict regimen I had latterly obſerved, reſumed the uſe of wine, and lived in every reſpect like a man in perfect health, as far as my ſtrength would permit, only being careful to run into no exceſs; I even began to go out and viſit my acquaintance, particularly M. de Conzie, whoſe converſation was extremely pleaſing to me. Whether it ſtruck me as heroic to ſtudy to my laſt hour, or that ſome hopes of life yet lingered in the bottom of my heart, I cannot tell, but the apparent certainty of death, far from relaxing my inclination for improvement, ſeemed to animate it, and I haſtened to acquire knowledge for the other world, as if convinced I ſhould only poſ-

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ſeſs that portion I could carry with me. I took a liking to the ſhop of a bookſeller, whoſe name was Bouchard, which was frequented by ſome men of letters, and as the ſpring (whoſe return I had never expected to ſee again) was approaching, furniſhed myſelf with ſome books for Charmettes, in caſe I ſhould have the happineſs to return there.

I had that happineſs, and enjoyed it to the utmoſt extent. The rapture with which I ſaw the trees put out their firſt bud, is inexpreſſible! The return of ſpring ſeemed to me like riſing from the grave into Paradiſe. The ſnow was hardly off the ground when we left our dungeon and returned to Charmettes, to enjoy the firſt warblings of the nightingale. I now thought no more of dying, and it is really ſingular, that from this time I never experienced any dangerous illneſs in the country. I have ſuffered greatly, but never kept my bed, and have often ſaid to thoſe about me, on finding myſelf worſe than ordinary, " Should you ſee me at the point of death, carry me under the ſhade of an oak, and I promiſe you I ſhall recover."

Though weak, I reſumed my country occupations, as far as my ſtrength would permit, and conceived a real grief at not being able to manage our

garden

garden without help; for I could not take five or six ſtrokes with the ſpade without being out of breath and overcome with perſpiration: when I ſtooped the beating redoubled, and the blood flew with ſuch violence to my head, that I was inſtantly obliged to ſtand upright. Being, therefore, confined to leſs fatiguing employments, I buſied myſelf about the dove-houſe, and was ſo pleaſed with it, that I ſometimes paſſed ſeveral hours there without feeling a moment's wearineſs. The pigeon is very timid and difficult to tame, yet I inſpired mine with ſo much confidence that they followed me every where, letting me catch them at pleaſure, nor could I appear in the garden without having two or three on my arms or head in an inſtant, and notwithſtanding the pleaſure I took in them, their company became ſo troubleſome that I was obliged to leſſen the familiarity. I have even taken great pleaſure in taming animals, particularly thoſe that are wild and fearful. It appeared delightful to me to inſpire them with a confidence which I took care never to abuſe, wiſhing them to love me freely.

I have already mentioned that I purchaſed ſome books: I did not forget to read them, but in a manner more proper to fatigue than inſtruct me. I imagined that to read a book profitably, it was neceſſary

neceſſary to be acquainted with every branch of knowledge it even mentioned ; far from thinking that the author did not do this himſelf, but drew aſſiſtance from other books, as he might ſee occaſion. Full of this ſilly idea, I was ſtopped every moment, obliged to run from one book to another, and ſometimes, before I could reach the tenth page of that I was ſtudying, found it neceſſary to turn over a whole library. I was ſo attached to this ridiculous method, that I loſt a prodigious deal of time, and had bewildered my head to ſuch a degree, that I was hardly capable of doing, ſeeing, or comprehending any thing. I fortunately perceived, at length, that I was in the wrong road, which would entangle me in an inextricable labyrinth, and quitted it before I was irrevocably loſt.

When a perſon has any real taſte for the ſciences, the firſt thing he perceives in the purſuit of them, is, that connection by which they mutually attract, aſſiſt, and enlighten each other, and that it is impoſſible to attain one without the aſſiſtance of the reſt. Though the human underſtanding cannot graſp all, and one muſt ever be regarded as the principal object, yet if the reſt are totally neglected, the favourite ſtudy is generally obſcure ; I was convinced that my reſolution to improve was good and

and ufeful in itfelf, but that it was neceffary I fhould change my method; I, therefore, had recourfe to the Encyclopedia. I began by a diftribution of the general mafs of human knowledge into its various branches, but foon difcovered that I muft purfue a direct contrary courfe, that I muft take each feparately, and trace it to that point where it united with the reft: thus I returned to the general fynthetical method, but returned thither with a conviction that I was going right. Meditation fupplied the want of knowledge, and a very natural reflection gave ftrength to my refolutions, which was, that whether I lived or died, I had no time to lofe; for having learned but little before the age of five-and-twenty, and then refolving to learn every thing, was engaging to employ the future time profitably. I was ignorant at what point accident or death might put a period to my endeavours, and refolved at all events to acquire with the utmoft expedition fome idea of every fpecies of knowledge, as well to try my natural difpofition, as to judge for myfelf what moft deferved cultivation.

In the execution of my plan, I experienced another advantage, which I had never thought of; this

this was, ſpending a great deal of time profitably. Nature certainly never meant me for ſtudy, ſince attentive application fatigues me ſo much, that I find it impoſſible to employ myſelf half an hour together intently on any one ſubject; particularly while following another perſon's ideas, for it has frequently happened that I have purſued my own for a much longer period with ſucceſs. After reading a few pages of an author with cloſe application, my underſtanding is bewildered, and ſhould I obſtinately continue, I tire myſelf to no purpoſe, a ſtupefaction ſeizes me, and I am no longer conſcious of what I read; but in a ſucceſſion of various ſubjects, one relieves me from the fatigue of the other, and without finding reſpite neceſſary, I can follow them with pleaſure.

I took advantage of this obſervation in the plan of my ſtudies, taking care to intermingle them in ſuch a manner, that I was never weary: it is true that domeſtic and rural concerns furniſhed many pleaſing relaxations; but as my eagerneſs for improvement encreaſed, I contrived to find opportunities for my ſtudies, frequently employing myſelf about two things at the ſame time, without reflecting that both were conſequently neglected.

In relating ſo many trifling details, which delight me, but frequently tire my reader, I make uſe of the caution to ſuppreſs a great number, though, perhaps, he would have no idea of this, if I did not take care to inform him of it: for example, I recollect with pleaſure all the different methods I adopted for the diſtribution of my time, in ſuch a manner as to produce the utmoſt profit and pleaſure. I may ſay, that the portion of my life which I paſſed in this retirement, though in continual ill health, was that in which I was leaſt idle, or leaſt wearied. Two or three months were thus employed in diſcovering the bent of my genius; meantime, I enjoyed, in the fineſt ſeaſon of the year, and in a ſpot it rendered delightful, the charms of a life whoſe worth I was ſo highly ſenſible of, in a ſociety as free as it was charming; if an union ſo perfect, and the extenſive knowledge I purpoſed to acquire, can be called ſociety. It ſeemed to me as if I already poſſeſſed the improvements I was only in purſuit of; or rather better, ſince the pleaſure of learning conſtituted a great part of my happineſs.

I muſt paſs over theſe particulars, which were to me the heighth of enjoyment, but are too trivial to bear repeating: indeed, true happineſs is indeſcriba-

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ble, it is only to be felt, and this conſciouſneſs of felicity is proportionably more, the leſs able we are to deſcribe it; becauſe it does not abſolutely reſult from a concourſe of favourable incidents, but is an affection of the mind itſelf. I am frequently guilty of repetitions, but ſhould be infinitely more ſo did I repeat the ſame thing as often as it recurs with pleaſure to my mind. When, at length, my variable mode of life was reduced to a more uniform courſe, the following was nearly the diſtribution of time which I adopted. I roſe every morning before the ſun and paſſed through a neighbouring orchard into a pleaſant path, which, running by a vineyard, led towards Chambery. While walking I offered up my prayers, not by a vain motion of the lips, but a ſincere elevation of my heart, to the Great Author of delightful nature, whoſe beauties were ſo charmingly ſpread out before me! I never love to pray in a chamber; it ſeems to me that the walls and all the little workmanſhip of man, interpoſes between God and myſelf: I love to contemplate him in his works, which elevate my ſoul, and raiſe my thoughts to him. My prayers were pure, I can affirm it, and therefore worthy to be heard:—I aſked for myſelf and her from whom my thoughts were never divided, only an innocent and quiet life, exempt from vice, ſorrow and want; I prayed that we

we might die the death of the juſt, and partake, their lot hereafter: for the reſt, it was rather admiration and contemplation than requeſt, being ſatisfied that the beſt means to obtain what is neceſſary from the giver of every perfect good, is rather to deſerve than to ſolicit. Returning from my walk, I lengthened the way by taking a round-about path, ſtill contemplating with earneſtneſs and delight the beautiful ſcenes with which I was ſurrounded, thoſe only objects that never fatigue either the eye or the heart. As I approached our habitation I looked forward to ſee if Madame de Warrens was ſtirring, and when I perceived her ſhutters open, even ran with joy towards the houſe; if they were yet ſhut I went into the garden, to wait their opening, amuſing myſelf, meantime, by a retroſpection of what I had read the preceding evening, or in gardening. The moment the ſhutter drew back I haſtened to embrace her, frequently half aſleep; and this ſalute, pure as it was affectionate, even from its innocence poſſeſſed a charm which the ſenſes can never beſtow. We uſually breakfaſted on milk-coffee; this was the time of day when we had moſt leiſure, and when we chatted with the greateſt freedom. Theſe ſittings, which were uſually pretty long, have given me a fondneſs for breakfaſts, and I infinitely prefer thoſe of

of England, or Switzerland, which are confidered as a meal at which all the family affemble, than thofe of France, where they breakfaft alone in their feveral apartments, or more frequently have none at all. After an hour or two paffed in difcourfe, I went to my ftudy till dinner; beginning with fome philofophical work, fuch as the logic of Port-Royal, Locke's Effays, Mallebranche, Leibtnitz, Defcartes, &c. I foon found that thefe authors perpetually contradict each other, and formed the chimerical project of reconciling them; which coft me much labour and lofs of time, bewildering my head without any profit. At length (renouncing this idea) I adopted one infinitely more profitable, to which I attribute all the progrefs I have fince made, notwithftanding the defects of my capacity; for 'tis certain I had very little for ftudy. On reading each author, I acquired a habit of following all his ideas, without fuffering my own or thofe of any other writer to interfere with them, or entering into any difpute on their utility. I faid to myfelf, "I will begin by laying up a ftock of ideas, true or falfe, but clearly conceived, till my underftanding fhall be fufficiently furnifhed to enable me to compare and make choice of thofe that are moft eftimable." I am fenfible this method is not without its inconveniencies,

niencies, but it ſucceeded in furniſhing me with a fund of inſtruction. Having paſſed ſome years in thinking after others, without reflection, and almoſt without reaſoning, I found myſelf poſſeſſed of ſufficient materials to ſet about thinking on my own account, and when journeys or buſineſs deprived me of the opportunities, of conſulting books, I amuſed myſelf with recollecting and comparing what I had read, weighing every opinion on the balance of reaſon, and frequently judging my maſters. Though it was late before I began to exerciſe my judicial faculties, I have not diſcovered that they had loſt their vigour; and on publiſhing my own ideas, have never been accuſed of being a ſervile diſciple, or of ſwearing *in virba magiſtri.*

From theſe ſtudies I paſſed to the elements of geometry, for I never went further, forcing my weak memory to retain them by going the ſame ground a hundred and a hundred times over. I did not admire Euclid, who rather ſeeks a chain of demonſtration than a connection of ideas: I preferred the geometry of Father Lama, who from that time became one of my favourite authors, and whoſe works I yet read with pleaſure. Algebra followed, and Father Lama was ſtill my guide: when I made

made ſome progreſs, I peruſed Father Reynaud's Science of Calculation, and then his Analyſis Demonſtrated; but I never went far enough thoroughly to underſtand the application of algebra to geometry. I was not pleaſed with this method of performing operations by rule, without knowing what I was about: reſolving geometrical problems by the help of equations ſeemed like playing a tune by turning round a handle. The firſt time I found by calculation that the ſquare of a binocular figure was compoſed of the ſquare of each of its parts, and double the product of one by the other, though convinced that my multiplication was right I could not be ſatisfied till I had made and examined the figure: not but I admired algebra when applied to abſtract quantities, but when uſed to demonſtrate dimenſions, I wiſhed to ſee the operation, and unleſs explained by lines could not rightly comprehend it.

After this came Latin: it was my moſt painful ſtudy, and in which I never made any great progreſs. I began by Port-Royal's Rudiments, but without ſucceſs; I loſt myſelf in a crowd of rules; and in ſtudying the laſt forgot all that preceded it. A ſtudy of words is not calculated for a man without memory, and it was principally an endeavour

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to make my memory more retentive, that urged me obſtinately to perſiſt in this ſtudy, which at length I was obliged to relinquiſh. As I underſtood enough to read an eaſy author by the aid of a dictionary, I followed that method, and found it ſucceed tolerably well. I likewiſe applied myſelf to tranſlation, not by writing, but mentally, and by exerciſe and perſeverance attained to read Latin authors eaſily, but have never been able to ſpeak or write that language, which has frequently embarraſſed me when I have found myſelf (I know not by what means) enrolled among men of letters.

Another inconvenience that aroſe from this manner of learning is, that I never underſtood proſody, much leſs the rules of verſification; yet, anxious to underſtand the harmony of the language, both in proſe and verſe, I have made many efforts to obtain it, but am convinced, that without a maſter it is almoſt impoſſible. Having learned the compoſition of the hexameter, which is the eaſieſt of all verſes, I had the patience to meaſure out the greater part of Virgil into feet and quantity, and whenever I was dubious whether a ſyllable was long or ſhort, immediately conſulted my Virgil. It may eaſily be conceived that I ran into many errors, in conſequence of thoſe licences permitted by

the rules of verſification; and it is certain, that if there is an advantage in ſtudying alone, there are alſo great inconveniencies and inconceivable labour, as I have experienced more than any one.

At twelve I quitted my books, and if dinner was not ready, paid my friends, the pigeons, a viſit, or worked in the garden till it was, and when I heard myſelf called, ran very willingly, and with a good appetite, to partake of it, for it is very remarkable, that let me be ever ſo indiſpoſed, my appetite never fails. We dined very agreeably, chatting of our affairs till Madame de Warrens could eat. Two or three times a week, when it was fine, we drank our coffee in a cool ſhady arbour behind the houſe, that I had decorated with hops, and which was very refreſhing during the heat. We uſually paſſed an hour in viewing our flowers, and vegetables, or in converſations relative to our manner of life, which greatly increaſed the pleaſure of it. I had another little family at the end of the garden; theſe were ſeveral hives of bees, which I never failed to viſit once a day, and was frequently accompanied by Madame de Warrens. I was greatly intereſted in their labour, and amuſed myſelf in ſeeing them return to the hives, their little thighs ſo loaded with the precious ſtore that

they

they could hardly walk. At firſt curioſity made me indiſcreet, and they ſtung me ſeveral times, but afterwards, we were ſo well acquainted, that, let me approach as near as I would, they never moleſted me, though the hives were full and the bees ready to ſwarm. At theſe times I have been ſurrounded, having them on my hands and face without apprehending any danger. All animals are diſtruſtful of man, and with reaſon, but when once aſſured he does not mean to injure them, their confidence becomes ſo great that he muſt be worſe than a barbarian who abuſes it.

After this I returned to my books; but my afternoon employment ought rather to bear the name of recreation and amuſement, than labour or ſtudy. I have never been able to bear application after dinner, and in general any kind of attention is painful to me during the heat of the day. I employed myſelf 'tis true, but without reſtraint or rule, and read without ſtudying. What I moſt attended to, at theſe times, was hiſtory and geography, and as theſe did not require intenſe application, made as much progreſs in them as my weak memory would permit. I had an inclination to ſtudy Father Petau, and launched into the gloom of cronology, but was diſguſted at the critical part, which I found

had neither bottom or banks; this made me prefer the more exact meaſurement of time by the courſe of the celeſtial bodies. I ſhould even have contracted a fondneſs for aſtronomy, had I been in poſſeſſion of inſtruments, but was obliged to content myſelf with ſome of the elements of that art, learned from books, and a few rude obſervations made with a teleſcope, ſufficient only to give me a general idea of the ſituation of the heavenly bodies; for my ſhort ſight is inſufficient to diſtinguiſh the ſtars without the help of a glaſs.

I recollect an adventure on this ſubject the remembrance of which has often diverted me. I had bought a celeſtial planiſphere to ſtudy the conſtellations by, and having fixed it on a frame, when the nights were fine, and the ſky clear, I went into the garden; and fixing the frame on four ſticks, ſomething higher than myſelf, which I drove into the ground, turned the planiſphere downwards, and contrived to light it by means of a candle (which I put in a pail to prevent the wind from blowing it out) and then placed in the center of the abovementioned four ſupporters; this done, I examined the ſtars with my glaſs, and, from time to time, referring to my planiſphere, endeavoured to diſtinguiſh the various conſtellations. I think I have before obſerved

obſerved that our garden was on a terrace, and lay open to the road——One night, ſome country people paſſing very late, ſaw me in a moſt groteſque habit, buſily employed in theſe obſervations: the light, which ſtruck directly on the planiſphere, proceeding from a cauſe they could not divine: (the candle being concealed by the ſides of the pail) the four ſtakes, ſupporting a large paper, marked over with various uncouth figures, with the motion of the teleſcope, which they ſay turning backwards and forwards, gave the whole an air of conjuration that ſtruck them with horror and amazement. My figure was by no means calculated to diſpel their fears; a flapped hat put on over my night-cap, and a ſhort cloak about my ſhoulders (which Madame de Warrens had obliged me to put on) preſented in their idea the image of a real ſorcerer. Being near midnight, they made no doubt but this was the beginning of ſome diabolical aſſembly, and having no curioſity to pry farther into theſe myſteries, they fled with all poſſible ſpeed, awakened their neighbours, and deſcribed this moſt dreadful viſion. The ſtory ſpread ſo faſt, that the next day the whole neighbourhood was informed that a nocturnal aſſembly of witches was held in the garden that belonged to Monſieur Noiret, and I am ignorant what might have been the conſequence of this rumour, if

one of the countrymen who had been witneſs to my conjurations had not the ſame day carried his complaint to two Jeſuits, who frequently came to viſit us, and who, without knowing the foundation of the ſtory, undeceived and ſatisfied them. Theſe Jeſuits told us the whole affair, and I acquainted them with the cauſe of it, which altogether furniſhed us with a hearty laugh. However, I reſolved for the future to make my obſervations without light, and conſult my planiſphere in the houſe. Thoſe who have read Venetian magic, in the *Letters from the Mountain*, may find that I long ſince had the reputation of being a conjurer.

Such was the life I led at Charmettes when I had no rural employments, for they ever had the preference, and in thoſe that did not exceed my ſtrength, I worked like a peaſant; but my extreme weakneſs left me little except the will; beſides, as I have before obſerved, I wiſhed to do two things at once, and therefore did neither well. I obſtinately perſiſted in forcing my memory to retain a great deal by heart, and for that purpoſe I always carried ſome book with me, which, while at work, I ſtudied with inconceivable labour. I was continually repeating ſomething, and am really amazed that the fatigue of theſe vain and continual efforts did not render

me

me entirely ſtupid. I muſt have learned and re-learned the Eclogues of Virgil twenty times over, though at this time I cannot recollect a ſingle line of them. I have loſt or ſpoiled a great number of books by a cuſtom I had of carrying them with me, into the dove-houſe, the garden, orchard, or vineyard, when, being buſy about ſomething elſe, I laid my book at the foot of a tree, on the hedge, or the firſt place that came to hand, and frequently left them there, finding them a fortnight after, perhaps, rotted to pieces, or eaten by the ants or ſnails; and this ardour for learning, became ſo far a madneſs, that it rendered me almoſt ſtupid, and I was perpetually muttering ſome paſſage or other to myſelf.

The writings of Port-Royal, and thoſe of the Oratory, being what I moſt read, had made me half a Janſeniſt, and, notwithſtanding all my confidence, their harſh theology ſometimes alarmed me. A dread of hell, which till then I had never much apprehended, by little and little diſturbed my ſecurity, and had not Madame de Warrens tranquiliſed my ſoul, would at length have been too much for me. My confeſſor, who was her's likewiſe, contributed all in his power to keep up my hopes. This was a Jeſuit, named Father

Hemet; a good, wiſe, old man, whoſe memory I ſhall ever hold in veneration. Though a Jeſuit, he had the ſimplicity of a child, and his manners, leſs relaxed than gentle, were preciſely what was neceſſary to balance the melancholy impreſſions made on me by Janſeniſm. This good man, and his companion, Father Coppier, came frequently to viſit us at Charmettes, though the road was very rough and tedious for men of their age. Theſe viſits were very comfortable to me, which may the Almighty return to their ſouls, for they were ſo old that I cannot ſuppoſe them yet living. I ſometimes went to ſee them at Chambery, by degrees got acquainted at their convent, and had free acceſs to the library. The remembrance of that happy time is ſo connected with the idea of thoſe Jeſuits, that I love one on account of the other, and though I have ever thought their doctrines dangerous, could never find myſelf in a diſpoſition to hate them cordially

I ſhould like to know whether there ever paſſed ſuch childiſh notions in the hearts of other men as ſometimes do in mine. In the midſt of my ſtudies, and of a life as innocent as man could lead, notwithſtanding every perſuaſion to the contrary, the dread of hell frequently tormented me. I aſked myſelf,

myſelf, "What ſtate am I in? Should I die at this inſtant, muſt I be damned?" According to my Janſeniſts the matter was indubitable, but according to my conſcience it appeared quite the contrary: terrified and floating in this cruel uncertainty, I had recourſe to the moſt laughable expedient to reſolve my doubts, for which I would willingly ſhut up any man as a lunatic, ſhould I ſee him practiſe the ſame folly. One day, meditating on this melancholy ſubject, I exerciſed myſelf in throwing ſtones at the trunks of trees, with my uſual dexterity, that is to ſay, without hitting any of them. In the heighth of this charming exerciſe it entered my mind to make a kind of prognoſtic, that might calm my inquietude; I ſaid, "I will throw this ſtone at the tree facing me, if I hit my mark, I will conſider it as a ſign of ſalvation, if I miſs, as a token of damnation." While I ſaid this I threw the ſtone with a trembling hand and beating heart, but ſo happily that it ſtruck the body of the tree, which truly was not a difficult matter, for I had taken care to chooſe one that was very large and very near me.——From that moment I never doubted my ſalvation: I know not on recollecting this trait, whether I ought to laugh or ſhudder at myſelf. Ye great geniuſes, who ſurely laugh at my folly, congratulate yourſelves on your ſuperior

 wiſdom,

wisdom, but insult not my unhappiness, for I swear to you that I feel it most sensibly.

These troubles, these alarms, inseparable, perhaps, from devotion, were only at intervals; in general I was tranquil, and the impression made on my soul, by the idea of approaching death, was less that of melancholy, than a peaceful languor, which even had its pleasures. I have found among my old papers a kind of congratulation and exhortation which I made to myself on dying at an age when I had the courage to meet death with serenity, without having experienced any great evils, either of body or mind. How much justice was there in the thought!—A preconception of what I had to suffer made me fear to live, and it seemed that I dreaded the fate which must attend my future days. I have never been so near wisdom as during this period, when I felt no great remorse for the past, nor tormenting fear for the future, the reigning sentiment of my soul being the enjoyment of the present. Serious people usually possess a lively sensuality, which makes them highly enjoy those innocent pleasures that are allowed them.—Worldlings (I know not why) impute this to them as a crime: or rather, I well know the cause of this imputation, it is because they envy others the en-

joyment

joyment of thofe fimple and pure delights which they have loft the relifh of. I had thefe inclinations, and found it charming to gratify them in fecurity of confcience. My yet unexperienced heart gave into all with the calm happinefs of a child, or rather, (if I dare ufe the expreffion) with the raptures of an angel; for, in reality, thefe pure delights are as ferene as thofe of paradife. Dinners on the grafs at Montagnole, fuppers in our arbour, gathering in the fruits, the vintage, a focial meeting with our neighbours; all thefe were fo many holidays, in which Madame de Warrens took as much pleafure as myfelf. Solitary walks afforded yet purer pleafures, becaufe in them our hearts expanded with greater freedom: one particularly remains on my memory; it was on a St. Louis's day, whofe name Madame de Warrens bore: we fet out together early and unattended, after having heard a mafs at break of day in a chapel adjoining our houfe, from a Carmelite, who attended for that purpofe. As I propofed walking over the hills oppofite our dwelling, which we had not yet vifited, we fent our provifions on before; the excurfion being to laft the whole day. Madame de Warrens, though rather corpulent, did not walk ill, and we rambled from hill to hill and wood to wood; fometimes in the fun, but oftener in the fhade, refting from

from time to time, and regardleſs how the hours ſtole away; ſpeaking of ourſelves, our union, of the gentleneſs of our fate, and offering up prayers for its duration, which were never heard. Every thing conſpired to augment our happineſs: it had rained for ſeveral days previous to this, there was no duſt, the brooks were full and rapid, a gentle breeze agitated the leaves, the air was pure, the horizon free from clouds, ſerenity reigned in the ſky as in our hearts. Our dinner was prepared at a peaſant's houſe, and ſhared with him and his family, whoſe benedictions we received.——Theſe poor Savoyards are the worthieſt of people! After dinner we regained the ſhade, and while I was picking up bits of dried ſticks, to boil our coffee, Madame de Warrens amuſed herſelf with herbalizing among the buſhes, and with the flowers I had gathered for her in my way. She made me remark in their conſtruction a thouſand natural beauties, which greatly amuſed me, and which ought to have given me a taſte for botany; but the time was not yet come, and my attention was arreſted by too many other ſtudies. Beſides this, an idea ſtruck me, which diverted my thoughts from flowers and plants: the ſituation of my mind at that moment, all that we had ſaid or done that day, every object that had ſtruck me, brought to my remembrance the kind

kind of waking dream I had at Annecy ſeven or eight years before, and which I have given an account of in its place. The ſimilarity was ſo ſtriking that it affected me even to tears: in a tranſport of tenderneſs I embraced Madame de Warrens, "My deareſt friend," ſaid I: "this day has long ſince been promiſed me, I can ſee nothing beyond it: my happineſs, by your means, is at its heighth; may it never decreaſe; may it continue as long as I am ſenſible of its value—then it can only finiſh with myſelf."

Thus happily paſſed my days, and the more happily as I perceived nothing that could diſturb or bring them to a concluſion; not that the cauſe of my former uneaſineſs had abſolutely ceaſed, but I ſaw it take another courſe, which I directed with my utmoſt care to uſeful objects, that the remedy might accompany the evil. Madame de Warrens naturally loved the country, and this taſte did not cool while with me. By little and little ſhe contracted a fondneſs for ruſtic employments, wiſhed to make the moſt of her land, and had in that particular a knowledge, which ſhe practiſed with pleaſure. Not ſatisfied with what belonged to the houſe, ſhe hired firſt a field, then a meadow, transferring her enterpriſing humour to the objects of agriculture,

and inftead of remaining unemployed in the houfe, was in the way of becoming a compleat farmer. I was not greatly pleafed to fee this paffion increafe, and endeavoured all I could to oppofe it; for I was certain fhe would be deceived, and that her liberal, extravagant difpofition, would infallibly carry her expences beyond her profits; however, I confoled myfelf by thinking the produce could not be ufelefs, and would, at leaft, help her to live. Of all the projects fhe could form, this appeared the leaft ruinous; without regarding it, therefore, in the light fhe did, as a profitable fcheme, I confidered it as a perpetual employment, which would keep her from more ruinous enterprifes, and out of the reach of impoftors. With this idea I ardently wifhed to recover my heath and ftrength, that I might fuperintend her affairs, overlook her labourers, or, rather, be the principal one myfelf. The exercife this naturally obliged me to take, with the relaxation it procured me from books and ftudy, was ferviceable to my health.

The winter following, Barrillot, returning from Italy, brought me fome books; and among others, the *Bontempi*, and *la Cartella per Mufica*, of Father Banchieri; thefe gave me a tafte for the hiftory of mufic, and for the theoretical refearches of that pleafing

ing art. Barrillot remained ſome time with us, and as I had been of age ſome months, I determined to go to Geneva the following ſpring and demand my mother's inheritance, or, at leaſt, that part of it which belonged to me, till it could be aſcertained what had become of my brother. This plan was executed as it had been reſolved: I went to Geneva; my father met me there, for he had occaſionally viſited Geneva a long time ſince, without its being particularly noticed, though the decree that had been pronounced againſt him had never been reverſed; but being eſteemed for his courage, and reſpected for his probity, the ſituation of his affairs was pretended to be forgotten; or, perhaps the magiſtrates employed with the great project that broke out ſome little time after, were not willing to alarm the citizens by recalling to their memory at an improper time, this inſtance of their former partiality.

I apprehended that I ſhould meet with difficulties, on account of having changed my religion, but none occurred; the laws of Geneva being leſs harſh in that particular than thoſe of Berne, where whoever changes his religion not only loſes his freedom, but his property. My rights, however, were not diſputed, but I found my patrimony, I know not

how

how, reduced to very little, and though it was known almoſt to a certainty that my brother was dead, yet as there was no legal proof, I could not lay claim to his ſhare, which I left without regret to my father, who enjoyed it as long as he lived. No ſooner were the neceſſary formalities adjuſted and I had received my money, ſome of which I expended in books, than I flew with the remainder to Madame de Warrens, my heart beat with joy during the journey, and the moment in which I gave the money into her hands, was to me a thouſand times more delightful than that which gave it into mine. She received this with a ſimplicity common to great ſouls, who doing ſimilar actions without effort, ſee them without admiration; indeed it was almoſt all expended for my uſe, for it would have been employed in the ſame manner had it come from any other quarter.

My health was not yet re-eſtabliſhed; I decayed viſibly, was pale as death, and reduced to an abſolute ſkeleton, they beating of my arteries was extreme, my palpitations were frequent; I was ſenſible of a continual oppreſſion, and my weakneſs became at length ſo great, that I could ſcarcely move or ſtep without danger of ſuffocation, ſtoop without vertigoes, or lift even the ſmalleſt weight, which reduced

ced me to the moſt tormenting inaction, for a man ſo naturally ſtirring as myſelf. It is certain my diſorder was in a great meaſure hypochondrical. The vapours is a malady common to people in fortunate ſituations: the tears I frequently ſhed, without reaſon: the lively alarms I felt on the falling of a leaf, or the fluttering of a bird; inequality of humour in the calm of a moſt pleaſing life; a laſſitude which made me weary even of happineſs, and carried (to uſe the expreſſion) ſenſibility to extravagance, were an inſtance of this. We are ſo little formed for felicity, that when the ſoul and body do not ſuffer together, they muſt neceſſarily endure ſeparate inconveniencies, the good ſtate of the one being almoſt always injurous to the happineſs of the other. Had all the pleaſures of life courted me, my weakened frame would not have permitted the enjoyment of them, without my being able to particularize the real ſeat of my complaint; yet in the decline of life, after having encountered very ſerious and real evils, my body ſeemed to regain its ſtrength, as if on purpoſe to encounter additional misfortunes; and at the moment I write this, though infirm, near ſixty, and overwhelmed with every kind of ſorrow, I feel more ability to ſuffer than I ever poſſeſſed for enjoyment, when in the very

very flower of my age, and in the bosom of real happiness.

To compleat me, I had mingled a little physiology among my other readings; I set about studying anatomy, and considering the multitude, movement, and wonderful construction of the various parts that compose the human machine; my apprehensions were instantly encreased, I expected to feel mine deranged twenty times a day, and far from being surprised to find myself dying, was astonished that I yet existed! I could not read the description of any malady without thinking it mine, and had I not been already indisposed, I am certain I should have become so from this fatal study. Finding in every disease symptoms similar to mine, I fancied I had them all, and at length gained one more troublesome than any I yet suffered, which I had thought myself delivered from; this was, a violent inclination to seek a cure, which it is very difficult to suppress, when once a person begins reading physical books. By searching, reflecting and comparing, I became persuaded that the foundation of my complaint was a polypus at the heart, and Doctor Salomon appeared to concide with the idea. Reasonably this opinion should have confirmed my former resolu-

tion

tion of confidering myfelf paft cure ; this, however, was not the cafe, on the contrary, I exerted every power of my underftanding in fearch of a remedy for a polypus, refolving to undertake this marvellous cure :

In a journey which Anet had made to Montpellier, to fee the phyfical garden there, and vifit Monfieur Sauvages, the Demonftrator, he had been informed that Monfieur Fizes had cured a polypus, fimiliar to that I fancied myfelf afflicted with : Madame de Warrens, recollecting this circumftance, mentioned it to me, and nothing more was neceffary to infpire me with a defire to confult Monfieur Fizes. The hope of recovery gave me courage and ftrength to undertake the journey ; the money from Geneva furnifhed the means ; Madame de Warrens, far from diffuading, entreated me to go ; behold me, therefore, without farther ceremony, fet out for Montpellier !—but it was not neceffary to to go fo far to find the cure I was in fearch of.

Finding the motion of the horfe too fatiguing, I had hired a chaife at Grenoble, and on entering Moirans, five or fix other chaifes arrived in a rank after mine. The greater part of thefe were in the train of a new married lady, called Madame de

***;

****; with her was a Madame N****, not so young or handsome as the former, yet not less amiable. The bride was to stop at Romans, but the other lady was to pursue her route as far as ****, near the bridge *du St. Esprit*. With my natural timidity it will not be conjectured that I was very ready at forming an acquaintance with these fine ladies, and the company that attended them; but travelling the same road, lodging at the same inns, and being obliged to eat at the same table, the acquaintance seemed unavoidable, as any backwardness on my part would have got me the character of a very unsociable being: it was formed then, and even sooner than I desired, for all this bustle was by no means convenient to a person in ill health, particularly to one of my humour. Curiosity renders these vixens extremely insinuating; they accomplish their design of becoming acquainted with a man by endeavouring to turn his brain, and this was precisely what happened to me. Madame de *** was to much surrounded by her young gallants to have any opportunity of paying much attention to me; besides, it was not worth while, as we were to separate in so short a time; but Madame N*** (less attended to than her young friend) had to provide herself for the remainder of the journey: behold me then attacked by Madame ****, and adieu

adieu to poor Jean Jacques, or rather, farewel to fever, vapours and polypus, all compleatly vaniſhed when in her preſence. The ill ſtate of my health was the firſt ſubject of our converſation; they ſaw I was indiſpoſed, knew I was going Montpellier, but my air and manner certainly did not exhibit the appearance of a libertine, ſince it was clear by what followed they did not ſuſpect I was going there for a reaſon that carries many that road.

In a morning they ſent to enquire after my health, and invite me to take chocolate with them, and when I made my appearance, aſked how I had paſſed the night. Once, (according to my praiſe-worthy cuſtom of ſpeaking without thought) I replied, "I did not know," which anſwer naturally made them conclude I was a fool; but on queſtioning me farther, the examination turned out ſo far to my advantage, that I rather roſe in their opinion, and I once heard Madame de *** ſay to her friend, "he is amiable, but not ſufficiently acquainted with the world." Theſe words were a great encouragement, and aſſiſted me in rendering myſelf agreeable.

As we became more familiar, it was natural to give each other ſome little account of whence we

came

came, and who we were: this embarraſſed me greatly, for I was ſenſible that in good company, and among women of ſpirit, the very name of a new convert would utterly undo me. I know not by what whimſicality I reſolved to paſs for an Engliſhman; however, in conequence of that determination I gave myſelf out for a Jacobite, and was readily believed. They called me Monſieur Dudding, which was the name I aſſumed with my new character, and a curſed Marquis de *** who was one of the company, an invalid like myſelf, and both old and ill-tempered, took it in his head to begin a long converſation with me. He ſpoke of King James, of the Pretender, and the old Court of St. Germain's, I ſat on thorns the whole time, for I was totally unacquainted with all theſe, except what little I had picked up in the account of Earl Hamilton, and from the Gazettes; however, I made ſuch fortunate uſe of the little I did know as to extricate myſelf from this dilemma, happy in not being queſtioned on the Engliſh language, which I did not know a ſingle word of.

The company were all very agreeable, we looked forward to the moment of ſeparation with regret, and therefore made ſnails' journies. We arrived

at

one Sunday at St. Marcellin's; Madame N***, would go to maſs; I accompanied her, and had nearly ruined all my affairs, for by my modeſt reſerved countenance during the ſervice, ſhe concluded me a bigot, and conceived a very indifferent opinion of me, as I learned from her own account two days after. It required a great deal of gallantry on my part to efface this ill impreſſion, or rather Madame N*** (who was not eaſily diſheartened) determined to riſk the firſt advances, and ſee how I ſhould behave. She made ſeveral, but far from being preſuming on my figure, I thought ſhe was making ſport of me: full of this ridiculous idea there was no folly I was not guilty of. Madame N*** perſiſted in ſuch careſſing behaviour, that a much wiſer man than myſelf could hardly have taken it ſeriouſly. The more obvious her advances were the more I was confirmed in my miſtake, and what encreaſed my torment, I found I was really in love with her. I frequently ſaid to myſelf, and ſometimes to her, ſighing, "Ah! why is not all this real!—then ſhould I be the moſt fortunate of men." I am inclined to think my ſtupidity did but encreaſe her reſolution, and make her determine to get the better of it.

We left Madame de *** at Romans; after which, Madame N***, the Marquis de ***, and myself, continued our route slowly, and in the most agreeable manner. The Marquis, though indisposed, and rather ill-humoured, was an agreeable companion, but was not best pleased at seeing the lady bestow all her attentions on me, while he passed unregarded; for Madame N*** took so little care to conceal her affection, that he perceived it sooner than I did, and his sarcasms must have given me that confidence I could not presume to take from the kindness of the lady, if by a surmise, which no one but myself could have blundered on, I had not imagined they perfectly understood each other, and were agreed to turn my passion into ridicule. This foolish idea compleated my stupidity, making me act the most ridiculous part, while, had I listened to the feelings of my heart, I might have been performing one far more brilliant. I am astonished that Madame N*** was not disgusted at my folly, and did not discard me with disdain; but she plainly perceived there was more bashfulness than indifference in my composition.

We arrived at Valence to dinner, and according to our laudable custom, passed the remainder of the

the day there. We lodged out of the city, at the St. James, an inn I ſhall never forget. After dinner, Madame N*** propoſed a walk: ſhe knew the Marquis was no walker, conſequently this was an excellent plan for a *tete-a-tête*, which ſhe was pre-determined to make the moſt of. While we were walking round the city, by the ſide of the moats, I entered on a long hiſtory of my complaint, to which ſhe anſwered in ſo tender an accent, frequently preſſing my arm, which ſhe held to her heart, that it required all my ſtupidity, not to be convinced of the ſincerity of her attachment. I have already obſerved that ſhe was amiable, love rendered her charming, adding all the lovelineſs of youth; and ſhe managed her advances with ſo much art, that they were ſufficient to have ſeduced the moſt inſenſible: I was, therefore, in very uneaſy circumſtances, and frequently on the point of making a declaration; but the dread of offending her, with the ſtill greater of being laughed at, ridiculed, made a table-talk, and complimented on my enterprize by the ſatirical Marquis, had ſuch unconquerable power over me, that though aſhamed of my ridiculous baſhfulneſs, I could not take courage to ſurmount it. I had ended the hiſtory of my complaints, which I felt the ridiculouſneſs of at this time; and not knowing

how to look, or what to ſay, continued ſilent, giving the fineſt opportunity in the world for that ridicule I ſo much dreaded. Happily Madame N*** took a more favourable reſolution, and ſuddenly interrupted this ſilence by throwing her arm round my neck, while, at the ſame inſtant, her lips ſpoke too plainly on mine to be any longer miſunderſtood. This was, repoſing that confidence in me the want of which has almoſt always prevented me from appearing myſelf: for once I was at eaſe, my heart, eyes and tongue, ſpoke freely what I felt; never did I make better reparation for my miſtakes, and if this little conqueſt had coſt Madame N*** ſome difficulties, I have reaſon to believe ſhe did not regret them.

Was I to live a hundred years, I ſhould never forget this charming woman. I ſay charming, for though neither young nor beautiful, ſhe was neither old or ugly, having nothing in her appearance, that could prevent her wit and accompliſhments from producing all their effect. It was poſſible to ſee her without falling in love, but thoſe ſhe favoured could not fail to adore her; which proves, in my opinion, that ſhe was not generally ſo prodigal of her favours. It is true, her inclination for me was ſo ſudden and lively, that it ſcarce ap-

pears

pears excuſeable; though from the ſhort, but charming interval I paſſed with her, I have reaſon to think her heart was more influenced than her paſſions.

Our good intelligence did not eſcape the penetration of the Marquis; not that he diſcontinued his uſual raillery; on the contrary, he treated me as a ſighing, hopeleſs ſwain, languiſhing under the rigours of his miſtreſs; not a word, ſmile, or look, eſcaped him, by which I could imagine he ſuſpected my happineſs; and I ſhould have thought him compleatly deceived, had not Madame N***, who was more clear-ſighted than myſelf, aſſured me of the contrary; but he was a well bred man, and it was impoſſible to behave with more attention, or greater civility, than he conſtantly paid me (notwithſtanding his ſatirical ſallies) eſpecially after my ſucceſs, which, as he was unacquainted with my ſtupidity, he perhaps gave me the honour of atchieving. It has already been ſeen that he was miſtaken in this particular; but no matter, I profited by his error, for being conſcious that the laugh was on my ſide, I took all his ſallies in good part, and ſometimes parried them with tolerable ſucceſs; for, proud of the reputation of wit, which Madame

N*** had thought fit to diſcover in me, I no longer appeared the ſame man.

We were both in a country and ſeaſon of plenty, and had every where excellent cheer, thanks to the good cares of the Marquis; though I would willingly have relinquiſhed this advantage to have been more ſatisfied with the ſituation of our chambers; but he always ſent his footman on before to provide them, and whether of his own accord, or by the order of his maſter, the rogue always took care that the Marquis's chamber ſhould be cloſe by Madame N***'s, while mine was at the further end of the houſe: but that made no great difference, or, perhaps, it rendered our rendezvous the more charming, this happineſs laſted four or five days, during which time I was intoxicated with delight, which I taſted pure and ſerene without any alloy, an advantage I could never boaſt before; and, I may add, it is owing to Madame N***, that I did not go out of the world without having taſted real pleaſure.

If the ſentiment I felt for her was not preciſely love, it was at leaſt a very tender return of that ſhe teſtified for me; our meetings were ſo delightful,

ful, that they poſſeſſed all the ſweets of love, without that kind of delirium which affects the brain, and even tends to diminiſh our happineſs. I never experienced true love but once in my life, and that was not with Madame N***; neither did I feel that affection for her which I had been ſenſible of, and yet continued to poſſeſs, for Madame de Warrens; but for this very reaſon, our *tete-a-tetes* were a hundred times more delightful. When with Madame de Warrens, my felicity was always diſturbed by a ſecret ſadneſs, a compunction of heart, which I found it impoſſible to ſurmount. Inſtead of being delighted at the acquiſition of ſo much happineſs, I could not help reproaching myſelf for contributing to render her I loved unworthy: on the contrary, with Madame N***, I was proud of my happineſs, and gave into it without repugnance, while my triumph redoubled every other charm.

I do not recollect exactly where we quitted the Marquis, who reſided in this country, but I know we were alone on our arrival at Montelimar, where Madame N*** made her chamber-maid get into my chaiſe, and accommodated me with a ſeat in her's. It will eaſily be believed, that travelling in this manner was by no means diſpleaſing to me,

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and that I ſhould be very much puzzled to give any account of the country we paſſed through.—She had ſome buſineſs at Montelimar, which detained her there two or three days; during this time ſhe quitted me but one quarter of an hour, for a viſit ſhe could not avoid, which embarraſſed her with a number of invitations ſhe had no inclination to accept, and therefore excuſed herſelf by pleading ſome indiſpoſition; though ſhe took care this ſhould not prevent our walking out together every day, in the moſt charming country, and under the fineſt ſky imaginable. Oh! theſe three days! What reaſon have I to regret them! Never did ſuch happineſs return again.

The amours of a journey cannot be very durable: it was neceſſary we ſhould part, and I muſt confeſs it was almoſt time; not that I was weary of my happineſs, but I might as well have been. We endeavoured to comfort each other for the pain of parting, by forming plans for our re-union; and it was concluded, that after ſtaying five or ſix weeks at Montpelier (which would give Madame N*** time to prepare for my reception in ſuch a manner as to prevent ſcandal) I ſhould return to ***, and ſpend the Winter under her direction. She gave me ample inſtructions on what it was neceſſary

ceſſary I ſhould know, on what it would be proper to ſay, and how I ſhould conduct myſelf. She ſpoke much and earneſtly on the care of my health, conjured me to conſult ſkilful phyſicians, and be attentive and exact in following their preſcriptions, whatever they might happen to be. I believe her concern was ſincere, for ſhe loved me, and gave proofs of her affection leſs equivocal than the prodigality of her favours; for judging by my mode of travelling, that I was not in very affluent circumſtances, (though not rich herſelf) on our parting, ſhe would have had me ſhare the contents of her purſe, which ſhe had brought pretty well furniſhed from Grenoble, and it was with great difficulty I could make her put up with a denial. In a word, we parted; my heart full of her idea, and leaving in her's (if I am not miſtaken) a firm attachment to me.

While purſuing the remainder of my journey, remembrance ran over every thing that had paſſed from the commencement of it, and I was well ſatisfied at finding myſelf alone in a comfortable chaiſe, where I could ruminate at eaſe on the pleaſures I had enjoyed, and thoſe which awaited my return. I only thought of ***; of the life I was to lead there; I ſaw nothing but Madame N***, or

on what related to her; the whole universe besides was nothing to me—even Madame de Warens was forgotten!—I set about combining all the details by which Madame N*** had endeavoured to give me in advance an idea of her house, of the neighbourhood, of her connections, and manner of life, finding every thing charming.

She had a daughter, whom she had often described in the warmest terms of maternal affection: this daughter was turned of fifteen, lively, charming, and of an amiable disposition. Madame N*** promised me her friendship; I had not forgot that promise, and was curious to know how Mademoiselle N*** would treat her mother's *bon ami.*—These were the subjects of my reveries from the bridge of St. Esprit to Remoulin: I had been advised to visit the Pont-du-Gard; hitherto I had seen none of the remaining monuments of Roman magnificence, and I expected to find this worthy the hands by which it was constructed; for once the reality surpassed my expectation; this was the only time in my life it ever did so, and Romans alone could have produced that effect. The view of this noble and sublime work, struck me the more forcibly, from being in the midst of a desert, where silence and solitude render the majestic edi-

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fice more marking, and admiration more lively, for though called a bridge, it is nothing more than an aqueduct. One cannot help exclaiming, what ſtrength could have tranſported theſe enormous ſtones ſo far from any quarry? And what motive could have united the labours of ſo many millions of men, in a place that no one inhabited? I remained here whole hours, in the moſt raviſhing contemplation, and returned, penſive and thoughtful to my inn. This reverie was by no means favourable to Madame N***; ſhe had taken care to forewarn me againſt the girls of Montpelier, but not againſt the Pont-du-Gard—it is impoſſible to provide for every contingency.

On my arrival at Niſmes I went to ſee the amphitheatre, which is a far more magnificent work than even the Pont-du-Gard, yet it made a much leſs impreſſion on me, perhaps, becauſe my admiration had been already exhauſted on the former object; or that the ſituation of the latter, in the midſt of a city, was leſs proper to excite it. This vaſt and ſuperb circus is ſurrounded by ſmall dirty houſes, while yet ſmaller and dirtier fill up the area, in ſuch a manner, that the whole produces an unequal and confuſed effect, in which regret and indignation ſtifle pleaſure and ſurprize. The

amphitheatre at Verona is a vaſt deal ſmaller, and leſs beautiful than that at Niſmes, but preſerved with all poſſible care and neatneſs, by which means alone it made a much ſtronger and more agreeable impreſſion on me. The French pay no regard to theſe things, reſpect no monument of antiquity; ever eager to undertake, they never finiſh, nor preſerve any thing that is already finiſhed to their hands.

I was ſo much better, and had gained ſuch an appetite by exerciſe, that I ſtopped a whole day at Pont-de-Lunel, for the ſake of good entertainment and company, this being deſervedly eſteemed at that time the beſt inn in Europe; for thoſe who kept it, knowing how to make its fortunate ſituation turn to advantage, took care to provide both abundance and variety. It was really curious to find in a lonely country-houſe, a table every day furniſhed with ſea and freſh-water fiſh, excellent game, and choice wines, ſerved up with all the attention and care, which are only to be expected among the great or opulent, and all this for thirty-five ſous each perſon: but the Pont-de-Lunel did not long remain on this footing, for the proprietor preſuming too much on its reputation, at length loſt it entirely.

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During this journey, I really forgot my complaints, but recollected them again on my arrival at Montpelier. My vapours were abſolutely gone, but every other complaint remained, and though cuſtom had rendered them leſs troubleſome, they were ſtill ſufficient to make any one who had been ſuddenly ſeized with them, ſuppoſe himſelf attacked by ſome mortal diſeaſe. In effect, they were rather alarming than painful, and made the mind ſuffer more than the body, though it apparently threatened the latter with deſtruction. While my attention was called off by the vivacity of my paſſions, I paid no attention to my health, but as my complaints were not altogether imaginary, I thought of them ſeriouſly when the tumult had ſubſided. Recollecting the ſalutary advice of Madame N***, and the cauſe of my journey, I conſulted the moſt famous practitioners, particularly Monſieur Fizes; and through ſuperabundance of precaution, boarded at a doctor's, who was an Iriſhman, and named Fitz-Morris.

This perſon boarded a number of young gentlemen who were ſtudying phyſic; and what rendered his houſe very commodious for an invalid, he contented himſelf with a moderate penſion for proviſion, lodging, &c. and took nothing of his

boarders for attendance as a phyſician. He even undertook to execute the orders of M. Fizes, and endeavour to re-eſtabliſh my health. He certainly acquitted himſelf very well in this employment, as to regimen; indigeſtions were not to be gained at his table; and though I am not much hurt at privations of that kind, the objects of compariſon were ſo near, that I could not help thinking with myſelf ſometimes, that M*** was a much better provider than M. Fitz-Morris; notwithſtanding, as there was no danger of dying with hunger, and all the youths were gay and good-humoured, I believe this manner of living was really ſerviceable, and prevented my falling into thoſe languors I had latterly been ſo ſubject to. I paſſed the morning in taking medicines, particularly, I know not what kind of waters, but believe they were thoſe of Vals, and in writing to Madame N***; for the correſpondence was regularly kept up, and Rouſſeau kindly undertook to receive theſe letters for his good friend Dudding. At noon I took a walk to the *Canourgue*, with ſome of our young boarders, who were all very good lads; after this we aſſembled for dinner; when this was over, an affair of importance employed the greater part of us till night; this was, going a little way out of town to take our afternoon's collation, and make

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to two or three parties at *mall*, or mallet. As I had neither ſtrength or ſkill, I did not play myſelf, but I betted on the game, and, intereſted for the ſucceſs of my wager, followed the players and their balls over rough and ſtony roads, procuring by this means both an agreeable and ſalutary exerciſe. We took our afternoon's refreſhment at an inn out of the city. I need not obſerve, that theſe meetings were extremely merry, but ſhould not omit that they were equally innocent, though the girls of the houſe were very pretty. M. Fitz-Morris (who was a great mall player himſelf) was our Preſident; and I muſt obſerve, notwithſtanding the imputation of wildneſs that is generally beſtowed on ſtudents, that I found more virtuous diſpoſitions among theſe youths than could eaſily be found among an equal number of men: they were rather noiſy than fond of wine, and more merry than libertine.

I accuſtomed myſelf ſo much to this mode of life, and it accorded ſo entirely with my humour, that I ſhould have been very well content with a continuance of it. Several of my fellow-boarders were Iriſh, from whom I endeavoured to learn ſome Engliſh words, as a precaution for ***. The time now drew near for my departure; every let-

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ter Madame N*** wrote, ſhe entreated me not to delay it, and, at length, I prepared to obey her.

I was convinced the phyſicians (who underſtood nothing of my diſorder) looked on my complaint as imaginary, and treated me accordingly, with their waters and whey. In this reſpect phyſicians and philoſophers differ widely from theologers; admitting the truth only of what they can explain, and making their knowledge the meaſure of poſſibilities. Theſe gentlemen underſtood nothing of my illneſs, therefore concluded I could not be ill; and who would preſume to doubt the profound ſkill of a phyſician? I plainly ſaw they only meant to amuſe, and make me ſwallow my money; and judging their ſubſtitute at *** would do me quite as much ſervice, and be infinitely more agreeable, I reſolved to give her the preference; full, therefore, of this wiſe reſolution, I quitted Montpelier.

I ſet off towards the end of November, after a ſtay of ſix weeks or two months in that city, where I left a dozen louis, without either my health or underſtanding being the better for it, except from a ſhort courſe of anatomy began under M. Fitz-Morris, which I was ſoon obliged to abandon, from the

the horrible ſtench of the bodies he diſſected, which I found it impoſſible to endure.

Not thoroughly ſatisfied in my own mind on the rectitude of this expedition, as I advanced towards the bridge of St. Eſprit (which was equally the road to *** and to Chambery) I began to reflect on Madame de Warrens, the remembrance of whoſe letters, though leſs frequent than thoſe from Madame N***, awakened in my heart a remorſe that paſſion had ſtifled in the firſt part of my journey, but which became ſo lively on my return, that, ſetting a juſt eſtimate on the love of pleaſure, I found myſelf in ſuch a ſituation of mind, that I could liſten wholly to the voice of Reaſon. Beſides, in continuing to act the part of an adventurer, I might be leſs fortunate than I had been in the beginning; for it was only neceſſary that in all *** there ſhould be one perſon who had been in England, knew the Engliſh, or any thing of their language, to prove me an impoſtor. The family of Madame N*** might not be pleaſed with me, and would, perhaps, treat me impolitely; her daughter too made me uneaſy, for, ſpight of myſelf, I thought more of her than was neceſſary. I trembled leſt I ſhould fall in love with this girl, and that very fear had already half done

done the bufinefs. Was I going, in return for the mother's kindnefs to feek the ruin of the daughter? To fow diffenfion, difhonour, fcandal, and hell itfelf, in her family? The very idea ftruck me with horror, and I took the firmeft refolution to combat and vanquifh this unhappy attachment, fhould I be fo unfortunate as to experience it. But why expofe myfelf to this danger? How miferable muft the fituation be to live with the mother, whom I fhould be weary of, and figh for the daughter, without daring to make known my affection! What neceffity was there to feek this fituation, and expofe myfelf to misfortunes, affronts and remorfe, for the fake of pleafures whofe greateft charm was already exhaufted? For I was fenfible this attachment had loft its firft vivacity. With thefe thoughts were mingled reflections relative to my fituation and duty to that good and generous friend, who already loaded with debts, would become more fo from the foolifh expences I was running into, and whom I was deceiving fo unworthily. This reproach at length became fo keen, that it triumphed over every temptation, and on approaching the bridge of St. Efprit, I formed the refolution to burn my whole magazine of letters from ***, and continue my journey right forward to Chambery.

I executed this resolution courageously, with some sighs I confess, but with the heart-felt satisfaction, which I enjoyed for the first time in my life, of saying, "I merit my own esteem, and know how to prefer duty to pleasure." This was the first real obligation I owed my books, since these had taught me to reflect and compare. After the virtuous principles I had so lately adopted, after all the rules of wisdom and honour I had proposed to myself, and felt so proud to follow, the shame of possessing so little stability, and contradicting so egregiously my own maxims, triumphed over the allurements of pleasure. Perhaps, after all, pride had as much share in my resolution as virtue; but if this pride is not virtue itself, its effects are so similar, that we are pardonable in deceiving ourselves.

One advantage resulting from good actions is, that they elevate the soul to a disposition of attempting still better; for such is human weakness, that we must place among our good deeds, an abstinence from those crimes we are tempted to commit. No sooner was my resolution confirmed, than I became another man, or rather, I became what I was before I had erred, and saw in its true colours what the intoxication of the moment had either

either concealed or diſguiſed. Full of worthy ſentiments and wiſe reſolutions, I continued my journey, intending to regulate my future conduct by the laws of virtue, and dedicate myſelf without reſerve to that beſt of friends, to whom I vowed as much fidelity in future, as I felt real attachment. The ſincerity of this return to virtue appeared to promiſe a better deſtiny; but mine, alas! was fixed, and had already began: even at the very moment, when my heart, full of good and virtuous ſentiments, was contemplating only innocence and happineſs through life, I touched on the fatal period, that was to draw after it the long chain of my misfortunes!

My impatience to arrive at Chambery had made me uſe more diligence than I meant to do. I had ſent a letter from Valence, mentioning the day and hour I ſhould arrive, but I had gained half a day on this calculation, which time I paſſed at Chaparillan, that I might arrive exactly at the time I had mentioned. I wiſhed to enjoy to its full extent the pleaſure of ſeeing her, and preferred deferring this happineſs a little, that expectancy might encreaſe the value of it. This precaution had always ſucceeded; hitherto my arrival had cauſed a little holiday; I expected no leſs this time,

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and theſe preparations, ſo dear to me, would have been well worth the trouble of contriving them.

I arrived then exactly at the hour, and while at a conſiderable diſtance, looked forward with an expectancy of ſeeing her on the road to meet me. The beating of my heart encreaſed as I drew near the houſe; at length I arrive, quite out of breath; for I had left my chaiſe in the town. I ſee no one in the garden, at the door, or at the windows; I am ſeized with terror, fearful that ſome accident has happened. I enter; all is quiet; the labourers are eating their luncheon in the kitchen, and far from obſerving any preparation, the ſervant ſeems ſurprized to ſee me, not knowing I was expected. I go up ſtairs, at length I ſee her!—that dear friend! ſo tenderly, truly, and entirely beloved. I inſtantly ran towards her, and threw myſelf at her feet. "Ah! child!" ſaid ſhe, "art thou returned then!" embracing me at the ſame time, "Have you had a good journey? How do you do?" This reception amuſed me for ſome moments; I then aſked, whether ſhe had received my letter? ſhe anſwered, "Yes;" "I ſhould have thought not," replied I; and the information concluded there. A young man was with her at this time. I recollected having ſeen him in the houſe

houfe before my departure, but at prefent he feemed eftablifhed there; in fhort, he was fo; I found my place already fupplied!

This young man came from the country of Vaud; his father, named Vintzenreid, was keeper of the prifon, or, as he expreffed himfelf, Captain of the Caftle of Chillon. This fon of the Captain was a journeyman peruke-maker, and gained his living in that capacity when he firft prefented himfelf to Madame de Warrens, who received him kindly, as fhe did all comers, particularly thofe from her own country. He was a tall, fair, filly youth; well enough made, with an unmeaning face, and a mind of the fame defcription, fpeaking always like the beau in a comedy, and mingling the manners and cuftoms of his former fituation with a long hiftory of his gallantry and fuccefs; naming, according to his account, not above half the Marchioneffes who had favoured him, and pretending never to have dreffed the head of a pretty woman, without having likewife decorated her hufband's; vain, foolifh, ignorant, and infolent; fuch was the worthy fubftitute taken in my abfence, and the companion offered me on my return.

O! if ſouls diſengaged from their terreſtial bonds, yet view from the boſom of eternal light what paſſes here below, pardon, dear and reſpectable ſhade, that I ſhew no more favour to your failings than my own, but equally unveil both. I ought and will be juſt to you as to myſelf; but how much leſs will you loſe by this reſolution than I ſhall! How much does your amiable and gentle diſpoſition, your inexhauſtible goodneſs of heart, your frankneſs, and other amiable virtues, recompence for your foibles; if a ſubverſon of reaſon alone can be called ſuch. You had errors, but not vices; your conduct was reprehenſible, but your heart was ever pure *.

The new comer had ſhewn himſelf zealous and exact in all her little commiſſions, which were ever numerous, and diligently overlooked the labourers. As noiſy and inſolent as I was quiet and forbearing, he was ſeen, or rather heard, at the plough, in the hay-loft, wood-houſe, ſtable and farm-yard, at the ſame inſtant. He neglected the gardening, this labour being too peaceful and moderate; his chief pleaſure was to load or drive the cart,

* Rouſſeau ſeems very ingenious at ſtudying excuſes for Madame de Warrens: I muſt confeſs I cannot ſee her conduct in the light he endeavours to throw on it.

cart, to ſaw or cleave wood; he was never ſeen without a hatchet or pick-ax in his hand, running, knocking, and hallooing with all his might. I know nor how many men's labour he performed, but he certainly made noiſe enough for ten or a dozen at léaſt. All this buſtle impoſed on poor Madame de Warrens; ſhe thought this young man a treaſure, and, willing to attach him to herſelf, employed the means ſhe imagined neceſſary for that purpoſe, not forgetting what ſhe moſt depended on.

Thoſe who have read this work ſhould be able to form ſome judgment of my heart; its ſentiments were the moſt conſtant and ſincere, particularly thoſe which had brought me back to Chambery; what a ſudden and compleat overthrow was this to my whole being! but to judge fully of this, the reader muſt place himſelf for a moment in my ſituation. I ſaw all the future felicity I had promiſed myſelf vaniſh in a moment; all the charming ideas I had indulged ſo affectionately, diſappear entirely; and I, who even from childhood had not been able to conſider my exiſtence for a moment as ſeparate from her's, for the firſt time, ſaw myſelf utterly alone. This moment was dreadful, and thoſe that ſucceeded it were ever gloomy. I was yet

yet young, but the pleaſing ſentiments of enjoyment and hope, which enliven youth, were extinguiſhed. From that hour my exiſtence ſeemed half annihilated: I contemplated in advance the melancholy remains of an inſipid life, and if at any time an image of happineſs glanced through my mind, it was not that which appeared natural to me, and I felt that even ſhould I obtain it, I muſt ſtill be wretched.

I was ſo dull of apprehenſion, and my confidence in her was ſo great, that, notwithſtanding the familiar tone of the new comer, which I looked on as an effect of the eaſy diſpoſition of Madame de Warrens, which rendered her free with every one, that I never ſhould have ſuſpected his real ſituation, had ſhe not herſelf informed me of it; but ſhe haſtened to make this avowal, with a freedom calculated to inflame me with reſentment, could my heart have turned to that point. Speaking of this connection as quite immaterial with reſpect to herſelf, ſhe reproached me with negligence in the care of the family, and mentioned my frequent abſence, as though ſhe had been in haſte to ſupply my place. "Ah!" ſaid I, my heart burſting with the moſt poignant grief, "what do you dare to inform me of? Is this the reward of an attachment like

like mine? Have you so many times preserved my life, for the sole purpose of taking from me all that could render it desirable? Your infidelity will bring me to the grave, but you will regret my loss? She answered with a tranquility sufficient to distract me, that I talked like a child; that people did not die from such slight causes; that our friendship need be no less sincere, nor we no less intimate, for that her tender attachment to me could neither diminish or end but with herself; in a word, she gave me to understand that my happiness need not feel any decrease from the good fortune of this new favorite.

Never did the purity, truth and force of my attachment to her, appear more evident; never did I feel the sincerity and honesty of my soul more forcibly, than at that moment. I threw myself at her feet, embracing her knees with torrents of tears. "No Madame," replied I, with the most violent agitation, "I love you too much to disgrace you thus far, and too truly to share you; the regret that accompanied the first acquisition of your favours, has continued to encrease with my affection, I cannot preserve them by so violent an augmentation of it. You shall ever have my adoration; be worthy of it; to me that is more necessary than all you can

can beſtow. It is to you, O my deareſt friend! that I reſign my rights; it is to the union of our hearts that I ſacrifice my pleaſure; rather would I periſh a thouſand times, than thus degrade her I love.

I preſerved this reſolution with a conſtancy worthy, I may ſay, of the ſentiment that gave it birth. From this moment I no longer ſaw this beloved women but with the eyes of a real ſon. It ſhould be remarked here, that this reſolve did not meet her private approbation, as I too well perceived; yet ſhe never employed the leaſt art to make me renounce it, either by inſinuating propoſals, careſſes, or any of thoſe means which women ſo well know how to employ, without expoſing themſelves to any violent cenſure, and which ſeldom fail to ſucceed. Reduced to ſeek a fate independant of her's, and not able to deviſe one, I paſſed to the other extreme, placing my happineſs ſo abſolutely in her, that I became almoſt regardleſs of myſelf. The ardent deſire to ſee her happy, at any rate, abſorbed all my affections; it was in vain ſhe endeavoured to ſeparate her felicity from mine, I felt I had a part in it, ſpight of every impediment.

 Thus

Thus thoſe virtues whoſe ſeeds were in my heart, began to ſpring up with my misfortunes: they had been cultivated by ſtudy, and only waited the fermentation of adverſity to become prolific. The firſt fruits of this diſintereſted diſpoſition, was to put from my heart every ſentiment of hatred and envy againſt him who had ſupplanted me. I even ſincerely wiſhed to attach myſelf to this young man; to form and educate him; to make him ſenſible of his happineſs, and, if poſſible, render him worthy of it: in a word, to do for him what Anet had done for me on a former occaſion. But the ſimilarity of diſpoſitions was wanting: More inſinuating and enlightened than Anet, I poſſeſſed neither his coolneſs fortitude, or commanding ſtrength of character, which I muſt have had in order to ſucceed. Neither did the young man poſſeſs thoſe qualities which Anet found in me; ſuch as gentleneſs, gratitude, and above all, a knowledge of my want of his inſtructions and an ardent deſire to render them uſeful. All theſe were wanting; the perſon I wiſhed to improve, ſaw in me nothing but an importunate chattering pedant; while on the contrary he admired his own importance in the houſe, meaſuring the ſervices he thought he rendered, by the noiſe he made, and looking on his ſaws, hatchets and pick-axes, as infinitely more uſeful than all my old

old books: and, perhaps, in this particular, he might not be altogether blameable; but he gave himſelf a number of airs ſufficient to make any one die with laughter. With the peaſants he aſſumed the airs of a country gentleman; preſently he did as much with me, and at length with Madame de Warrens herſelf. His name of Vintzenried, did not appear noble enough, he therefore changed it to that of Monſieur de Courtilles, and by the latter appellation he was known at Chambery, and in Maurienne, where he married.

At length this illuſtrious perſonage gave himſelf ſuch airs of conſequence, that he was every thing in the houſe, and myſelf nothing. When I had the misfortune to diſpleaſe him, he ſcolded Madame de Warrens, and a fear of expoſing her to his brutality, rendered me ſubſervient to all his whims, ſo that every time he cleaved wood (an office which he performed with ſingular pride) it was neceſſary I ſhould be an idle ſpectator and admirer of his proweſs. This lad was not, however, of a bad diſpoſition; he loved Madame de Warrens, indeed it was impoſſible to do otherwiſe; nor had he any averſion even to me, and when he happened to be out of his airs, would liſten to our admonitions, and frankly own he was a fool; yet,

notwithſtanding theſe acknowledgments, his follies continued in the ſame proportion. His knowledge was ſo contracted, and his inclinations ſo mean, that it was uſeleſs to reaſon, and almoſt impoſſible to be pleaſed with him. Not content with a moſt charming woman, he amuſed himſelf with an old red-haired, toothleſs waiting maid, whoſe unwelcome ſervice Madame de Warrens had the patience to endure, though it was abſolutely diſguſting. I ſoon perceived this new inclination, and was exaſperated at it; but I ſaw ſomething elſe, which affected me yet more, and made a deeper impreſſion on me than any thing had hitherto done; this was, a viſible coldneſs in the behaviour of Madame de Warrens towards me.

The privation I had impoſed on myſelf, and which ſhe affected to approve, is one of thoſe affronts which women ſcarce ever forgive. Take the moſt ſenſible, the moſt philoſophic female, one the leaſt attached to pleaſure, and ſlighting her favours, if within your reach, will be found the moſt unpardonable crime, even though ſhe may care nothing for the man. This rule is certainly without exception, ſince a ſympathy ſo natural and ardent, was impaired in her, by an abſtinence, founded only on virtue, attachment and eſteem. I

no

no longer found with her that union of hearts which conſtituted all the happineſs of mine; ſhe ſeldom ſought me but when ſhe had occaſion to complain of this new comer, for when they were agreed, I enjoyed but little of her confidence, and at length, was ſcarce ever conſulted in her affairs. She ſeemed pleaſed, indeed with my company, but had I paſſed whole days without ſeeing her ſhe would hardly have miſſed me.

Inſenſibly I found myſelf deſolate and alone in that houſe where I had formerly been the very ſoul; where, if I may ſo expreſs myſelf, I had enjoyed a double life; and, by degrees, accuſtomed myſelf to diſregard every thing that paſſed, and even thoſe who dwelt there. To avoid continual mortifications, I ſhut myſelf up with my books, or elſe wept and ſighed unnoticed in the woods. This life ſoon became inſupportable; I felt that the preſence of a woman ſo dear to me, while eſtranged from her heart, encreaſed my unhappineſs, and was perſuaded, that ceaſing to ſee her, I ſhould feel myſelf leſs cruelly ſeparated.

I reſolved, therefore, to quit the houſe, mentioned it to her, and, far from oppoſing my reſolution, found ſhe approved it. She had an acquaint-

ance at Grenoble, called Madame de Deybens, whofe hufband was on terms of friendfhip with Monfieur Malby, chief Provoft of Lyons. M. Deybens propofed my educating M. Malby's children; I accepted this offer, and departed for Lyons without giving, and almoft without feeling the leaft regret at a feparation, the bare idea of which, a few months before, would have given us both the moft excruciating torments.

I had almoft as much knowledge as was neceffary for a tutor, and flattered myfelf that my method would be unexceptionable; but the year I paffed at M. Malby's, was fufficient to undeceive me in that particular. The natural gentlenefs of my difpofition feemed calculated for the employment, if haftinefs had not been mingled with it. While things went favourably, and I faw the pains (which I did not fpare) fucceed, I was an angel; but a devil when they went contrary. If my pupils did not underftand me, I was hafty, and when they fhewed any fymptoms of an untoward difpofition, I was fo provoked that I could have killed them: which behaviour was not likely to render them either good or wife. I had two under my care, and they were of very different tempers, *Ste.-Marie*, who was between eight and nine years old, had a good

a good perſon and quick apprehenſion, was giddy, lively, playful and miſchievous; but his miſchief was ever good humoured. The younger one, named *Condillac*, appeared ſtupid and fretful, was headſtrong as a mule, and ſeemed incapable of inſtruction. It may be ſuppoſed that between both I did not want employment, yet with patience and temper I might have ſucceeded; but wanting both, I did nothing worth mentioning, and my pupils profited very little. I could only make uſe of three means, which are very weak, and often pernicious with children; namely, ſentiment, reaſoning, or paſſion. I ſometimes exerted myſelf ſo much with *Ste.-Marie*, that I could not refrain from tears, and wiſhed to excite ſimilar ſenſations in him; as if it was reaſonable to ſuppoſe a child could be ſuſceptible of ſuch emotions. Sometimes I exhauſted myſelf in reaſoning, as if perſuaded he could comprehend me; and as he frequently formed very ſubtil arguments, concluded he muſt be reaſonable, becauſe he bid fair to be ſo good a logician.

The little *Condillac* was ſtill more embarraſſing; for he neither underſtood, anſwered, or was concerned at any thing; being of an obſtinacy beyond belief, and was never happier than when he had ſucceeded in putting me in a rage: then, indeed,

he was the philoſopher, and I the child. I was conſcious of all my faults, ſtudied the temper of my pupils, and became acquainted with them; but where was the uſe of ſeeing the evil, without being able to apply a remedy? My penetration was unavailing, ſince it never prevented any miſchief; and every thing I undertook failed, becauſe all I did to effect my deſigns was preciſely what I ought not to have done.

I was not more fortunate in what had only reference to myſelf, than in what concerned my pupils. Madame Deybens, in recommending me to her friend Madame de Malby, had requeſted her to form my manners, and endeavour to give me an air of the world. She took ſome pains on this account, wiſhing to teach me how to do the honours of the houſe; but I was ſo aukward, baſhful and ſtupid, that ſhe found it neceſſary to ſtop there. This, however, did not prevent me from falling in love with her, according to my uſual cuſtom; I even behaved in ſuch a manner, that ſhe could not avoid obſerving it; but I never durſt declare my paſſion; and as the lady never ſeemed in a humour to make advances, I ſoon became weary of my ſighs and ogling, being convinced they anſwered no manner of purpoſe.

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I had quite loſt my inclination for little thieveries while with Madame de Warrens; indeed, as every thing belonged to me, there was nothing to ſteal; beſides, the elevated notions I had embibed ought to have rendered, me in future above ſuch meanneſs, and generally ſpeaking they certainly did ſo; but this rather proceeded from my having learned to conquer temptations, than having ſucceeded in rooting out the propenſity, and I ſhould greatly dread ſtealing, as in my infancy, was I yet ſubject to the ſame inclinations. I had a proof of this at M. Malby's, where though ſurrounded by a number of little things that I could eaſily have pilfered, and which appeared no temptation, I took it into my head to covet ſome ſmall white Arbois wine, ſome glaſſes of which I had drank at table, and thought delicious. It happened to be rather thick, and as I fancied myſelf an excellent finer of wine, I mentioned my ſkill, and this was accordingly truſted to my care, but in attempting to mend, I ſpoiled it, though to the ſight only, for it remained equally agreeable to the taſte. Profiting by this opportunity, I furniſhed myſelf from time to time with a few bottles to drink in my own apartment; but unluckily, I could never drink without eating; the difficulty lay therefore, in procuring bread. It was impoſſible to make a reſerve of this article,

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and to have it brought by the footman was discovering myself, and insulting the master of the house; I could not bear to purchase it myself; how could a fine gentleman, with a sword by his side, enter a baker's shop to buy a small loaf of bread?—it was utterly impossible. At length I recollected the thoughtless saying of a great Princess, who, on being informed that the country people had no bread, replied, " then let them eat pastry? Yet even this resource was attended with a difficulty. I sometimes went out alone for this very purpose, running over the whole city, and passing thirty pastry cook's shops without daring to enter any one of them. In the first place, it was necessary there should be only one person in the shop, and that person's phisiognomy must be so encouraging as to give me confidence to pass the threshold; but when once the dear little cake was procured, and I shut up in my chamber with that and a bottle of wine, taken cautiously from the bottom of a cupboard, how much did I enjoy drinking my wine, and reading a few pages of a novel; for when I have no company, I always wish to read while eating; it seems a substitute for society, and I dispatch alternately a page and a morsel; 'tis indeed as if my book dined with me.

I was neither diſſolute or ſottiſh, never in my whole life having been intoxicated with liquor; my little thefts were not very indiſcreet, yet they were diſcovered; the bottles betrayed me, and though no notice was taken of it, I had no longer the management of the cellar. In all this Monſ. Malby conducted himſelf with prudence and politeneſs, being really a very deſerving man, who, under a manner as harſh as his employment, concealed a real gentleneſs of diſpoſition and uncommon goodneſs of heart: he was judicious, equitable, and (what would not be expected from an officer of the *Marechauſſee*) very humane.

Senſible of his indulgence, I became greatly attached to him, which made my ſtay at Lyons longer than it would otherwiſe have been; but, at length, diſguſted with an employment which I was not calculated for, and a ſituation of great confinement, conſequently diſagreeable to me, after a year's trial, during which time I ſpared no pains to fulfil my engagement, I determined to quit my pupils; being convinced I ſhould never ſucceed in educating them properly. Monſ. Malby ſaw this as clearly as myſelf, though I am inclined to think he would never have diſmiſſed me, had I not ſpared him the trouble, which was an exceſs of

condescension in this particular, that I certainly cannot justify.

What rendered my situation yet more insupportable, was the comparison I was continually drawing between the life I now led, and that which I had quitted. It was the remembrance of my dear Charmettes, my garden, trees, fountain and orchard, but above all the company of her who was born to give life and soul to every other enjoyment. On calling to mind our pleasures and innocent life, I was seized with such oppressions and heaviness of heart, as deprived me of the power of performing any thing as it should be. A hundred times was I tempted instantly to set off on foot to my dear Madame de Warrens, being persuaded, that could I once more see her, I should be content to die that moment: in fine, I could no longer resist the tender emotions which recalled me back to her, whatever it might cost me. I accused myself of not having been sufficiently patient, complaisant, and kind; concluding I might yet live happily with her on the terms of tender friendship, and by shewing more for her than I had hitherto done. I formed the finest projects in the world, burned to execute them, left all, renounced every thing, departed, fled, and arriving in all the transports

tranſports of my early youth, found myſelf once more at her feet. Alas! I ſhould have died there with joy, had I found in her reception, in her embrace, or in her heart, one quarter of what I had formerly found there, and which I yet felt the undiminiſhed warmth of.

Fearful illuſion of tranſitory things, how often doſt thou torment us in vain! She received me with that excellence of heart which could only die with her; but I ſought the influence there which could never be recalled, and had hardly been half an hour with her, before I was once more convinced, that my former happineſs had vaniſhed for ever, and that I was in the ſame melancholy ſituation which I had been obliged to fly from; yet without being able to accuſe any perſon with my unhappineſs, for Courtilles really was not to blame, appearing to ſee my return with more pleaſure than diſſatisfaction. But how could I bear to be a ſecondary perſon with her to whom I had been every thing, and who could never ceaſe being ſuch to me? How could I live an alien in that houſe where I had been the child? The ſight of every object that had been witneſs to my former happineſs, rendered the compariſon yet more diſtreſſing; I ſhould have ſuffered leſs in any other habitation,

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for this inceſſantly recalled ſuch pleaſing remembrances, that it was irritating the recollection of my loſs.

Conſumed with vain regrets, given up to the moſt gloomy melancholy, I retook the cuſtom of remaining alone, except at meals: ſhut up with my books, I ſought to give ſome uſeful diverſion to my ideas, and feeling the imminent danger of want, which I had ſo long dreaded, I ſought means to prepare for and relieve it, when Madame de Warrens ſhould have no other reſource. I had placed her houſehold on a footing not to become worſe; but ſince my departure every thing had been altered. He who now managed her affairs was a ſpendthrift, and wiſhed to make a great appearance; ſuch as keeping a good horſe, with elegant trappings; loved to appear gay in the eyes of the neighbours, and was perpetually undertaking ſomething he did not underſtand. Her penſion was taken up in advance, her rent was in arrears, debts of every kind continued to accumulate; I could plainly foreſee that her penſion would ſoon be ſeized, and perhaps ſuppreſſed; in ſhort, I expected nothing but ruin and misfortune, and the moment appeared to approach ſo rapidly, that I already felt all its horrors.

My

My closet was my only amusement, and after a tedious search of remedies for the sufferings of my mind, I determined to seek some against the evil of distressing circumstances, which I daily expected would fall upon us; and returning to my old chimeras, behold me once more building castles in the air, to relieve this dear friend from the cruel extremities into which I saw her ready to fall. I did not believe myself wise enough to shine in the republic of letters, or to stand any chance of making a fortune by that means; a new idea, therefore, inspired me with that confidence, which the mediocrity of my talents could not impart.

In ceasing to teach music, I had not abandoned the thoughts of it; on the contrary, I had studied the theory sufficiently to consider myself well informed on the subject. When reflecting on the trouble it had cost me to read music, and the great difficulty I yet experienced in singing at sight, I began to think the fault might as well arise from the manner of noting as from my own dullness, being sensible it was an art which most people find difficult to understand. By examining the formation of the signs, I was convinced they were frequently very illy devised. I had before thought of marking the gamut by figures, to prevent the trouble

trouble of having lines to draw on, noting the plaineſt air; but had been ſtopped by the difficulty of the octaves, and by the diſtinction of meaſure and quantity: this former idea returned again to my mind, and on a careful reviſion of it, I found the difficulties were by no means inſurmountable. I purſued it ſucceſsfully, and was at length able to note any muſic whatever by figures, with the greateſt exactitude and ſimplicity. From this moment I ſuppoſed my fortune made, and in the ardour of ſharing it with her to whom I owed every thing, thought only of going to Paris, not doubting but on preſenting my project to the Academy, it would be adopted with rapture. I had brought ſome money from Lyons, I augmented this ſtock by the ſale of my books, and in the courſe of a fortnight my reſolution was both formed and executed: in ſhort, full of the magnificent ideas it had inſpired, and which were common to me on every occaſion, I departed from Savoy with my new ſyſtem of muſic, as I had formerly done from Turin with my heron-fountain.

Such have been the errors and faults of my youth: I have related the hiſtory of them with a fidelity which my heart approves; if my riper years were dignified with ſome virtues, I ſhould

have related them with the ſame frankneſs; it was my intention to have done this; but I muſt forego that pleaſing taſk, and ſtop here. Time, which renders juſtice to the characters of moſt men, may withdraw the veil; and ſhould my memory reach poſterity, they may one day diſcover what I had to ſay—they will then underſtand why I am now ſilent.

END OF THE SIXTH BOOK.

THE REVERIES

OF THE

SOLITARY WALKER.

FIRST WALK.

BEHOLD me then as if alone upon the earth, having neither brother, relative, friend, or society, but my own thoughts: the most social and affectionate of men, proscribed, as it were, by unanimous consent. They have sought in the refinement of their hatred, what would be the most cruel torment to my susceptible soul, and have rent asunder every bond which attached me to them. I should have loved mankind in spight of themselves, and it was only by throwing off humanity that they could avoid my affection. At length, then, behold them strangers, unknown, as indifferent to me as they desired to be; but thus detached from mankind

mankind, and every thing that relates to them, what am I? This remains to be fought. Unhappily the fearch muft be preceded by cafting a glance on my own fituation, fince I muft neceffarily pafs through this examination, in order to judge between them and myfelf.

It is now above fifteen years fince I have been in this ftrange fituation, which yet appears to me like a dream; ever imagining, that difturbed by indigeftion, I fleep uneafily, but fhall foon awake, freed from my troubles, and furrounded by my friends. Yes, furely, I have glided unconfcioufly from nightly watchings into profound fleep, or rather from life to death; dragged, I know not how, from the natural order of things, I find myfelf precipitated into an incomprehenfible chaos, where I can diftinguifh nothing, and the more I confider my prefent fituation, the lefs I feem to comprehend it.

How could I poffibly forefee the deftiny that awaited me? Or, how can I even now, though betrayed into this ftate, form any adequate idea of it? Could I, if in my right fenfes, fuppofe that one day, the man I was, and yet remain, fhould be taken, without any kind of doubt, for a monfter,

ſter, a poiſoner, an aſſaſſin, the horror of the human race, the ſport of the rabble, my only ſalutation to be ſpit upon, and that a whole generation would unanimouſly amuſe themſelves in burying me alive? When this ſtrange revolution firſt happened, taken by unawares, I was overwhelmed with aſtoniſhment; my agitation, my indignation, plunged me into a delirium, which ten years have ſcarcely been able to calm: during this interval, falling from error to error, from fault to fault, and folly to folly, I have, by my imprudence, furniſhed the contrivers of my fate with inſtruments, which they have artfully employed to fix it without reſource.

For a long time my ſtruggles were as violent as unavailing, employed without art, diſſimulation, or prudence: warm, open, impatient and frank in my diſpoſition, every endeavour to diſengage myſelf did but entangle me the more, and give my enemies inceſſant advantages, which they took care to improve: at length, finding all my efforts uſeleſs, all my uneaſineſs vain, I adopted the only means that remained; which was, to ſubmit without murmuring to my fate; and found an indemnification for my misfortunes, by the tranquility, which this reſignation procured me, and which could not be allied

allied with the continual ſtruggle of a painful and ineffectual reſiſtance.

Another circumſtance has contributed to this tranquility: in the eagerneſs of their malice, my perſecutors had omitted one thing highly neceſſary to the accompliſhment of their deſigns, this was, to portion out the effects of their malice in ſuch a manner that they might maintain and renew my ſorrows by ſucceſſive oppreſſions. Had they poſſeſſed the ſkill to have left me ſome beam of hope, they might have held me by that, and continued me their play-thing by falſe lures, till at length they had totally overwhelmed me by ſucceſſive torments, ariſing from deceived expectation; but they exhauſted all their inventions at once, and in ſtripping me of every hope, deprived themſelves of every reſource. The defamation, oppreſſion, ſcandal and deriſion with which they have loaded me, are no more capable of augmentation than they are of being palliated, and can no more encreaſe my miſfortunes, than I can remove them; they have been ſo precipitate in bringing my miſery to the utmoſt pitch, that all the powers on earth, aided by all the machinations of hell, can add nothing to it; even bodily pains, inſtead of augmenting my calamities, ſerve only to divert them, and while they extort

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groans, prevent ſhudderings; the pangs of my body making me leſs ſenſible to thoſe of my ſoul.

What then have I to fear from mankind, ſince my ſituation cannot be rendered worſe? No more can they alarm me; inquietude and fear are evils from which they have delivered me for ever; which is no inſignificant conſolation. Preſent evils make little impreſſion on me; when I encounter them; I readily take my meaſures; but it is different with thoſe that keep me in doubt; alarmed imagination combines, turns, extends and augments the idea of them, tormenting me a hundred times more than their reality can do; the threat being ever more terrible than the ſtroke. When misfortunes actually arrive, being ſtripped of every imaginary horror, and reduced to their real weight, I always think them much leſs than I had feared, and find relief even in the midſt of my ſufferings. In this ſtate, freed from fear, and delivered from ſuſpenſe and hope, even cuſtom alone will ſuffice to render that ſituation daily more ſupportable, which no calamities can render worſe. By degrees the ſenſation of unhappineſs becomes leſs acute, when there remains no poſſibility of giving it re-animation; and this ſervice I have received from my perſecutors, for by ſhowering down at once the whole violence of

their animosity, they have lost all authority over me, and hereafter I can securely laugh at their malice.

For about two months since, a compleat calm has been re-established in my heart. I had long been a stranger to fear; but I continued to encourage hope; this sentiment sometimes flattered, sometimes frustrated, was a medium, through which a thousand different passions found means to agitate me: An event, as melancholy as it was unforeseen, has at length banished from my heart every beam of hope, and made me consider my worldly destiny as irrevocably fixed; since then, I have resigned myself without reserve, and have regained my tranquility. When I became acquainted with the extent of the plot formed against me, I totally gave up the idea of regaining, during life, the good opinion of the public; and even was this acquisition possible, the confidence could not be reciprocal, and consequently must be useless. Should mankind return to me it would be vain, I am no longer to be found; they have inspired me with such disgust, that their commerce would not only be insipid, but painful; and I am a hundred times happier in my solitude, than I could possibly be in their company. They have torn from my heart all the

sweets

ſweets of ſociety, which at my age can never ſpring up again; 'tis too late!—henceforward let them do me good or harm it is perfectly indifferent, my contemporaries can never give me a moment of concern.

I once looked forward to the future, and hoped for a better generation, who, examining with care and impartiality the opinion formed by the preſent, and thence forming a judgment between us, would eaſily unravel the artifice of thoſe who gave riſe to it, and view me as I really am. This hope ſuggeſted the idea of writing my Dialogues, with a thouſand uſeleſs expedients to make them reach poſterity, and though diſtant, kept my mind in the ſame agitation as when I endeavoured to find a mind actuated by principles of juſtice in the preſent age, ſtill rendering me the ſport of my cotemporaries. I have mentioned in my Dialogues, on what this expectation was founded; it was a miſtake, and I have happily diſcovered my error time enough to enjoy before my laſt hour an interval of perfect tranquility. This interval began from the time I have already mentioned, and I have reaſon to believe will never more be interrupted.

 Few

Few days paſs, without my being confirmed by new reflections, how much I erred in flattering myſelf that I ſhould ever recover the good opinion of the public, even in a future age; conſidering it is conducted by guides who are perpetually renewed in thoſe very ſocieties that hold me in ſuch implacable averſion. Particulars die, but collective bodies never can; the ſame paſſions are perpetuated, and their ardent hatred, immortal as the demon that inſpires it, has ever the ſame activity. Though all my particular enemies ſhould be no more, Phyſicians and Oratorians will ſtill exiſt, and ſhould I have no other perſecutors, thoſe two deſcription of people, I may be aſſured, will ſhew no more favour to my memory, than they have done to my perſon. Perhaps in the courſe of time, the Phyſicians, whom I have really offended, might be appeaſed; but the Oratorians, whom I loved, eſteemed, in whom I placed the utmoſt confidence, and whom I never offended, the Oratorians,* church-men, and half-monks, will be for ever implacable, their own iniquity being my crime, which ſelf-love can never pardon; and the public, whoſe animoſity they will continually increaſe and re-animate, will no more be appeaſed than themſelves.

My

* An order of prieſts, who take their name from the oratory of St. Jerome, at Rome.

My fate, therefore, is abſolutely fixed; no circumſtance can bring me either good or evil; nothing remains for me either to hope or fear in this world; yet, though plunged into this fearful abyſs, behold me tranquil!——poor, unfortunate, and infirm; but compleatly beyond the reach of ſuffering.

Every future occurrence will be immaterial to me; I have in the world neither relative, friend or brother; I am on the earth, as if I had fallen into ſome unknown planet; if I contemplate any thing around me, it is only diſtreſſing, heart-rending objects; every thing I caſt my eyes on, conveys ſome new ſubject either of indignation or affliction; I will endeavour, henceforward, to baniſh from my mind all painful ideas, which unavailingly diſtreſs me. Alone for the reſt of my life, I muſt only look for conſolation, hope, or peace, in my own breaſt; and neither ought, or will, henſeforward, think of any thing but myſelf. It is in this ſtate that I return to the continuation of that ſevere and juſt examination which I formerly called my Confeſſions; I conſecrate my latter days to the ſtudy of myſelf; and to the preparation of that account, which I muſt ſhortly render up of my actions. I reſign my thoughts entirely to the pleaſure of converſing with my own ſoul; that being the only

consolation that man cannot deprive me of. If by dint of reflection on my internal propensities, I can attain to putting them in better order, and correcting the evil that remains in me, their meditations will not be utterly useless; and though I am accounted worthless on earth, shall not cast away my latter days. The leisure of my daily walks has frequently been filled with charming contemplations, which I regret having forgot; but I will write down those that occur in future; then, every time I read them over, I shall forget my misfortunes, disgraces, and persecutors, on recollecting, and contemplating, the integrity of my own heart.

These sheets will only contain a concise journal of my reveries, treating principally of myself, because a solitary must be very much employed with his own person, but if during my walk other ideas pass through my mind, they shall equally find place. I will relate my thoughts precisely as they strike me, and with as little connection as the ideas of yesterday have with those of to-day, since from these will result a clearer knowledge of my temper, with the complexion and tendency of those thoughts and sentiments which are my daily food, in the singular situation I am thrown into, than could otherwise be obtained. These sheets, should, therefore, be

be looked on as an appendix to my Confessions; but I no longer give them that name, since I have no more any thing to say that suits the appellation; my heart is purified by repeated strokes of adversity, and I can hardly find, though I search with the utmost care, any remains of reprehensible inclinations. What should I confess then, when all terrestial affections are erased? I have as little to praise as blame, for henceforward I am nothing among mankind; nor can I ever be otherwise, possessing no actual relation or real society; no longer having it in my power to attempt any good, which would not turn to evil, nor to act without injuring either others or myself: thus obstinacy has become my greatest duty, and I maintain it to the utmost of my power. But in this inactive state of body my soul is still alive, producing thoughts and sentiments; its moral and internal faculties, appear to have augmented by the death of every earthly and temporal concern; my body is only an embarrassment, an obstacle, which I already endeavour to disengage myself from.

A situation so singular, certainly deserves to be both examined and described; it is to this examination I consecrate my future days, and in order to accomplish it with success, I should proceed with circum-

circumſpection and method; but I am incapable of ſuch labour, nay it would even divert me from my purpoſe, which is to render an account to myſelf of the ſucceſſive modifications of my ſoul. In ſome meaſure, I perform the operation on myſelf, which phyſicians do on the air, in order to aſcertain the daily condition of it; applying (if I may uſe the expreſſion) the barometer to my ſoul, not doubting but theſe experiments, well directed, and conſtantly repeated, will procure information equally to be depended on; but I do not equally extend my views, content with keeping a regiſter of operations, without ſeeking to reduce them into a ſyſtem. I undertake the ſame enterpriſe Montagne did, but for a direct contrary purpoſe; he wrote his eſſays only for others, I my reveries intirely for myſelf. If in my more advanced age, and on the verge of diſſolution, I remain (according to my preſent wiſh) in the ſame diſpoſition, I ſhall recollect, on reading theſe reveries, the pleaſure I experienced on writing them; and thus, recalling paſt time, ſhall redouble my exiſtence. Even in ſpight of mankind, I ſhall yet enjoy the charms of ſociety, and, when decrepit with age, hold converſe with myſelf, as I now ſhould with a friend younger than I am.

I wrote the firſt of my Confeſſions, and my Dialogues, in continual care; being anxious to preſerve them from the rapacious hands of my enemies, and tranſmit them, if poſſible, to other generations. This uneaſineſs no longer torments me, I know what I write will be uſeleſs, and a deſire to be better known by mankind is extinguiſhed in my heart, where nothing remains but profound indifference on the fate of my real writings and monuments of my innocence, which, perhaps, are by this time totally annihilated. Let them watch all my motions, and diſquiet themſelves about theſe ſheets; let them ſeize, ſuppreſs and defame them, it is henceforward abſolutely equal to me; I will neither conceal, or endeavour to make them public; if they are taken from me while I live, they cannot deprive me of the pleaſure of having wrote them, the remembrance of their contents, or the ſolitary meditations of which they are the tranſcript, and whoſe ſource can only be exhauſted with my being.

If, at the beginning of my calamities, I had but known how to refrain from ſtruggling with my fate; could I have adopted the method I do at preſent; all the efforts of man, all their tremendous contrivances, would have been ineffectual; their plots would no more have deſtroyed my tranquility,

than the ſucceſs of them can henceforward. Let them enjoy my diſgrace, they cannot debar me from the enjoyment of my innocence; and I ſhall conclude my days in peace, ſpight of all their machinations.

SECOND WALK.

HAVING reſolved to deſcribe the habitual ſtate of my ſoul, in the moſt unaccountable ſituation that ever mortal experienced, I can find no manner ſo ſimple and effectual, to execute this purpoſe, as to keep a faithful regiſter of my ſolitary walks, and the reveries which accompany them; when I find my mind entirely free, and ſuffer my ideas to follow their bent, without reſiſtance or controul. Theſe hours of ſolitude and meditation, are the only ones in the day when I am entirely myſelf, and for myſelf, without diverſion, or obſtacle; and when I can truly ſay, I am what nature deſigned me.

I was ſoon convinced that I had began this project too late; my imagination, being already leſs lively, is not, as formerly, enraptured at the contemplation

templation of thofe objects which animate it. I am lefs intoxicated with the delirium of my reveries, there is more of remembrance than creation in their productions; a cold languifhment enervates all my faculties; the animal fpirits extinguifh by degrees; my foul creeps painfully from its feeble tenement, and were I deprived of the hope of that ftate to which my foul afpires, becaufe I feel a right to the expectation of it, I fhould no longer exift but in remembrance. Thus, if I would contemplate myfelf before my decline, I muft at leaft look back fome years, to the time, when lofing all hope below, and finding no fupport for my heart on earth, I accuftomed myfelf, by little and little, to nourifh it with its own fubftance, and to feek fupport entirely within myfelf.

This refource, which I adopted too late, became fo fruitful, that it foon recompenfed me for every lofs. The habit of retiring within myfelf, made me foon lofe the feeling, and almoft the remembrance of my forrows; thus I learned, by my own experience, that the fource of true happinefs is in ourfelves, and that it is beyond the power of man to render thofe truly miferable, who determine to be otherwife. For five or fix years paft, I have enjoyed habitually thofe inward delights which are found

found in the contemplations of mild, affectionate souls; the raptures, the extacies which I sometimes experienced in my lonely walks, were enjoyments which I owed to my persecutors; without them, I should never have found, or known, the treasures contained within myself. In the midst of so much riches, how was it possible to keep a faithful register? Endeavouring to recall so many pleasing reveries, instead of describing, I fall into them again; it is a state which remembrance recalls, and which it would be impossible to relate, did I entirely cease to feel it.

I experienced the truth of this in those walks which immediately succeeded the project of writing the continuation of my Confessions, particularly in that I am about to relate, and in which, an unforeseen accident broke the thread of my ideas, and gave them for some time a different turn.

On Thursday the twenty-fourth of October, 1776, I walked after dinner through the *Boulevards*, as far as the *Rue du Chemin-verd*; from whence I gained the heights of *Menil-montant*, and, passing through the vineyards and meadows, crossed, as far as *Charronne*, the lovely manor that separates those two villages; after which, I took a circle,

circle, designing to cross the same meadows by another path. While walking through them, I felt that pleasure and interest, which agreeable prospects ever give me, frequently stopping to examine plants which I saw among the grass. I perceived two which are seldom found near Paris, though common enough in this place; one was the *Picris Hieracioides*, and the other the *Bupleurum Falcatum*. This discovery amused me for a long time, and ended by my finding a plant still more scarce, especially in a high country; this was the *Cerastium Aquaticum*, which, notwithstanding the accident that happened the same day, I afterwards found in a book I then had about me, and placed it in my collection. In short, after having observed several plants that were in flower, the appearance and examination of which, though familiar, ever gave me pleasure, by degrees I discontinued my observations, and gave myself up to the no less pleasing impressions they had altogether made upon me. The vintage, which brings so many walkers from the city, had been over a few days; the peasants too, having compleated their autumnal labour, had retired till the return of Winter should furnish them with fresh employment; the country was yet green and pleasant, though the trees, partly stripped of their leaves, presented the picture of solitude,

and indicated the approach of a more dreary ſeaſon. From theſe various objects, reſulted a mingled impreſſion of melancholy and pleaſure, too analagous to my age and fate, not to enforce the application. I contemplated within myſelf the decline of an innocent, though unhappy life, my ſoul ſtill full of lively feelings, and my mind yet graced with ſome remaining luſtre, though already faded with grief, and dried up by ſorrow. Lonely and forſaken, I felt the forward froſt ſteal on me; exhauſted imagination no longer peopling my ſolitude with beings formed to delight my heart. I said to myſelf, with a ſigh, what have I to do on earth; I was made for life, and am dying without having enjoyed it; but this was not my fault, and I ſhall bear to the Author of my being, if not an offering of good works, which I was prevented from performing, at leaſt a tribute of good intentions fruſtrated, ſound ſentiments, but given without effect, and a patience proof againſt man's diſdain. I was moved with theſe reflections, recapitulating the motions of my ſoul from my early youth, during my riper years, ſince my ſequeſtration from mankind, and in the courſe of that long retreat in which I ſhall conclude my days. I reviewed with complacency all the affections of my heart, all its tender, though blind attachments, thoſe ideas, more con-

ſoling

foling than melancholy, with which I had fuftained my mind for fome years paft, and was preparing to recollect every particular fufficiently to defcribe them, with a pleafure equal to what I felt on experiencing thofe emotions. Having paffed my afternoon in thefe peaceful meditations, I was returning very content with my walk, when I was drawn from my reveries by the following event.

About fix o'clock, as I was on the defcent of *Menil-montant*, juft oppofite the *Galant Jardinier*, fome people that walked before me having fuddenly turned afide, I faw a large Danifh dog rufhing towards me. He was running with his utmoft fwiftnefs before a coach, and had neither time to ftop his fpeed, or turn afide, when he perceived me in his way. I judged that the only means I had to prevent being thrown down, was to take a high leap, fo exactly timed, that the dog might pafs under my feet. This idea, which ftruck me with the rapidity of lightning, and which I had neither time to confider or execute, was the laft before my accident. I neither felt the blow or fall, nor any thing that followed it, till I returned to my fenfes.

It was almoft night, when I came to myfelf, and found I was fupported by fome young people, who

who told me what had happened. The dog not being able to ſtop his ſpeed, had leaped violently againſt my legs, and with his ſize and ſwiftneſs had thrown me head foremoſt with my whole weight on my upper jaw, on a very rough pavement, and what encreaſed the ſhock, being on a deſcent, my head fell lower than my feet.

The coach the dog belonged to immediately followed, and muſt have paſſed over me, if the coachman had not inſtantly pulled in his horſes. This account I had from thoſe who took me up, and continued ſupporting me when I returned to my ſenſes. The ſtate I was in at that moment is too ſingular to paſs without being deſcribed.

The night was advancing, I ſaw the ſky, ſome ſtars, and a little verdure. This firſt ſenſation was delightful; and at that time I felt nothing farther. It appeared that I was juſt awakened into life, and had inſpired me with the charm of my new exiſtence every object that ſurrounded me. Fully occupied with the preſent moment, I remembered nothing that had paſſed, had no diſtinct idea of myſelf, nor the leaſt notion of what had juſt happened. I neither knew who I was, nor where I came from; felt no pain, fear or inquietude,

tude, and ſaw my bloed run as I would have ſeen a rivulet, without thinking in any manner that it belonged to me. I felt throughout my whole being the moſt raviſhing calm, to which, on recollection, I can find nothing comparable among our moſt active and diſtinguiſhed pleaſures.

They aſked me where I lived?—It was impoſſible for me to reſolve them. I enquired, in return, where I was?—They informed me at the *Houte Borne*; they might as well have told me I was at Mount Atlas. I ſhould have demanded the name of the kingdom, province, and part where I found myſelf; yet even that would not have been ſufficient to reſtore my recollection. It was neceſſary I ſhould recall to my memory every recent circumſtance, even to walking through the *Boulevards*, in order to recollect my name and dwelling. A gentleman whom I did not know, and who had the charity to accompany me ſome part of the way, underſtanding that I lived at ſuch a diſtance, adviſed me to take a coach from the Temple to my own houſe. I walked very well and lightly, without feeling any wound or pain, though I continued ſpitting a great deal of blood; but I had cold ſhiverings, which made my looſened teeth chatter very diſagreeably. On my arrival at the Temple,

Temple, I imagined that as I had walked without pain, it was better to continue my way on foot, than expose myself to the dangering of perishing with cold in a hackney-coach; I therefore walked the half league from the Temple to *la rue Platriere*, keeping on without difficulty, shunning interruption and coaches, and finding my way as if I had been in perfect health. I arrive at home, open the door by a private spring, go up stairs in the dark, and enter my apartment, without any accident except the above mentioned fall and its consequences, which I was not yet sensible of.

The screams of my wife on my appearance, informed I was more hurt than I had apprehended. I passed the night without feeling, or being sensible of my situation; but felt it the next day. My upper lip was slit on the inside, quite up to my nose, the skin having prevented a total separation; four of my teeth were forced into the upper jaw, and that part of my face that covered them was much swelled and bruised; my left thumb extremely hurt, the right thumb bruised and swelled very large; the left arm violently sprained; the left knee swelled, and incapable of bending, from a large and painful contusion; but with all this hurt nothing,

nothing was broken, not even a tooth, which happinefs, in fuch a violent fall, was almoft a prodigy.

This is a true account of my accident, which in a few days was fpread all over Paris, but fo altered and disfigured, that it was impoffible to recognize it. I ought to have expected fome fuch metamorphofis before hand, but fo many ridiculous circumftances were added, fo many obfcure private inferences were drawn, and they were mentioned to me with an air fo laughably difcreet, that the appearance of fo much myftery gave me fome uneafinefs. I ever hated ambiguities; they naturally infpire a horror, which thofe I have been furrounded by for fo many years have not been able to eradicate. Among the fingularities which attended this occurrence, I fhall only remark one, which will be fufficient to furnifh fome idea of the reft.

Monf. ***, with whom I had never been acquainted, fent his Secretary to enquire after my health, and make me preffing offers of fervice, which in my prefent circumftances, did not appear of any utility or confolation. The Secretary preffed me very warmly to accept them, adding, that if I could not depend on him, I might immediately write to M. M***. The urgency with which he

preffed

preſſed this, and the air of confidence that accompanied it, made me apprehend that ſome myſtery was concealed under all this, which I ſought in vain to develope. So much was not neceſſary to alarm me, particularly during the agitated ſtate in which the accident and its attendant fever had put my head. I gave myſelf up to a thouſand uneaſy and melancholy conjectures, making commentaries on all that ſurrounded me, which rather indicated the delirium of a fever, than the apathy of a man who no longer intereſted himſelf in any thing.

Another circumſtance helped to diſturb my tranquility: Madame *** had ſought my acquaintance for ſome years, by many little affected inſignificancies, without my being able to divine the cauſe of it; her frequent viſits, without object or pleaſure, ſeeming to mark ſome ſecret end. She had mentioned the plan of a novel, which ſhe had a mind to write, and preſent to the Queen: I told her my opinion of female authors, and ſhe gave me to underſtand that this project was formed for the re-eſtabliſhment of her fortune, which required protection. This reaſon was certainly an unanſwerable one. She afterwards informed me, that not being able to gain acceſs to the Queen, ſhe had determined to give her book to the Public: there

was no longer any neceſſity to offer advice, which was not required, and which ſhe would not have followed had I given it. She propoſed ſhewing me her manuſcript: I declined ſeeing it, and accordingly no more was ſaid on the ſubject.

One fine day, during my convaleſcence, I received this book from her, printed, and even bound. In the preface were ſuch groſs encomiums on myſelf, daubed on with ſuch affectation, that I was diſguſted; the palpable flattery it contained, never being allied to real good wiſhes, is what my heart was ever on its guard againſt.

Some days after, Madame *** paid me a viſit, attended by her daughter. She informed me that her book had made a great noiſe, occaſioned by a note it contained. In running over the novel, I had hardly remarked this note; after her departure I read it over again, examined it, and thought I could plainly diſcover the motives of her viſits, her coaxing, and all the violent praiſes in the preface, judging they were deſigned to make the public attribute this note to me, and conſequently the blame its author might incur under the circumſtances in which it had been publiſhed. I had no means of cruſhing this report, and the impreſſions it might give

give riſe to, all I could poſſibly do, was not to ſuffer a repetition of the vain and troubleſome viſits, either of Madame *** or her daughter; for which purpoſe I wrote the following note: "As Rouſſeau receives no author at his houſe, he thanks Madame *** for all former civilities; but declines in future the honour of her viſits."

She anſwered this by a very polite letter, but in the ſtyle of all thoſe written to me on ſimilar occaſions: I had barbarouſly plunged a dagger in her feeling heart, and I was to believe, that poſſeſſing for me ſuch true and lively ſentiments, her death muſt infallibly be the conſequence of this rupture. Thus it is, that an upright, frank behaviour, is made to appear like a fearful crime in the eyes of the world! And I am convinced I ſhould ſeem wicked and ferocious in the opinion of my cotemporaries, though they could attribute no other crime to me than not being as falſe and perfidious as themſelves.

I had already been out ſeveral times ſince my accident, frequently walking even to the *Thuileries*, when, by the viſible aſtoniſhment of ſeveral perſons I met, I was convinced ſomething new was ſtirring with reſpect to me, but could not poſſibly

conjecture what; till at length, I learned it was currently reported, I had died from the effects of my fall, and this news was propagated so rapidly, and maintained with such obstinacy, that even a fortnight after, I heard it was mentioned at Court as an absolute certainty; and the courier of Avignon, (as somebody took the pains to write me word) in announcing this happy news, had not failed to anticipate that tribute of outrage and indignity which is prepared for my memory, on quitting this world, by a kind of funeral oration. This piece of information was accompanied by a circumstance yet more singular, which I only learned by chance, and could never get any particular account of; this was, that a subscription had actually been opened for printing the collection of manuscripts that should be found at my house. This convinced me that a parcel of fabricated writings were kept ready to be attributed to me after my decease; for to imagine they would print any faithfully that might be found at the time of my death, was a folly that could never enter the imagination of any thinking person, whom fifteen years experience had sufficiently enlightened.

These incidents, which were sudden, and followed by others not less extraordinary, added fresh

indignation to my feelings, which I thought already callous, and the dark clouds that perpetually ſurrounded me, revived the horror they naturally give riſe to in my heart. I fatigued myſelf with conjectures, endeavouring to develope theſe, to me incomprehenſible myſteries. The conſtant explanation of theſe ænigmas, tended to confirm my former belief, which was, that my fate and reputation having been concerted and determined by the unanimous concurrence of the preſent generation, could not be over-ruled by any effort of mine, ſince it would be impoſſible to tranſmit any depoſit to a future age, without its having to paſs in this through hands that would be intereſted to ſuppreſs it.

But I now carried my concluſions farther; the concurrence of ſo many accidental circumſtances, the ſituation of my moſt cruel enemies, diſtinguiſhed as it were by rank and fortune, all that governed the ſtate, all thoſe who have the direction of the public opinion, place-men, every one in credit, ſeeming eager to find thoſe who had any ſecret animoſity, and would join the general cry againſt me; this univerſal agreement is too extraordinary to be entirely fortuitous. The refuſal of one ſingle perſon to become an accomplice in this

perſecution,

persecution, one favourable event on my side, a single unforeseen circumstance, as an obstacle to their designs, might have staggered my opinion; but all dispositions, fatalities, accidents, and revolutions, have contributed to further the attempts of man by so striking a concurrence, that it appears miraculous, and leaves me no room to doubt but their success was established by an immutable decree, and a multitude of observations both on the past and present, confirm me so entirely in this persuasion, that I cannot help, henceforward, regarding that work as one of the secrets impenetrable to human reason, which I hitherto looked on as proceeding from the wickedness of mankind.

This idea, far from being melancholy, consoles and tranquilizes my mind, teaching me resignation; though I cannot go so far as St. Augustin, who was comforted even under the idea of damnation, if such should prove to be the will of God. My resignation arises from a more interested source, I must confess, but not les pure, and more worthy, in my opinion, of that perfect Being I adore.

God is just; it is his will that I should suffer; he knows my innocence: this is the foundation of

my

my confidence, and both my heart and underſtanding combine to aſſure me I am not deceived. Let mankind and fate, therefore, purſue their courſe; let me learn to ſuffer without murmuring; at length all things will regain their natural order, and ſooner or later my turn will be remembered.

THIRD WALK.

IN CONTINUING TO LEARN I GROW OLD.

SOLON frequently repeated theſe words in his old age: In one ſenſe, I may repeat them likewiſe in mine; but it is a melancholy ſcience which I have acquired in twenty years experience, even ignorance is preferable to it. Adverſity is, doubtleſs, a great maſter, but a maſter whoſe leſſons are dearly purchaſed, and ſometimes not worth the price we give for them. Beſides, before we have obtained ſufficient knowledge from ſuch tardy ſtudies, the ſeaſon to profit by it is over. Youth is the proper time to acquire wiſdom, age is the period when we ſhould practiſe it. I confeſs that experience ever

improves, but can only be of ſervice for the future. Is it not too late to learn how we ought to live, at the very moment we are about to die? Of what utility are the informations ſo lately and ſorrowfully acquired on my own fate, and the contrivances of thoſe who have been the inſtruments of it? I have only learned to know mankind, that I might feel more acutely the miſeries into which they have plunged me: this knowledge, only diſcovering their ſnares, without enabling me to avoid them. Why did I not always remain in that thoughtleſs but pleaſing confidence, which rendered me for ſo many years the ſcorn and plaything of my pretended friends? So far from guarding againſt their contrivances, I had not the leaſt ſuſpicion of them. I was their dupe and victim, it is true, but I thought myſelf beloved, and my heart enjoyed the ſweets of that friendſhip with which they had inſpired me, while I attributed to them an equal portion of it. Theſe pleaſing illuſions are deſtroyed, and melancholy truth, which time and reaſon have unveiled, in making me feel my misfortunes, has alſo ſhewn me they are without remedy; that reſignation is my only reſource; that all the experience of age, in my ſituation, is without preſent utility, and utterly unprofitable for the future. At our birth we begin that race whoſe goal is death; of what utility

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would it be to learn to conduct the chariot with ſkill, at the very end of our journey? To think of quitting it gracefully is all that is then neceſſary. The only proper ſtudy for an old man, if any remains for him, is to learn to die, a buſineſs leaſt attended to in an advanced age, every thing but that being thought of. Old people hold more to life than children, and leave it with more reluctance than young ones; becauſe their cares having been all for this world, they find on quitting it that they have loſt their labour. All their hopes, all their wealth, the fruit of ſo many labourous watchings, muſt then be relinquiſhed, having thought of gaining nothing during life which they can carry with them.

I began this ſtudy in good time, and if I did not profit by my reflections, it was not for want of having made, or well conſidered the weight of them. Thrown at an early age into the ſtorms of life, I learned by experience that I was not formed for this world, and ſhould never attain that condition which my heart felt the neceſſity of. Deſpairing, therefore, to find happineſs among mankind, my ardent imagination leaped over that ſpace of my exiſtence which I had yet ſcarcely entered on, as over a ſtrange inhoſpitable ſoil, wiſhing to fix my abode in a more tranquil aſylum.

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This sentiment, nurtured by education from my infancy, and strengthened during my whole life by that inexhaustible train of sorrows and misfortunes which have accompanied it, has called me at all times to the consideration, of the nature and destination of my being with more attention and care than I have observed in any other person. I have seen many who philosophize more learnedly than myself, but their philosophy (to use the expression) is foreign to themselves. Wishing to appear wiser than others, they examine the arrangement of the world, as they would study some complicated machine, through mere curiosity, contemplating human nature, that they may speak of it learnedly, but without any thought of self improvement; still labouring to instruct others, without enlightening themselves. Some of these determine to write a book, no matter what, provided it is well received. When wrote and published, its contents interest the author no longer, except by a wish to have others adopt the opinions it inculcates, and a resolution to defend them in case of an attack; but he entertains no idea of using it for his own improvement, or embarrassing himself whether these opinions are true or false, provided no one refuses them. On the contrary, whatever I desired to learn, was for my own information, and not to instruct others.

I have ever been persuaded that before we set up for teachers, we should acquire a competent knowledge of ourselves, and of all the studies I have pursued, while surrounded by the bustle of the world, there is none I should not equally have applied to had I been confined to a desert isle for the rest of my days. What we ought to do depends greatly on what we ought to believe, and in all that does not relate to the immediate calls of nature, our opinions are the rule of our actions. Governed by these principles, which were ever mine, I long and repeatedly sought to regulate the enjoyment of my life, to discover its real allotment, and was at length consoled for my want of aptitude in conducting myself skilfully in this world, on feeling it is a science we should not endeavour to attain.

Born in a family where morality and piety were conspicuous, afterwards brought up by a minister remarkable for wisdom and religion, I imbibed principles, maxims, some will say prejudices, which have never forsaken me. Given up to my own government, while yet a child, allured by caresses, seduced by vanity, and constrained by necessity, I became a Catholic, but still remained a Christian. Confirmed in time by habit, my heart was sin-

cerely attached to my new religion, the inſtructions and example of Madame de Warrens gave ſtability to this attachment, the rural ſolitude in which I paſſed the flower of my youth, the ſtudy of good books, to which I applied myſelf, ſtrengthened theſe natural propenſities and affectionate diſpoſitions, rendering me religious almoſt after the manner of *Fenelon*. Placed in a calm retreat, meditation, the ſtudy of Nature, the contemplation of the univerſe, inceſſantly carries the thoughts of a recluſe towards the Author of all theſe objects, prompting him to ſearch with pleaſing inquietude the final deſtination of what he ſees, and the ſource of his feelings. Afterwards, when my deſtiny again threw me in the torrent of the world, I recognized nothing that could delight my heart for a ſingle moment. The regret of my peaceful leiſures continually purſued me, and mingled indifference and diſguſt with every pleaſure that was within my reach, and with every purſuit that could conduct me to riches or honour. Irreſolute in my unſatisfactory wiſhes, I hoped little, obtained leſs, and felt in the allurements of proſperity, that even ſhould I obtain all I believed myſelf in ſearch of, I ſhould not find that happineſs my heart ſo ardently ſought after, without entertaining any preciſe idea of its object. Thus every thing contri-

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buted to detach my affections from this world, even before misfortunes had entirely eftranged me from it. To the age of forty I continued floating between indigence and riches, wifdom and folly, full of habitual failings, without any vicious inclinations; living at hazard, without being guided by principles, or regulated by reafon; wavering in my duties, without defpifing them, but frequently without comprehending their tendency.

From my youth, I had fixed on the age of forty as the period of my efforts and pretenfions of every kind, fully refolved, that when I fhould attain that age, in whatever fituation I might find myfelf, I would contentedly remain there for the reft of my life, living from day to day, without care for my future fubfiftence. When that period arrived, I executed my refolution without regret; and though my fortune feemed inclined to take a more favourable turn, relinquifhed it, not only without pain, but even with a fenfible fatisfaction. In renouncing every falfe hope and allurement, I delivered myfelf up to that calm repofe which was ever my predominant tafte, the moft durable of my inclinations. I gave up the world and its vanities, and renounced all fuperfluous ornaments, no longer wore a fword, watch, white ftockings, or lace, confining myfelf

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to a good cloth ſuit, with a plain wig, and what was ſtill better, rooted from my heart thoſe covetings and deſires which ſtamped a value on thoſe objects. I gave up the ſituation I then occupied, for which I felt Nature had not deſigned me, and ſet about copying muſic at ſo much a page, an employment I always had a decided inclination for.

I did not confine my reform to exteriors. I was ſenſible that theſe privations required others, more difficult, doubtleſs, but far more neceſſary, and reſolving not to do my work by halves, undertook to ſubmit my interior to a ſtrict examination, which might reduce it to that ſtate I ſhould wiſh to find it in at my death.

A remarkable reſolution which had lately taken place in me, a new moral world which began to preſent itſelf, the unreaſonable judgment of mankind, which (without foreſeeing how much I ſhould become its victim) I began to feel the abſurdity of, the encreaſing neceſſity of a more ſubſtantial good than literary fame, which inclination had ſecurely reached me before I felt myſelf diſguſted with it, the deſire to purſue, for the remainder of my life, a more ſalutary courſe than that which had employed the moſt valuable part of

it; in a word, every confideration tended to point out the immediate neceffity of this reform, which I had long felt the want of, I undertook it, therefore, and fpared nothing that depended on me to render the execution of my enterprize effectual.

It is from this epocha, that I may date an entire renunciation of the world, and an encreafed defire for folitude, which has never fince forfaken me. The work I had refolved on could not be accomplifhed without an abfolute retreat; it required long and uinterrupted meditations, which the tumult of fociety would not admit; this forced me to adopt, for fome time a different manner of life, and prefently I fo well relifhed its enjoyments, that I never difcontinued it fince, except at intervals and by conftraint, ever returning to it again, when opportunity offered, with redoubled affection; and, in the fequel, when mankind had rendered this fequeftration neceffary, I found that what they fuppofed would have rendered me miferable, turned out my greateft happinefs, which I could not otherwife have procured myfelf.

I entered on the work I had refolved to undertake with a zeal proportioned to its importance, and the neceffity I felt to perfect it. At that time,

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I lived among modern philoſophers, who bear little reſemblance to the ancients; theſe, inſtead of removing doubts or fixing irreſolutions, preſently ſtaggered all thoſe certitudes which I thought it neceſſary to obtain confirmation of; for your ardent miſſionaries of atheiſm, and furious dogmatiſts, cannot endure thoſe who differ from themſelves in the moſt trifling particular. I frequently defended my opinion weakly, partly from a diſlike to diſputes, and partly for want of talents to maintain them; but I never adopted their diſtreſſing doctrines; and this reſiſtance, to intolerant minds, who, beſides, had private views to anſwer, was not one of the leaſt cauſes of their animoſity.

They had not prevailed on me to adopt their ſentiments, but they had rendered me uneaſy in my own: their arguments had ſtaggered, but not convinced me; I could not think of any pertinent anſwers, but I felt their objections were not unanſwerable; I accuſed myſelf leſs of error than inaptitude, and my feelings diſputed much better than my reaſon.

At length, I ſaid, ſhall I for ever ſuffer myſelf to be toſſed about by the ſophiſms of theſe plauſible reaſoners, when I am not even certain that they

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believe what they preach to others with ſo much earneſtneſs? Thoſe paſſions which govern their opinions, ſelf-intereſt, which demands you ſhould believe this or that, render it impoſſible to penetrate their true ſentiments. Should we ſeek for the ſimplicity of truth in the leaders of a party? Their philoſophy is deſigned for others, I muſt have one of my own: let me ſeek it diligently while it is yet time, that I may poſſeſs a fixed rule for the conduct of my latter days. I am now in a mature age, poſſeſſed of all the powers of my underſtanding, already I approach the decline; if I wait longer, my intellectual faculties will have loſt their activity, and my tardy deliberations may be leſs uſeful than they promiſe to be at this time: I will, therefore, ſeize the preſent moment; it is the epocha of my external and mental reform; let me ultimately fix my opinions and principles, remaining for the reſidue of my life, what mature deliberation ſhall convince me I ought to be.

I executed this project ſlowly, and at different times, but with as much application and care as I was capable of employing, being fully perſuaded that the repoſe of my life and future happineſs depended on it. At firſt, I found myſelf in ſuch a labyrinth of embarraſſments, difficulties, objec-

tions, and obſcurity, that I was tempted twenty times over to abandon all, to renounce my vain reſearches, and level my deliberations to the rules of common prudence, without ſearching further into thoſe principles it was ſo much labour to develope; but this prudence was foreign to my diſpoſition, and I felt myſelf no more able to adopt it, than I ſhould have been to profit by its admonitions; labouring to acquire it, therefore, was ſailing over a ſtormy ſea without rudder or compaſs, in ſearch of a light-houſe, which, when found, directed to no port.

I perſiſted, notwithſtanding every diſcouragement: for the firſt time in my life, I poſſeſſed courage, and to that I am indebted for having been able to ſuſtain the horrible deſtiny which from that period began to envelop me, without my entertaining the leaſt idea of its approach. After the moſt ardent and ſincere reſearches that were ever undertaken, perhaps, by one mortal, I determined on thoſe ſentiments for the reſidue of my life, which appeared reaſonable and neceſſary, and, if I have been miſtaken in the reſult, have at leaſt the conſolation of knowing, that my errors cannot be imputed to me as a crime, ſince I uſed my utmoſt efforts to guard againſt miſtakes. I make no doubt but the prejudices of childhood, and the ſe-

cret wiſhes of my heart, may have inclined the balance to that ſide which procured me moſt conſolation; for is it difficult to defend our belief from what we ardently deſire. Who can doubt, but being intereſted to admit or reject particular notions of a future ſtate, determines the belief of the major part of mankind, through the medium of their hopes and fears? Theſe, I allow, might faſcinate my judgment, but not render my faith leſs ſincere, for I examined cautiouſly, and feared to be miſtaken in every particular. If our whole term of exiſtence is confined to this life, it was expedient for me to know this, that I might take my meaſures accordingly, while ſome part of my being remained, and before I was compleatly duped; but what I had moſt to fear, in my preſent undertaking, was, venturing the everlaſting ſtate of my ſoul for the ſake of temporal enjoyments, which, in my opinion, were never very deſirable.

I confeſs that I did not anſwer to my own ſatisfaction all the difficulties that had embarraſſed me, and which our philoſophers had ſo often thundered in my ears; but being determined to decide on points which human underſtanding has ſo little direction to, and finding on all hands impenetrable myſteries and unanſwerable objections, I adopted

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in each queſtion, ſuch ſentiments as appeared to me beſt eſtabliſhed, and moſt conformable to reaſon, without ſtopping at thoſe objections which I could not reſolve, and which I knew were oppoſed by others, not leſs powerful, in the oppoſite ſyſtem. A dogmatical method of treating theſe ſubjects is only conformable to a ſpirit of impoſition; meantime, it is neceſſary to have a belief of one's own, and to ſelect it with all poſſible maturity of judgment. If, in ſpight of theſe precautions, we yet fall into error, we cannot in juſtice be pronounced culpable, ſince we have not erred either wilfully or careleſsly. This was the immovable principle which I eſtabliſhed as the baſis of my ſecurity.

The reſult of my weariſome reſearches were nearly thoſe opinions which I have ſince put together in the confeſſion of faith of my Savoyard Vicar, a work that has been unworthily profaned by the preſent generation, but which may one day cauſe a revolution in the opinions of mankind, if good ſenſe and truth ſhould ever revive among them.

From this time, eaſy in the principles I had adopted, after ſuch long and painful meditation, I have

have made them the fixed rule of my conduct and belief, without perplexing myself, either with those objections I cannot resolve, or those I could not foresee, and which, presenting themselves from time to time, have sometimes staggered, but never overthrown me. I have ever said, these are but metaphysical subtleties, arguments which should have no weight against sound principles, adopted by reason, confirmed by the feelings of my heart, and bearing the seal of inward approbation, by the silence and subjection of the passions. In these concerns, so superior to human understanding, shall one objection, which I cannot resolve, overthrow a body of doctrine so well constructed, so firmly connected, composed with so much meditation and care, so well appropriated to my understanding, my heart, my whole being, and reinforced by that internal satisfaction which I feel wanting in all others? No vain delusive arguments shall ever destroy that affinity which I perceive between my immortal nature, and the construction of this world, with the exact order which reigns therein. I find in the correspondent and moral order of things, from whence the system I have adopted results, those very resources which I stand in need of to support the miseries of life. In any other system I should live without comfort, and die

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without hope, being the moſt miſerable of all creatures; let me then adhere to that opinion which is alone ſufficient to make me happy, in ſpight of fortune or mankind.

This deliberation, and the conclusion I drew from it, ſeemed dictated by reaſon itſelf, as a preparation for the deſtiny that was approaching, which might enable me to ſuſtain it. What would have been my fate, or what would yet become of me, among the dreadful trials with which I have been ſurrounded, and in the incredible ſituation to which I am reduced for the reſt of my life, if, without aſylum from my implacable perſecutors, indemnification for the ſcandals which have been heaped on me by the world, or hope of ever obtaining that juſtice I feel due to me, I ſaw myſelf given up without future hope to the moſt horrible fate a mortal can poſſibly experience? While tranquil in my innocence I pictured nothing but affection and benevolence among mankind, my believing, confident heart was laid open to them as to friends and brothers; meanwhile, the traitors ſilently entangled me in nets forged at the bottom of Hell. Surprized by the moſt unforeſeen of all misfortunes, the moſt terrible for a feeling haughty ſoul, dragged into the ſnare without knowing why, or

or to what end, I plunged into an abyſs of ignominy, ſurrounded by fearful obſcurity, through which I could diſcover nothing but diſtreſſing objects. On the firſt ſurprize, I was overwhelmed, and ſhould never have recovered from the fit of horror theſe unforeſeen misfortunes plunged me into, had I not already laid up a magazine of ſtrength, which ſerved to raiſe me from my fall.

It was not until after years of agitation, that, recovering my ſpirits, and beginning to return to myſelf, I felt the full value of thoſe reſources I had procured for my moments of adverſity; when, deciding on all thoſe things which I ſaw it neceſſary to form a judgment of, I ſaw, in comparing my maxims with my ſituation, that I gave infinitely more importance to the opinions of men, and the little wants of this tranſitory exiſtence, than they deſerved; ſince this life, being but a ſtate of probation, it is immaterial what kind of trials we experienced in it, provided they produced the deſigned effect; conſequently, the greater and more multiplied our afflictions are, the more meritorious it is to ſuſtain them properly. The moſt acute troubles loſe their edge with thoſe who conſider the great and ſure reward that attends them; and the certainty of obtaining this recompence, was the principal

cipal fruit I had gathered from my former meditation.

It is true, that in the midſt of thoſe numberleſs outrages, and unbounded indignities which overwhelmed me from all parts, ſome intervals of uneaſineſs and doubt, from time to time, ſhook my hopes, and diſturbed my tranquility. The powerful objections, which I could not reſolve, during theſe moments of deſpondency, preſented themſelves to my mind with redoubled ſtrength, and added to the hopeleſſneſs of my ſituation, when weighed down with my deſtiny, I was ready to give up all for loſt. Frequently, new arguments which I heard, took hold of my thoughts, and ſtrengthened thoſe that already tormented me.—"Alas!" ſaid I, my heart overwhelmed with grief, "what ſhall ſave me from utter deſpair, if, in the darkneſs of my fate, I contemplate only as chimeras thoſe conſolations which my reaſon had collected? If deſtroying thus its own work, it ſtrikes away the prop of hope and confidence it had procured me in adverſity, what ſupport have I but thoſe illuſions which amuſe myſelf alone? The whole preſent generation viewing only errors and prejudices in what I ſingly adopt, finding truth and evidence in a contrary ſyſtem, and appearing ſcarce able

able to believe that I am ſincere in my profeſſion of them; while giving into theſe opinions with my utmoſt belief, I find inſurmountable difficulties, which yet do not prevent me from perſiſting in them. Am I, then, alone wiſe and enlightened among mankind? To be perſuaded that things are thus, is it ſufficient that they accord with my ideas, and that I find this order of them convenient? Can I derive a firm confidence from appearances, which have no ſolidity for the reſt of mankind, and which would appear deluſive even to myſelf, if my heart did not ſupport my reaſon? Ought I not rather to have fought my perſecutors with equal weapons, by adopting their maxims, than to depend on deluſions of my own, and become a prey to their attempts, without a ſingle effort to replace them? I think myſelf prudent, while, perhaps, I am but the dupe, victim and martyr of a vain error."

How many times, in theſe moments of doubt and uncertainty, have I been ready to abandon myſelf to deſpair! and had I ever paſſed a month in that ſtate, it would have been all over with me in this world; but their attacks, though frequent, were ſhort, and though even yet I am not entirely delivered from them, they have become ſo

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ſcarce and momentary, that they have not even ſtrength to interrupt my felicity, being light inquietudes, which no longer affect my ſoul, any more than the falling of a feather into a river, can affect its courſe.

I am convinced that re-conſidering thoſe points which I had formerly concluded on, is ſuppoſing myſelf to poſſeſs more information, more diſcernment, or a greater degree of zeal than I employed at the time theſe deciſions were made; but I am perſuaded this is not the caſe, and no ſubſtantial reaſon can induce me to prefer thoſe opinions, which while overwhelmed with deſpair ſerved only to augment my miſery, to ſentiments adopted in the vigour of my age, in the full maturity of my underſtanding, after the moſt ſerious examination, and at a period, when the ſerenity of my life, left no predominant intereſt but the inveſtigation of truth. Now that my heart is wrung with diſtreſs, my ſoul weighed down by cares, my imagination bewildered, my brain perplexed by the multitude of diſtreſſing myſteries which ſurround me; now when every faculty, enfeebled by age and ſufferings, have loſt their vigour, ſhall I fooliſhly caſt away thoſe reſources I had ſo carefully procured, giving more confidence to the declining ſtate of my intellects, in order to render

der myſelf unavailingly miſerable, than to my reaſon, when poſſeſſing all its vigour, it endeavoured to guard me againſt the anguiſh of unmerited miſfortunes? No; I am neither wiſer, better inſtructed nor more ſincere than when I decided theſe important queſtions, I was not then unconſcious of thoſe difficulties which now perplex me, they were then ſurmounted, and if at preſent ſome new ones ſtart up, which I was not then aware of, they are the ſophiſms of ſubtile metaphyſicians, which ſhould not be permitted to invalidate thoſe eternal truths which have been admitted at all times, and by all the ſages, which are acknowledged by all nations, and are engraven on the human heart, in characters indelible. I knew when meditating on theſe ſubjects, that human reaſon, circumſcribed by the ſenſes, could not comprehend them in their full extent; I contented myſelf, therefore with that evidence that was within my reach, without attempting what was beyond it: this concluſion was reaſonable, and I adhere to it with the full approbation of my heart and reaſon. On what evidence ſhould I renounce it, which might not be combated by ſtill more forcible arguments to continue firm in my attachment? What dangers do I find in this adhereance? What advantages would accrue from a change? That morality without root or produce, which

which they pompously display in some of their writings, or theatrical representations, without an idea of its producing any effect on the heart or understanding; or rather that secret and cruel morality, the interior doctrine of all their adherents, to which the former serves as a mask, which they only follow in their outward conduct, and have so dextrously made use of with regard to myself; this hostile morality, is of no use for defence, being good for nothing but attack. Of what use, then, would it be to me, in the condition I am reduced to? Innocence is the only support I depend on in my sufferings, how much more wretched then should I mak myself, if relinquishing this last, this powerful resource, I substituted wickedness in its place? Could I hope to rival them in the art of mischief? and even could I attain to it, what consolation should I derive from the retribution I might deal them? I should forfeit my own esteem and gain nothing in return.

Reasoning thus with myself, I so far established my principles, as to have them skaken no longer by captious arguments, or unanswerable objections, by difficulties beyond my reach and perhaps beyond the reach of human reason. Resting my belief on the most solid basis, I could possibly establish for it, I accustomed myself to repose

pose so securely under the shadow of my conscience, that no contradictory arguments, either ancient or modern, could have power for a single instant to shake or trouble my repose. Declined into a languour and inactivity of understanding, I have even forgot the evidences and maxims on which my belief was founded, but I shall never forget the conclusions, which with the approbation of my reason and conscience, I drew from them, and to this point I will adhere. Let all the philosophers of the universe unite to explode these principles, I will continue firm for the rest of my life, in every particular to the decisions of that time, when I was more able than I now am of choosing wisely.

Tranquil in these dispositions, together with self approbation, I find them supply that hope and those consolations, I stand so much in need of in my present situation. It is impossible that a solitude so compleat, permanent and distressing in itself, the perpetually active animosity of the whole present generation, and the indignities it is perpetually loading me with, should not sometimes depress my spirits, that my hope should not be shaken, and that discouraging doubts should not arise at times to trouble my soul and fill it with distress; but it is then, when incapable of those exertions which

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would be neceſſary to give me aſſurance, that I recall my former reſolutions; it is then that the care, attention and ſincerity of heart with which I formed them, returns to my remembrance and brings back my fleeting hopes.

Thus confined to the contracted ſphere of my former acquiſitions, I have not, like Solon, the happineſs of gaining ſome piece of information every day of my old age, ſince I find it neceſſary to guard againſt the dangerous pride of endeavouring to acquire that knowledge I formerly found beyond my comprehenſion; but if there remain few acquiſitions to hope for on the ſide of uſeful knowledge, many important ones remain on the ſide of thoſe virtues neceſſary in my ſituation. This is the proper ſeaſon to enrich and ornament my ſoul with thoſe acquirements ſhe may carry with her, when delivered from this mortal body, which clouds every object, and viewing the truth without a veil, ſhe will perceive the poverty and inſufficiency of all that knowledge, which our learned pedants are ſo vain of, and will lament thoſe moments as loſt in this life, when ſhe endeavoured to obtain it; but patience, gentleneſs, reſignation, and impartial juſtice, are poſſeſſions ſhe will carry with her; with theſe we may enrich ourſelves inceſſantly, without fearing

fearing that death ſhould rob us of our acquiſitions, or diminiſh their value. It is to this invaluable ſtudy alone that I will conſecrate the remainder of my old age, happy if by the knowledge of myſelf I can attain to leave life, not better, for that is impoſſible, but more virtuous than I entered it.

FOURTH WALK.

AMONG the ſmall number of books I yet continue to read, the works of Plutarch are what I am moſt attached to, and profit moſt by. This was the firſt ſtudy of my childhood, will be the laſt of my old age, and is almoſt the only author that I never read without reaping ſome advantage. Two days ago I read in his moral works, the treatiſe, *How to profit by our Enemies*. The ſame day, while ranging ſome papers which had been ſent me by different authors, I met with one of the journals of the Abbe R***, to which he had put theſe words, as a motto, *Vitam vero impendenti R****. Too well acquainted with the turns of theſe gentlemen to be miſtaken in this, I was convinced he meant to convey a cruel piece

of

of irony under this appearance of politeneſs? but on what could it be founded? What reaſon was there for this ſarcaſm? What occaſion could I have given him? Wiſhing to practiſe the leſſons of the good Plutarch, I reſolved to examine myſelf during my next day's walk on the article of lying, being well confirmed in the opinion I had for ſome time paſt entertained, that the *know thyſelf*, of the temple of Delphos, was not a point ſo eaſily attained as I had imagined in my Confeſſions.

The next day, having begun my walk in order to fulfil this deſign, the firſt idea that preſented itſelf to my imagination, was the remembrance of a dreadful untruth, advanced in my early youth, the recollection of which has troubled my whole life, and reaches even to my old age, grieving that heart already rent by ſo many ſorrows. This lie, which was a great crime in itſelf, was probably more terrible in its effects, which I have ever remained ignorant of, but which remorſe has pictured in the moſt diſtreſſing colours; and yet, were my diſpoſitions at the time I committed this crime to be conſidered, it could only be called falſe ſhame; ſince, far from being occaſioned by a deſign to injure her who was the victim of it, I can vow, in the ſight of Heaven, that at the very moment

 this

this invincible ſhame rent it from my lips, I would joyfully have given every drop of my blood, to have turned all the evil of it on myſelf. It was a delirium which I cannot explain, otherwiſe than by ſaying (what I am perſuaded was the fact) that my natural timidity had maſtered, during that moment, every other feeling of my ſoul.

The remembrance of this unhappy crime, and the inextinguiſhable and bitter remorſe which has followed it, have inſpired me with a horror and deteſtation for lying, which effectually ſecured me, ever after, from that vice. When I firſt choſe my motto, as an author, I was perſuaded it was what I merited, and I made no doubt but I ſhould find myſelf worthy of it, when, on the inſinuation of the Abbe R*** I ſet about a more ſerious re-examination of my conduct.

Proceeding in this review with the utmoſt circumſpection, I was greatly ſurpriſed at the number of things I had mentioned as truths, which were purely of my own invention, at the very time, when proud of my love of truth, I ſacrificed to it my ſafety, intereſt and perſon, with an impartiality, perhaps, without example.

What

What ſurpriſed me moſt, on the recollection of theſe inventions, was to find I had never experienced any real repentance on that account. I, in whom the horror of falſehood is ſo great, that I know nothing my heart ſo much deteſts; I, who have braved ſufferings, which I could eaſily have evaded by a lie, by what unaccountable extravagance of diſpoſition could I be guilty of this folly for mere paſtime, without any advantage in view, and by what inconceivable contradiction did I eſcape feeling the leaſt regret on that account, while the remorſe of a ſingle untruth has not ceaſed to afflict me for fifty years? I was never hardened in my crimes; moral inſtinct has ever conducted me right; my conſcience has ever maintained its primitive integrity, and even had it ſometimes declined, and ſided with my intereſt, how, maintaining all its uprightneſs on thoſe occaſions, where man, hurried away by his paſſions, might at leaſt plead human weakneſs as an excuſe, ſhould it ſleep over indifferent tranſactions, where vice had nothing to excuſe it? I was convinced, that on the ſolution of this problem, depended the juſtice of that deciſion I had to pronounce in this particular on myſelf, and after having examined it thoroughly, I arrived, by the following means, at a concluſion.

"I remembered to have read, in ſome philoſophical treatiſe, that concealing a truth we ought to divulge is to lie:" It naturally follows, from this definition, that to conceal a truth we ought not to divulge, is not to lie. But he, who not being bound to ſpeak the truth, advances the contrary, does he lie? According to the former definition it cannot properly be ſaid he does, for if we give counterfeit money to a man we are not indebted to, we may deceive him, it is true, but we do not rob him.

On theſe premiſes two queſtions preſent themſelves for examination, and both of great importance; firſt, on what occaſions we ought to ſpeak the truth, ſince we are not always bound to a declaration of it? and, ſecondly, whether there are ſituations in which we may deceive innocently? This latter queſtion is, I know, already copiouſly decided on: negatively, in books, where the moſt auſtere morality coſts the author nothing; affirmatively, in ſociety, where the morality of books paſſes for an impracticable jargon; leaving, therefore, theſe two authorities, let me endeavour, from my own principles, at an attempt to reſolve theſe queſtions for myſelf.

Abſtract

Abſtract and univerſal truth is the moſt precious of all things. Without her, man would be blind; ſhe is the eye of reaſon; it is by her he is taught to conduct himſelf, and arrive at what he ought to be, to perform his duty, and accompliſh the end of his creation. Particular and individual truth, does not always confer a benefit, it is ſometimes an evil, and frequently indifferent. The things a man ſhould be acquainted with, the knowledge of which are neceſſary to his happineſs, are not, perhaps, very numerous; but in whatever number they may be, they are his property, and he has an undoubted right to claim them wherever they may be found, and no one can keep him from the poſſeſſion of them, without being guilty of the moſt unjuſtifiable of all thefts, ſince they are the common right of all, and a communication deprives no one of his acquiſitions.

As to thoſe truths which are of no kind of utility, either for inſtruction or practice, how can they become a debt? for ſince property is only founded on utility, where there is no poſſible advantage to be derived there can be no claim. An eſtate, though barren, may be demanded, becauſe, at leaſt, it may ſerve to build a habitation on, but an idle tale, indifferent in every particular whether true or falſe,

 cannot

cannot be of consequence to any one. In the moral order of things nothing is useless, any more than in the physical. Nothing can become a debt that is not of some possible utility; consequently, that truth may become so, it must be that species of it, by which justice might be affected; and it is profaning the sacred name of truth, to apply it to those frivolous objects, whose existence is utterly indifferent to every one, and the knowledge of which is absolutely unavailing. Truth then, divested of all possible utility, cannot become a debt, and, consequently, he who is silent, or disguises it, in such circumstances, does not lie.

But can truths, however trivial they may appear, be utterly without use? This is another question that remains to be discussed, which we will return to presently; at present, let us pass to the second question.

To leave unsaid that which is true, and to speak that which is false, are two things very different in themselves, but which, notwithstanding, frequently produces the same effect. In every case where the truth is indifferent, the opposite error must be equally so; from whence it follows, by a parity of reasoning, that he who deceives in ad-

vancing

vancing a falſehood, is not more unjuſt than he who deceives by not declaring the truth. In reſpect to unmeaning truth, error is not worſe than ignorance; for example, whether I believe the ſand at the bottom of the ſea to be white or red, is of no more ſervice than to be ignorant what colour it is. How can he be unjuſt that injures no one, ſince injuſtice conſiſts in wrong done to our neighbour?

But theſe queſtions, decided in this ſummary manner, could not yet furniſh me with any certain rule for my practice, without many preliminary examinations, which would be neceſſary, in order to apply them with preciſion, in all poſſible exigencies that might preſent themſelves; for if the obligation to ſpeak truth is only founded on its utility, how ſhall I become a competent judge of this expediency? Very frequently the advantage of one party is the detriment of the other, and private intereſt is almoſt always contrary to the public:—How then ſhould we conduct ourſelves in theſe ſituations? Muſt the intereſt of the abſent perſon be ſacrificed to him we ſpeak to? Muſt we be ſilent, or ſpeak that truth, which being ſerviceable to one party, may be an injury to the other? Is it neceſſary to weigh all, that ought to be ſaid for public good, or diſtributive juſtice? And am I ſuffi-

ciently assured that I am acquainted with all these relations so fully, as always to determine on the side of equity? Again; in examining what we owe to others, have I sufficiently examined what we owe to ourselves, and what we owe to truth for its own sake? If I do no wrong to another, does it follow that I do none to myself? And does it suffice, never to have been unjust, to be always innocent?

How many embarrassing discussions might we avoid by resolving always to declare the truth, whatever might be the consequence! Justice herself dwells in the truth of things; lying is always iniquity; error becomes imposture when we give that which is not, for the rule of what ought to be done or believed; and whatever effects may result from truth, we are ever unblameable when that alone is employed, and nothing of our own invention mingled with it.

But this is cutting the question without resolving it. The object of the present enquiry is not, whether we should always speak the truth, but, whether we are at all times equally obliged to it; and, on the definition before recited, supposing we are not, how to distinguish those cases where the truth

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is rigorouſly due, from thoſe we may be ſilent on without injuſtice, or diſguiſe without lying: for I have found that ſuch caſes really exiſt. It remains, therefore, to diſcover a certain rule, by which we may judge, and determine between them.

But whence extract this rule, and the evidence of its infallibility? In all difficult queſtions like the preſent, relating to morality, I have always found it ſafer to reſolve them by the dictates of my conſcience, than by the information of my reaſon. Never has moral inſtinct deceived me, having maintained until now its purity in my heart ſufficiently to authorize this reliance; and if it has ſometimes been ſilent in the preſence of my paſſions, has regained its empire over them in my recollections, where I judge myſelf with as much ſeverity, as, perhaps, I ſhall be at the bar of the Sovereign Judge of all.

Deciding on diſcourſes from the effects they produce, is a method very liable to error; for, excluſive of the conſideration that theſe effects are not always ſufficiently obvious, they vary to infinity, with the circumſtances that produce them: we ſhould endeavour, therefore, to weigh the intention of the ſpeaker, and determine the degree of

malice or benevolence they contain. To advance an untruth, is not to lie, except it is done with an intention to deceive, and even that intention, far from being always attended by a miſchievous deſign, has ſometimes a quite contrary tendency. But to render a lie innocent, it is not ſufficient there ſhould be no injury intended; a fixed perſuaſion ſhould be obtained, that the miſtake into which we lead the perſon our diſcourſe is directed to, can be of no poſſible detriment either to him or any other: but it is difficult to obtain this certitude, conſequently it is very ſeldom that a lie can be innocent. To lie for ſelf-advantage is impoſture; to lie for the emolument of another is fraud; to be guilty of a falſehood that may do harm is calumny, which is the worſt kind of lying; and to advance an untruth, without profit or prejudice either to ourſelves or others, is not lying, but fiction.

Fictions which have a moral tendency are called apologues, or fables; and as their deſign is only to convey ſome uſeful truth under ſtriking and agreeable ſimilitudes, it is not neceſſary to preſerve even the appearance of reality, and he who invents and relates a fable as ſuch, does not lie in any reſpect.

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There are other fictions purely idle, ſuch as the greater part of our novels and tales, which, without containing any real inſtruction, aim only at amuſement. A judgment ſhould be formed of theſe from the apparent intention of the author; but when publiſhed under an aſſurance of being real facts, it is impoſſible to give them any other name than direct lies; meantime, who ever ſcrupled being guilty of theſe falſities? Or, who ever ſeriouſly reproached any one with them as a crime? Suppoſe, for example, there is ſome moral purpoſe in the *Temple de Gnide*, that object is obſcured and vitiated by voluptuous deſcriptions and ſeducing images, which the author has endeavoured to varniſh over with an affectation of modeſty. He pretends this work was tranſlated from a Greek manuſcript, giving ſuch a hiſtory of its diſcovery as he thought moſt likely to impoſe it on his readers for a truth; and if this is not a direct lie, let any one inform me what is? Yet no one ever thought of reproaching this author with it as a crime, or treating him as an impoſtor!

It will be ſaid, this was but a pleaſantry; that in making this affirmation he never expected to be believed, and that the Public never entertained any doubt but he was the inventor of this Greek work,

which he pretends only to have tranflated. I anfwer, that fuch a pleafantry without object, would have been a very childifh amufement; that a liar is no lefs guilty of falfehood becaufe his lie is univerfally difcovered: that we fhould diftinguifh between the enlightened part of the Public, and the multitude of fimple, credulous readers, on whom the hiftory of this manufcript, related by a grave author with an air of ferioufnefs, has really impofed, and who drink that poifon without fcruple from an antique vafe, which they would have rejected had it been offered in a modern cup,

Whether thefe diftinctions are to be found in any book is immaterial, their exiftence is not lefs real in the heart of every man who is in earneft with himfelf, and will not indulge in any thing his confcience can reproach him with; for the invention of what is merely advantageous to ourfelves, is not lefs a lie than if it tended to the difadvantage of our neighbour, though the cafes are not equally criminal. To procure an advantage for any one which he has no right to enjoy, is to fubvert the order of juftice. Falfely to attribute to ourfelves, or others, any action, from which praife or blame, inculpation or exculpation may enfue, is to be guilty of injuftice; then, every thing contrary to truth

truth, which tends to the ſubverſion of juſtice,, is a lie, and this is the preciſe boundary of that vice; but that which is not truth, yet has no kind of influence on natural juſtice, is only fiction; and I muſt confeſs, that whoever reproaches himſelf with ſimple fiction as being guilty of a lie, has a conſcience more delicate than mine.

Thoſe which are called good-natured, or obliging falſehoods, are, notwithſtanding, real lies; becauſe an impoſition, whether to the advantage of ourſelves or others, is not leſs unjuſt than an impoſition of a contrary tendency. That man who beſtows either praiſe or blame contrary to truth, is guilty of a falſehood, when any real perſon is ſpoken of; but if imaginary beings only are concerned, he is at liberty to ſay what he pleaſes, without being guilty of a lie; provided he does not undertake to decide on the morality of the imginary facts, and forms no falſe concluſion, for then if he does not lie in regard to facts, he lies againſt moral truth, which is a hundred times more reſpectable.

I have ſeen thoſe whom the world calls people of veracity, whoſe regard to truth amounted only to being ſcrupulouſly exact in frivolous converſations, ſuch as reciting with the utmoſt exactitude every

circumſtance of time, place and perſons, not permitting themſelves the leaſt latitude for fiction, or a ſingle circumſtance to be embelliſhed or exaggerated. In every particular where their intereſt is not concerned, they maintain an inviolable fidelity in their relations; but let any ſubject be ſtarted by which any advantage may be obtained, every art is employed to repreſent things in the moſt favourable light, and ſhould downright lies appear neceſſary, if they abſtain from telling them, they take care to act in ſuch a manner, that others may adopt erroneous opinions, without their ſuffering the imputation of falſehood, and thus, when prudence takes the oppoſite ſide, bid adieu to veracity.

The man of real veracity purſues a direct contrary courſe: in things perfectly indifferent, he pays little regard to that exactitude which the other claſs ſo much pride themſelves on; he makes no ſcruple of amuſing a company by feigned relations, from whence no unjuſt concluſion can be drawn, either for or againſt any perſon, dead or living; but every converſation which might unjuſtly produce good or evil, profit or loſs, eſteem or diſdain for any one, he conſiders as a lie, which is never ſuffered to take poſſeſſion of his heart, his lips, or his pen. He is of ſtrict veracity, even in oppoſi-

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tion to his intereſt, though he prides himſelf little on maintaining it in idle converſation. He is of ſtrict veracity, becauſe he never ſeeks to deceive, but is as firm to the truth that condemns, as to that which honours him, never attempting impoſition, either for his own advantage, or to the detriment of his enemies. The difference, then, between the man of real veracity, and he who only puts on the appearance of it, is, that the latter is moſt rigorouſly punctual to that truth which coſts him nothing, but no farther: while the former never adheres ſo pertinaciouſly to his veracity as when ſacrificing his intereſt to the love of it.

But it will be ſaid, how can this relaxation, in regard to indifferent concerns, be conſiſtent with that ardent love of truth, which I make the principal diſtinction of the man of real veracity? Is not this love of truth contaminated in admitting ſuch an alloy? No; it is pure and ſincere; it is an emanation from the love of juſtice, which would ſcorn to be falſe, though frequently fictitious. Juſtice and truth, in his idea, are ſynonimous terms, which he uſes indifferently. The holy truth, which his heart adores, conſiſts not in frivolous expreſſions, or in indifferent actions, but in rendering

rendering every one what is actually his due whether it may be imputations favourable or unfavourable, either retributions of honour or ſhame, praiſe or diſapprobation. He ſcorns to do his neighbour the ſlighteſt wrong, either from ill-will, or for his own emolument; his love of equity prevents the former, nor would his conſcience ſuffer him to appropriate to his own uſe what belongs to another. He is ever moſt anxious to preſerve the eſteem of his own heart, it is the ſatisfaction he can leaſt bear to part with, and he would feel a loſs on acquiring the approbation of the whole world, at the expence of his own. He will lie, then, ſometimes, in things indifferent, without ſcruple or conſciouſneſs of acting wrong; but never to the detriment, or advantage of his neighbour, or of himſelf. In every thing that concerns hiſtorical truth, in all that reſpects the conduct of mankind, juſtice, ſocial intercourſe, or uſeful knowledge, he will, to the utmoſt of his abilities, keep both himſelf and others from error; and beyond this, he cannot conceive the exiſtence of a lie. If the *Temple de Gnide* is a uſeful work, the account of the Greek manuſcript is an innocent fiction; if the work has an immoral tendency, it is an unjuſtifiable falſehood.

Such were the rules my conſcience eſtabliſhed with regard to truth and lying; but I felt, on examination, that I had followed theſe rules inſtinctively, before they were approved by my reaſon, moral inſtinct having ever made the application. That criminal lie of which poor Marion became the victim, was followed by inextinguiſhable remorſe, which ſecured me for the reſt of my life, not only from all lies of equal turpitude, but from all thoſe (of whatever kind they might be) that could poſſibly affect the intereſt or reputation of another. By this general excluſion I have avoided the neceſſity of weighing whether the good which might follow a deviation from truth, was greater than the evil; for in thus marking the preciſe limits of lying, I have equally excluded miſchievous or good-natured untruths, and regarding both as culpable, have forbid myſelf the uſe of either.

In this particular, as in moſt others, my diſpoſition has greatly influenced my maxims, or, rather, my habits; for I was never governed by rules, having ever followed the guidance of natural impulſe. Never did a premeditated lie take poſſeſſion of my thoughts, never did I lie for my intereſt, though frequently from ſhame, to extricate myſelf from embarraſſment, in things utterly indifferent,

indifferent, or, at leaſt, only intereſting to myſelf; when having a converſation to ſuſtain, the tardineſs of my ideas rendered my diſcourſe unentertaining, and obliged me to have recourſe to fiction, which might furniſh ſomething to ſay. When it was neceſſary to ſpeak, and amuſing truths did not preſent themſelves to my mind, I made uſe of fiction rather than remain ſilent; but, in the invention of theſe fables, I took every poſſible precaution that they ſhould not be lies; that is to ſay, that they ſhould neither wound juſtice, or interfere with that truth we owe our neighbour, confining thoſe diſcourſes to a kind of fiction indifferent to myſelf and all mankind. I attempted to ſubſtitute moral poſſibilities in the place of moral facts; to repreſent the natural affections of the human heart, and draw ſome uſeful inſtruction from them; in one word, to invent moral tales and apologues; but it required more preſence of mind, and facility of expreſſion, than ever I poſſeſſed, to turn the familiar chat of converſation into uſeful inſtruction; its courſe, being too rapid for my ideas, forced me, generally, to ſpeak before I thought, and by this means to utter ridiculous follies, which my reaſon diſapproved, and my heart rejected, at the very moment they were paſſing my lips, but which,

continually

continually preceding my judgment, could not be reformed by its cenſures.

It is, likewiſe, from this ſudden irreſiſtible impulſe of conſtitution, that in circumſtances entirely unforeſeen, ſhame and timidity frequently force lies from me, without my will having any part in them, being produced by the neceſſity of an inſtant reply. The profound impreſſion of the wrong done to poor Marion, is ſufficient to reſtrain any that might be injurious to others, but not to prevent thoſe which ſerve to extricate me from embarraſſment, when none but myſelf is concerned, though not leſs contrary to my conſcience and principles, than thoſe which might influence the fate of others.

I call Heaven to witneſs, that if I could the next inſtant recall the lie that has excuſed, and declare the truth that would upbraid me, without doing myſelf an additional injury by ſuch manifeſt retraction, I would do it gladly; but the ſhame of expoſing myſelf thus evidently, forbids this acknowledgment, and I ſincerely repent my fault, without having the power to repair it. One example will explain this better than all I can ſay, and ſhew that I neither lie from intereſt or ſelf-

love,

love, ſtill leſs from any miſchievous intention; but merely from embarraſſment and falſe ſhame, though frequently conſcious that the lie is obvious, without even that conſideration having power to prevent it.

Some time ago M. F*** perſuaded (contrary to my uſual cuſtom) to bring my wife, and join with him and M. B*** in a friendly dinner, which was provided for us at Mrs. ****'s, the tavern-keeper, who, was invited to dine with us, as were her two daughters. While we were at table, the eldeſt of theſe, who had been lately married, and was now with child.....* looking in my face, aſked me, ſuddenly, whether I ever had any children? I anſwered, with confuſion, that I had not that happineſs; on which, ſmiling maliciouſly, ſhe looked round at the company, in a way that ſufficiently expreſſed her meaning.

It is evident this was not the anſwer I ſhould have wiſhed to make, even had I meant to deceive them, for I plainly ſaw by the looks of the company that my anſwer would not change their opinion in this particular. The negative I gave this queſtion was

* Theſe points indicate ſome words which were not legible in the manuſcript. *F. Editor.*

was expected; nay it was proposed on purpose to enjoy the satisfaction of making me lie, and I was not so stupid as not to perceive this. Two minutes after, the following answer, which I should have returned, presented itself to my mind. *This is a very strange question from a young woman, to a man who remained a batchelor 'till his old age.* Had I spoke thus, without lying, or making any avowal, I should have had no cause to blush, since I should have had the laughers on my side, with the satisfaction of having given her a kind of lesson, which might have taught her to be more cautious in questioning me impertinently. But I let this opportunity slip; indeed I seldom say what I ought, usually blundering on the contrary. It is certain, in this instance, that neither my judgment or will, dictated the answer I returned, which was the mechanical effect of my embarrassment. Formerly I was less sensible of this shame, avowing my faults with more frankness than confusion; because I made no doubt, but the sorrow for them, which I felt so strongly, would be perceived; but the eye of malignity wounds and disconcerts, me, as my unhappiness encreases I become more fearful, and never did I venture on a lie but from timidity.

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I was never more ſenſible of my natural averſion to falſhood than while writing my Confeſſions, for then temptations to this vice were ſtrong and frequent, had my diſpoſition inclined that way; but far from having concealed or uſed diſſimulation in any particular I had to charge myſelf with, by a turn of mind I find it difficult to deſcribe, and which proceeded, perhaps, from my diſlike to every ſpecies of imitation, I rather found myſelf inclined to err in a contrary ſenſe, by accuſing myſelf too ſeverely, than by covering my faults with too much indulgence; and my conſcience aſſures me, that one day I ſhall be judged with more lenity than I have already dealt to myſelf. Yes, I aver with a noble elevation of ſoul, that I carried veracity and freedom as far, or I dare believe farther, in that work, than ever man did; for feeling that the good outweighed the evil, I was proud to divulge all; accordingly nothing was concealed.

I have never ſaid leſs than the truth, I have ſometimes ſaid more, not in regard to facts, but the feelings they produced; and this kind of falſehood was rather an effect of the delirium of imagination, than an act of my will. I do wrong even to call this falſehood, for none of theſe additions deſerve that name. I wrote my Confeſſions in my old age,

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after having been difgufted with the vain pleafures of life, which I had lightly ran over, and which my heart felt the infufficiency of. I wrote from memory; this frequently failed me, or furnifhed but imperfect ideas; I was obliged therefore to fill up thefe chafms by the affiftance of imagination, which never contradicted reality. I loved to dwell on the happy moments of my life, and fometimes to embellifh them with ornaments, which tender regret for their lofs fupplied me with. I reprefented thofe things which had efcaped my memory, as I was perfuaded they had been, and, perhaps, as they really were; but never different from what I recollected of them. I might give truth fome borrowed charms, but never did I put lies in the place of it, in order to palliate my vices, or enhance my virtues.

If, fometimes, by an involuntary motion, while painting myfelf in profile, I have exhibited that fide which was leaft deformed, thefe concealments have been fully compenfated by others more extraordinary, by which I have frequently concealed graces more carefully than defects. This is a fingularity in my difpofition which mankind will be very pardonable in difbelieving; but which, however incredible, is no lefs true. I have often expofed

ed my faults in all their turpitude; but I have ſeldom related what was praiſe-worthy with every poſſible advantage, and I have ſometimes ſuppreſſed altogether what ſeemed to give me too much honour, leſt, inſtead of writing my Confeſſions, I ſhould ſeem to have been writing my panegyric. I have deſcribed my early youth without dwelling on thoſe happy qualities with which my heart was endowed, and even ſometimes concealing facts which would have put them beyond doubt. I now recollect two in particular, both which occurred while writing my Confeſſions, that I omitted them for the above mentioned reaſon.

I went almoſt every Sunday to paſs the day at Paques with Monſieur Fazy, who had married one of my aunts, and who had a manufactory there of India-ſtuffs. I was one day in the calendering room, looking at the braſs rollers, whoſe brightneſs took my attention and tempted me to rub my fingers on them; when young Fazy, having got into the wheel, gave it about the eight of a turn, ſo ſuddenly, that the rollers caught the ends of two of my fingers and cruſhed them. I ſcreamed out, and Fazy inſtantly turned back the machine; but my nails continued on the cylinder, and the blood ran from my fingers. Fazy cried out with fright,

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haſtened from the wheel, embraced me, conjuring me to ceaſe my cries, or he ſhould be undone. In the height of my anguiſh, his uneaſineſs affected me; I was ſilent; we went to the carp pond, where he helped to waſh my fingers, and ſtop the blood with ſome moſs. He begged me with tears not to accuſe him; I promiſed him I would not, and kept my word as well, that twenty years after, nobody knew by what accident my fingers had been ſcarred, for they ever remained ſo. I was obliged to keep my bed for three weeks on this account; it was more than two months before I was able to uſe my hand, and when any one enquired how I came by this hurt, I ſaid a great ſtone had fallen on my fingers, and cruſhed them.

Magnanima menzôgna! or quando è il vero
Si bello che ſi poſſa à te preporre?

One circumſtance, however, that attended this accident, rendered it very vexatious: it happened to be at the time they were teaching the citizens their exerciſe; they had formed a rank with three other boys, who, with myſelf, in our uniforms, were to exerciſe in the company which belonged to our quarter of the town, and I had the mortification to hear the drum paſs under my window, attended

by my three companions, while I was confined to my bed.

The other inſtance is ſimilar, but happened when I was ſomething older.

I was at *Plain-Palais* with one of my acquaintance, whoſe name was Plince, playing a game at mall. Happening to quarrel in our game, we fought, and, during the combat, he gave me a blow on the head with the mall, ſo well applied, that, with a little more ſtrength, it muſt have ſplit my ſkull. I inſtantly fell, and never in my life was witneſs of ſuch violent agitation as this poor boy expreſſed on ſeeing the blood run down my hair. He thought I was killed, threw himſelf on me, and burſting into tears, even ſhrieked out with anguiſh. I embraced him, as well as I was able, mingling my tears with his, being ſenſible of an emotion that was not without its charms. At length he endeavoured to ſtop the blood, which yet continued to run, and finding we could not effect this with our handkerchiefs, he took me to his mother, who had a little garden juſt by. This good lady could hardly ſupport herſelf on ſeeing me in this condition; ſhe retained ſtrength enough, however,

ever, to adminifter the affiftance I ftood in need of, and after having fomented my wound, dreffed it with lilies fteeped in brandy, which is reckoned an excellent vulnerary, and is much ufed in that country. Her tears, and thofe of her fon, penetrated my heart to fuch a degree, that for a long time after, I looked on her as my mother, and him as my brother; till after having been abfent fome years, I gradually forgot them.

I was as fecret in this inftance as I had been in the former, and a hundred circumftances of this kind have happened in my life, which I was not tempted to fpeak of in my Confeffions; fo little did I endeavour to make the moft advantage of thofe good qualities I felt in my character. No; whenever I fpoke contrary to known truth, it was in things that were utterly indifferent, and proceeded from the difficulty I found in expreffing my thoughts, or the pleafure of writing, and not from any interefted motive, or to the prejudice of any perfon; and whoever will be at the pains of reading my Confeffions impartially, if that fhould ever be the cafe, will find that thofe particulars which I have avowed are more humiliating and difficult to be acknowledged than many of greater atrocity, but lefs difgraceful, and which I have not con-

feſſed, becauſe I never, with intention, committed them.

It follows from all theſe reflections, that the profeſſion of veracity I had made was rather founded on my own ſentiments of uprightneſs and equity than on the nature of things, and that in my practice I have rather followed the dictates of my conſcience than any abſtract notions of truth and falſehood. I have often invented fables, but ſeldom lied. By following theſe principles, I have often given my enemies advantage over me, but have done no wrong to any one, nor have I attributed more merit to myſelf than was my due. It ſeems to me, that truth is only a virtue when conſidered in this light; in other reſpects, it is only a metaphyſical ſtudy, from which neither good or evil can reſult.

I do not, however, feel my heart ſufficiently ſatisfied to believe myſelf abſolutely irreprehenſible. In weighing ſo carefully what I owed to others, have I ſufficiently examined what I owed to myſelf? If we ſhould be juſt to our neighbour, we certainly ſhould be ſo to ourſelves; it is an homage which every honeſt man ſhould pay to his own dignity. When I ſupplied the barrenneſs of my

conversation with innocent fiction, I was certainly wrong, because we ought never to disgrace ourselves in order to amuse others; and when, carried away by the pleasure of writing, I added to reality invented ornaments, I was still more blameable, since to decorate truth with fables, is in fact to disfigure it.

But what rendered me still less inexcuseable, was the motto I had chosen, which obliged me more than any other man to a strict adherence to truth; it was not sufficient, therefore, that I should sacrifice my interest and inclinations, I should likewise have conquered my weakness and natural timidity, I should have shewn courage and strength on all occasions, and fiction or fable should never have escaped the lips or pen which were particularly consecrated to truth. Thus I should have resolved, when I adopted that proud device, and this should have been continually in my remembrance while I dared to bear it. Never did premeditated falsehood dictate my deviations from truth, they ever arose from weakness; though I confess this is a bad excuse. A weak soul finds sufficient difficulty in abstaining from vice; but it is arrogance and temerity for it to make profession of heroic virtues.

Perhaps these reflections would never have occurred, had not the Abbé R*** suggested them. It is very late, doubtless, to put them in practice; but it is not too late to be convinced of my errors, and to rectify my will henceforward, that is all that depends on me; but on this, and every other similar occasion, the maxim of Solon is applicable to all ages, and it is never too late to learn, even from our enemies, to be just, modest, and unpresuming.

FIFTH WALK.

OF all the places I have inhabited (and I have been in some that were delightful) none ever rendered me so truly happy, or left such pleasing impressions on my memory, as the Island of Saint Pierre, in the Lake of Bienne. This little island, which is called at Neufchatel the Isle of La Motte, is little known, even in Switzerland, no traveller that I recollect, having mentioned it; notwithstanding it is very agreeable, and peculiarly calculated for the happiness of a man who loves to circumscribe

cumſcribe his ſteps: for though I am, perhaps, the only one in the world to whom Fate has given law in that particular, I cannot believe I am the only perſon who poſſeſſes ſo natural a taſte, though, to the preſent moment, I have never happened to meet with any one of that diſpoſition.

The banks of the Lake of Bienne are more wild and romantic even than thoſe of the Lake of Geneva, ſince the rocks and woods approach nearer to the edge of the water, and in other reſpects are no leſs delightful. If well cultivated meadows and vineyards are not ſo numerous; if there are fewer towns and houſes, there is more natural verdure, fields, ſhady retreats and groves; in a word, agreeable and well-contraſted objects more frequently preſent themſelves. As there is no commodious road on theſe ſmiling banks for carriages, the country is little frequented by travellers; but is highly intereſting to the contemplative philoſopher, who loves to ruminate at leiſure on the charms of Nature, while retiring into a ſilence broken only by the cry of eagles, the mingled warbling of various ſong-birds, or the ruſhing of torrents which precipitate themſelves from the ſurrounding mountains. This beautiful baſon, which is almoſt round, contains, near its center, two ſmall iſlands; one,

cultivated and inhabited, which is about half a league in circumference; the other, ſmaller, deſert and wild, which will in time be totally deſtroyed, from the tranſportation of earth, which is continually being removed to repair the devaſtation made by the waves and ſtorms on the larger one. Thus, in every inſtance, the ſubſtance of the weak is employed to give additional ſtrength to the powerful. There is but one houſe at this place, which is large, agreeable, and commodious; this belongs to the hoſpital of Berne, as does the whole iſland, and is inhabited by the Steward of this eſtate, his family and domeſtics; who has poultry in abundance, a dove-houſe, fiſh-ponds, &c. The iſland, though ſmall, is ſo diverſified by its various products and aſpect, that it preſents a variety of proſpects; being proper for every kind of culture, you ſee alternately, fields, vineyards, orchards, and rich paſtures, ſhaded by groves of trees, and intermingled with ſhrubs of all kinds, which, from the vicinity of the water are kept perpetually freſh. A high terrace, planted with two rows of trees, runs the whole length of the iſland, and in the middle of this terrace a pretty ſaloon is erected, where the inhabitants from the neighbouring ſhores meet and dance on Sundays, during the vintage. In this iſland I took refuge,

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after the lapidation of Motiers, and found its ſitu-ation ſo delightful, and the life I led there ſo con-formable to my humour, that I reſolved to end my days in this place, and had no inquietude, except a doubt, whether I ſhould be permitted to execute this project, which did not accord with that which carried me to England, for I already began to feel that inclination, and thoſe preſentiments of future ſuffering which yet purſued me. I wiſhed this aſylum had been made my perpetual priſon, that I had been confined there for life, and deprived of the power or hope of quitting it, cut off from all communication with the reſt of the world, igno-rant of what paſſed there, that I might forget its exiſtence, and that mine alſo might be forgotten.

I was permitted to paſs only two months in this iſland, but I could have paſſed two years, a whole eternity there, without one moment's wearineſs, though I had, except Tereſa, no other company than the above-mentioned Steward and his family, who were all very good ſort of people, and nothing further; but that was preciſely what was neceſſary for me. I reckon theſe two months as the moſt pleaſing part of my life; I was ſo truly happy that I could have been ſatisfied with it during my whole exiſtence, without a ſingle wiſh ariſing in my ſoul

to exchange that felicity for another kind of enjoyment.

What did this happineſs conſiſt of, and what was it I ſo particularly enjoyed? I leave that to be gueſſed by the preſent generation, from the deſcription I ſhall give of it. The precious *far niente* was the firſt and principal of theſe enjoyments, which I indulged in to the utmoſt extent, and all I did during my reſidence there, was but the pleaſing and neceſſary occupation of a man devoted to indolence.

The hope that nothing more could be deviſed by my perſecutors than to leave me in this lonely ſpot, where I had willingly enſnared myſelf, which it was impoſſible for me to quit with privacy or without aſſiſtance, and where I could have neither communication or correſpondance, but through the medium of thoſe who ſurrounded me. This inſpired me with expectation of concluding my days in more tranquility than I had hitherto paſſed them, and the idea that I ſhould have time to ſettle all at leiſure, occaſioned me to neglect every thing. Hurried there naked and alone, I ſucceſſively ſent for my wife, my books, and ſome other little neceſſaries, which I never had the pleaſure of unpacking, but left my cases and cheſts as they arrived, living on the

ſpot where I hoped to conclude my life, as in an inn, which I purpoſed to quit the next day. I found every thing here ſo perfectly to my mind, that to have made any change would have ſpoiled all. One of my greateſt pleaſures was, to leave my books well packed, and to have no ink-ſtand, and on receiving any troubleſome letter, which I was obliged to anſwer, I borrowed the Steward's, grumbling the whole time, and haſtening to return it, with the vain wiſh that I might have no more occaſion for pens or ink. Inſtead of ſtupid manuſcrips and muſty books, I filled my apartment with flowers and plants, for I was then in the firſt fervour of botany, which taſte the Doctor of Invernois had lately inſpired me with, and which preſently became a paſſion. Rejecting, therefore, all laborious reſearches, I was only for ſtudies which ſuited an indolent life, and would finiſh amuſement without much trouble. I undertook to compoſe the *Flora Petrinſularis*, and deſcribe all the plants of the iſland, without a ſingle exception, a detail ſufficient to have employed all the reſt of my days.

'Tis ſaid that a certein German wrote a book on the zeſt of a lemon; I ſhould have written one on each herb the field produced, on every kind of moſs that adhered to the trees, on each weed that covered and adorned

adorned the rocks ; in ſhort, I deſigned that not a ſingle blade of graſs or vegetable atom ſhould eſcape an ample deſcription.

In conſequence of this noble reſolution, every morning after breakfaſt, (which we partook of all together) I went, with a magnifying glaſs in my hand, and my *Syſtema Naturæ* under my arm, to viſit a certain portion of the iſland, which I had, for that purpoſe, divided into four parts, with an intention to explore them ſucceſſively in each ſeaſon of the year. Nothing can be more ſingular than the delight and extacy I experienced on each obſervation of the ſtructure, organization, and action of the ſexual parts in the fructification of vegetables ; which ſyſtem was hitherto abſolutely new to me. The diſtinction of generical characters, which I traced among common plants till others ſhould preſent themſelves, and which I had not before the leaſt conception of, charmed me beyond meaſure. The long forked ſtamina of the *Brunelle*, the obſervations I made on thoſe of the nettle and pellitory, the exploſion of the fruit of the balſam-apple, and the bud of the box-tree, a thouſand little acts of fructification which I obſerved for the firſt time, overwhelmed me with delight ; I was ready to run to every one and enquire,

quire, whether they had ſeen the horns of the *Brunelle*, as Fontaine enquired if any one had ever read Habakkuk. In two or three hours, I uſually returned with an ample proviſion—a ſtock of amuſement for the employment of the afternoon at home, in caſe of rain. I employed the reſt of the morning, in going with the Steward, his wife, and Tereſa, to ſee the huſbandmen, and obſerve the harveſt, uſually putting my hand to the work; and frequently, when the inhabitants of Berne came to viſit me, they found me perched up in a great tree, girded about with a ſack that I was filling with fruit, and which I afterwards let down by a cord. The exerciſe I had taken in the morning, and the good humour inſeparable from it, rendered reſt at dinner-time very agreeable; but when it was too long, and the fine weather invited me abroad, I could not ſpare ſo much time, and while others were yet at table, I ſtole away, then leaping into the boat, rowed it to the middle of the Lake, and when the water was calm, laying at my whole length, with my eyes towards Heaven, let it drive ſlowly with the waters, ſometimes, for ſeveral hours, enjoying a thouſand pleaſing, though confuſed reveries, which, without any particular and fixed object, were, in my opinion, a hundred times preferable to what I had ever found among

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the moſt delightful of what are called the pleaſures of life. Sometimes on being informed by the declination of the Sun, that it was time to return home, I found myſelf ſo far from the iſland, that I was obliged to labour with my utmoſt ſtrength to reach it before night.

At other times, inſtead of paſſing my time on the water, I amuſed myſelf in walking along the verdant banks of the iſland, where the limpid waters and refreſhing ſhades frequently invited me to bathe; but one of my moſt cuſtomary excurſions, was a voyage to the ſmall iſland, where I uſed to diſembark, and paſs the afternoon in extremely circumſcribed walks, in the midſt of water-pepper, thiſtles, rook-ſtalk, and ſhrubs of every kind. Sometimes repoſing on the top of a ſandy hillock, covered with graſs, wild thyme, flowers, and even clover, which poſſibly had been ſown there formerly, and was very proper nouriſhment for rabbits, who might multiply there in peace, without fear for themſelves, or injury to any thing. I made this remark to the Steward, who ſent to Neufchatel for ſome rabbits, and went with great ceremony, accompanied by his wife, one of his ſiſters, Tereſa, and myſelf, to eſtabliſh them on this little iſland, which they began to people before my de-

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parture, and where, without doubt, they continued to encreafe, if they could fuftain the rigour of the winter. The planting of this little colony was a holiday, and the pilot of the Argonauts could not have been prouder of his office than I was on that occafion, while taking the company and rabbits from the large to the fmall ifland; nor did I forget to remark, that the Steward's wife, who was extremely apprehenfive of water, embarked with confidence under my care, and fhewed no figns of fear during the paffage.

When the Lake was too much agitated to permit my navigating it with fafety, I paffed the afternoon in walking through the ifland, herbalizing in all parts, or feating myfelf on fome pleafant folitary fpot, enjoyed at eafe the charm of contemplation. At other times, I gained the natural terraces and heights of the ifland, from whence my eye ran over the magnificent and delightful profpect of the Lake and its fhores, crowned on one fide by the neighbouring mountains, exhibiting on the other a view of open and richly cultivated plains, beyond which the right was loft among the bluifh mountains which bounded the horizon. On the approach of night, I defcended from thefe eminences, and, feated on the fands at the edge of the

Lake,

Lake, or in ſome concealed retreat, where the roaring of the waves, and commotion of the waters taking my attention, chaced the idea of every other agitation from my ſoul, plunging it into delicious reveries, during which night frequently ſtole on me unperceived.

The ebb and flow of the water, its continual noiſe, encreaſed at intervals by the wind, perpetually ſtriking on the organs of ſight and hearing, kept up thoſe inward ſenſations which my reveries almoſt extinguiſhed, juſt enough to make me ſenſible of my exiſtence, without the trouble of reflection; and if at times ſome compariſons occurred on the inſtability of worldly concerns, which were aptly compared to the troubled face of the waters, theſe light impreſſions were quickly effaced by the continued uniformity of the ſcene. Charmed, without any active concurrence of my ſoul, I felt myſelf ſo powerfully attached to the ſpot, that when informed by night and the appointed ſignal, that it was time to return, I could not quit it without regret.

After ſupper, when the evening was fine, we walked all together on the terrace, and breathed the freſh air from the Lake, or, ſeated, in the pa-

vilion, laughed, chatted or ſung ſome good old ſongs, which were preferable to the laboured compoſition of our modern ones; and at length retired to reſt, content with the pleaſures of the day, and deſirous of ſpending the ſucceeding one in a ſimilar manner.

Thus paſſed my time, during my reſidence on this iſland, when not interrupted by unforeſeen and troubleſome viſitors. But what was there in all this ſufficiently attractive to excite in my heart regrets ſo lively, tender, and durable, that after fifteen years, it is impoſſible to think of this beloved habitation, without feeling myſelf in a manner tranſported thither by the ardour of my wiſhes?

I have remarked during the viciſſitudes of a long life, that the periods of ſweeteſt enjoyment, and moſt lively pleaſure, are not thoſe whoſe remembrance wins and delights me moſt. Theſe moments of delirium and paſſion, however charming they might be, appear from their vivacity itſelf, but as points thinly ſcattered along the line of life, being too detached and rapid to conſtitute any permanent idea of felicity. The happineſs my heart regrets is not compoſed of fugitive moments, but is a uniform and laſting condition, which has nothing

thing raviſhing in itſelf, but whoſe continuation encreaſes the charm, till at length it arrives at ſupreme felicity.

Every thing fluctuates on earth; nothing remains in a conſtant and laſting form, and thoſe affections which are attached to external things neceſſarily change with their object. We are ever looking forward or backward, ruminating on what is paſt, and can return no more, or anticipating the future, which may never arrive; there is nothing ſolid to which the heart can attach itſelf, neither have we here below any pleaſures that are laſting. Permanent happineſs is, I fear, unknown, and ſcarcely is there an inſtant in our moſt lively enjoyments when the heart can truly ſay, "May this moment laſt for ever!!!"—How then can ſuch a fugitive ſtate be called happineſs, which leaves an uneaſy void in the heart, which ever prompts us to regret ſomething that is paſt, or deſire ſomething for the future?

But if there is a ſtate where the ſoul can find a hold ſtrong enough to lean on ſecurely, to attach its whole being to, without a ſingle wiſh to recall the paſt or anticipate the future, where time appears a void, and the preſent is extended without

our noticing its duration, or tracing its fucceffion, without any idea of privation or enjoyment, pleafure or pain, defire, fear or fenfation, except of our exiftence, that fentiment alone employing it, while this ftate lafts, the perfon who feels it may call himfelf happy ; not poffeffing an imperfect happinefs, poor and dependent, but a complete felicity, perfect and full, which leaves no wifh or void in the foul.

Such is the ftate in which I frequently found myfelf in the Ifland of Saint Pierre, in my folitary reveries ; whether ftretched in my boat which I let float to the will of the waters, feated on the banks of the agitated Lake, on the borders of a beautiful river, or by a brook murmuring over its pebbled bottom.

In what does the enjoyment of fuch a fituation confift ? In nothing beyond ourfelves, nothing foreign to our own exiftence, for while this ftate lafts (like the Supreme) the enjoyment of that alone is fufficient felicity. The confcioufnefs of exiftence, diverted of every other fenfation, is a fentiment of contentment and peace, which alone fuffices to render it dear and fatisfactory to whoever can put away thofe fenfual and earthly affections

which perpetually diſturb and imbitter our terreſtrial felicity.

But the greater part of mankind, agitated by continual paſſions, are little acquainted with this ſtate, and having imperfectly enjoyed it, during a few inſtants, perhaps, thence form a very inadequate idea, which prevents their feeling its worth. Perhaps it might not be convenient, in the preſent order of things, that, loſt in pleaſing extacies, mankind ſhould be diſguſted with an active life, ſince their multiplied wants have preſcribed it as a duty. But an unfortunate being, cut off from human ſociety, who can no longer perform any thing uſeful here below, either for himſelf or others, may find in this ſtate a pleaſing conſolation, which neither fortune or man can deprive him of.

It is true that theſe conſolations cannot be felt by all minds, nor in all ſituations. It is neceſſary that the heart ſhould be at peace, that no paſſion ſhould ariſe to diſturb this calm; it requires not only a diſpoſition adapted to it on the part of the perſon who is to experience this felicity, but a concurrence of ſurrounding objects; neither an abſolute repoſe, or too much agitation, but a uniform

form and moderate difpofition, not fubject to fudden gufts of paffion, or utter defpondency.—Without motion, life is but a lethargy; but if the agitation is unequal, or too violent, it awakens our feelings, fixes them too much on external objects, deftroys the pleafure of the reverie, and, tearing us from ourfelves, inftantly replaces us under the yoke of fortune and mankind, giving us back the fenfation of our misfortunes. Abfolute reft is productive of melancholy, and prefents the image of death; then the affiftance of a chearful imagination is neceffary, which voluntarily prefents its aid to thofe on whom Heaven has beftowed it. This degree of emotion, therefore, if not fupplied by outward objects, fhould arife from within ourfelves; this leffens our repofe 'tis true, but that portion which remains is a hundred times more agreeable; while light and pleafing fenfations, without harrowing up the foul, only (if I may ufe the expreffion) graze lightly over its furface, no more, being neceffary than is juft fufficient to make us recollect ourfelves, while we forget our misfortunes. This kind of reverie may be enjoyed in every fituation where we can obtain tranquility; and I have often thought that in the Baftile, or in a dungeon, where no object ftruck my fight, I could enjoy agreeable contemplations.

It

"It muſt be allowed theſe were more agreeably produced in a fertile, though ſolitary iſland, naturally circumſcribed and detatched from the reſt of the world, where nothing but ſmiling objects preſented themſelves, where no painful rememberances were recalled, and where the ſociety of a ſmall number of inhabitants was connected and pleaſing, without being ſufficiently intereſting to occupy me entirely; where, in fine, I could either give myſelf up for the whole day to thoſe occupations which were moſt comfortable to my diſpoſition, or to the moſt luxurious indolence. The occaſion was, doubtleſs delightful, and a contemplative mind that could even produce agreeable chimeras when ſurrounded by diſpleaſing objects, could enjoy itſelf compleatly when preſented with a concurrence of every charm that could ſtrike the ſenſes with delight. Awaking from a long and charming reverie, beholding myſelf ſurrounded by verdure, flowers and birds, letting my eyes wander to the diſtant romantic ſhores and vaſt extent of cryſtalline waters, I connected all thoſe pleaſing objects with my fictitious enjoyments, and returning by degrees to my reaſon, could ſcarcely diſtinguiſh the point of ſeparation between ideal and real delights; ſo much did every thing concur to compleat the happineſs of that quiet ſolitary life

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I led in this charming abode. Why cannot I recall it! Why cannot I go and finiſh my days in that peaceful iſle, without ever quitting it, or ſeeing any inhabitant of the continent, who might once recall thoſe calamities of all kinds, which have been ſhowered on me during ſo many years! Delivered from all earthly paſſions which are engendered by the tumults of ſociety, my ſoul would frequently bound above its atmoſphere, and anticipate its communion with thoſe celeſtial intelligences whoſe number it ſhortly hopes to augment. I know mankind will beware of affording ſo quiet an aſylum, but they cannot prevent me from tranſporting myſelf each day on the wings of imagination to that happy ſpot, and enjoying, for ſome hours, the pleaſure I taſted while I dwelt there. Was I on that iſland, my pleaſing reveries might be more conveniently enjoyed; but if I can imagine myſelf there, is it not the ſame thing? It is frequently more; for in addition to abſtract and monotonous contemplation, I join every charming idea that could vivify the ſcene. Real objects frequently eſcape my ſenſes, during theſe extacies; but the more profound my reveries, the more expreſſively they repreſent ideal ones. I am frequently in the midſt of theſe delights, and they appear even more charming than

when

when on the iſland of Saint Pierre I actually beheld them.

The misfortune is, that as imagination cools they are repreſented with more difficulty, and are of ſhorter duration—Alas! 'tis when we are about to quit this mortal covering, that we are moſt embarraſſed with it!

SIXTH WALK.

SCARCELY have we a mechanical propenſity whoſe cauſe might not be traced in our hearts, if we knew how to ſearch for them. Yeſterday, in paſſing the new Boulevard, to herbalize along the ſide of the Biévre, next to Gentilly, I turned to the right, on approaching the *Barriere d'Enfer*, getting into the country on the road to Fontainbleau, and gaining the heights which border that little river. This walk was very indifferent in itſelf: but recalling to my memory that I had often mechanically

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taken the ſame route, I ſought within myſelf for the cauſe, and could not help laughing on the diſcovery of it.

In one corner of the Boulevards, as you paſs the *Barriere d'Enfer*, a woman is daily ſtationed, during the ſummer, who ſells fruit, ptiſan and ſmall loaves. This woman has a ſon, an agreeable boy, but lame, who hobbling on his crutches, aſks charity of the paſſers by with a tolerable good grace. I ſcraped a kind of acquaintance with this little fellow, and he never failed to pay his compliments as I paſſed by, which was always followed by my little gratuity. At firſt I was pleaſed to ſee him, beſtowed my mite willingly, and continued to do ſo for ſome time with unabated ſatisfaction, often liſtening to, and exciting his little prattle, which I found very entertaining. This pleaſure became habitual, and found itſelf by degrees, I know not how, transformed into a kind of duty, which I ſoon felt the weight of, and particularly, as in the preliminary harangue, which one muſt liſten to, he never failed to call me repeatedly Monſieur Rouſſeau, to demonſtrate that he knew me; but which informed me, on the contrary, that he knew me no better than thoſe who had inſtructed him. From that time I paſſed this ſpot leſs willingly,

and, at length, mechanically got into the habit of taking a round when I approached this croſsway. On reflection, I diſcovered the reaſon of my conduct, for nothing of all this had diſtinctly occurred till now.

This obſervation recalled ſucceſſively a multitude of others, which confirmed me in the opinion, that the true and primitive motives of the greater part of my actions, are not ſo clearly perceived by myſelf as I had ſuppoſed them. I know and feel, that to do good is the trueſt happineſs that the human heart can experience; but this happineſs has been long ſince out of my reach, and it is not in ſo miſerable a ſtate as mine, that I can hope to ſelect one ſingle action that would be productive of real good. The greateſt care of thoſe who govern my fate having been, that every thing in reſpect to me ſhould bear a falſe deceitful appearance, a ſeeming virtuous motive, is no more than a lure, which they preſent in order to lead me into that ſnare which they have ſet to entangle me. I am fully ſenſible of this, and alſo that the only good remaining in my power is to abſtain from acting, for fear of doing ill, without intending or knowing it.

I have

I have known happier moments, when following the emotions of my heart, I could ſometimes beſtow content on others; and I owe myſelf the honourable teſtimony, that whenever I could enjoy that ſatisfaction, I found it more delightful than any other. This inclination was lively, true, pure, and nothing in my moſt ſecret thoughts ever contradicted it, though I have frequently felt the weight of thoſe benefits I conferred, by the chain of obligations they drew after them. On theſe occaſions the pleaſure diſappeared, and I no longer found in the continuation of my favours, that charm which had before delighted me; but inſtead of it, a moſt inſupportable conſtraint.

During my ſhort-lived proſperity numbers had recourſe to me, and never, in any ſervice I could render them, did I once refuſe my aſſiſtance; but thoſe firſt benefits, beſtowed in the full effuſion of my heart, forged chains of ſucceſſive engagements which I could not foreſee, and whoſe weight I could not ſupport. My firſt ſervices were, in the opinion of thoſe who received them, an earneſt of many which were to follow, and whenever any unfortunate circumſtance threw on me the grapple of a benefit received, it was all over with me; this voluntary and free gift eſtabliſhed an indiſputable

debt in all thoſe emergencies which might occur hereafter, without inability itſelf being a ſufficient excuſe ; and thus a very pleaſing and rational enjoyment, was, in time, transformed into a burthenſome obligation.

These chains, however, did not ſeem very heavy to me while the public remained ignorant of them, and I lived in obſcurity ; but when once my writings had made my perſon known (a great fault, doubtleſs, but more than expiated by my misfortunes) I became the univerſal reſort of the unfortunate, or thoſe calling themſelves ſuch, of all adventurers who ſought a dupe, and of all thoſe who under cover of the great credit they pretended to attribute to me, endeavoured to profit by my eaſineſs. It was then I had occaſion to experience that every natural propenſity, not excepting even benevolence itſelf, when carried to extremes, and practiſed in ſociety without prudence or diſcrimination, change their nature, and frequently become as dangerous as they would be uſeful under proper regulation. So many cruel experiments altered my diſpoſition by degrees ; or rather, confined it within proper limits, teaching me to follow my inclination of doing good leſs blindly, or deny aſſiſtance, when it only ſerved to favour the wickedneſs

ednefs of others. But I do not regret thefe mortifications, fince they procured me, by reflection, new lights on the knowledge of myfelf, and on the true motives of my conduct in a thoufand particulars, in which I had been ufually deceived.

I have found, that in order to do good with fatisfaction to myfelf, it is neceffary I fhould act with freedom; that the pleafure a virtuous action fhould beftow, is loft when once it becomes a duty, and that the preffure of obligation is fufficient to convert the moft pleafing enjoyment into an intolerable burthen. This conviction has greatly modified the opinion I long fince had entertained of my own virtue; for there is none in following our inclinations, and doing good, becaufe it procures us fatisfaction; but in vanquifhing our propenfities when duty demands it, ever acting as that prefcribes, which I have known lefs how to perform than any man in the world.

Born with a feeling and virtuous heart, carrying pity and commiferation even to weaknefs, my foul exulting in every act of generofity, I was humane, benevolent, and charitable, from inclination, and even through the influence of the paffions; my heart alone being interefted. I fhould have been

the beſt and moſt merciful of men, had I been the moſt powerful, and to have extinguiſhed in my breaſt every deſire of vengeance, it was only neceſſary to have put revenge within my reach. I ſhould have been juſt without conſtraint, though in oppoſition to my intereſt; but, to the diſadvantage of perſons dear to me, I could never reſolve to be ſo. When my duty and heart were at variance, the former ſeldom gained the victory, unleſs forbearance alone was neceſſary, then I was frequently ſtrong; but to act from duty in oppoſition to inclination, I found impoſſible. Let duty, or even neceſſity, command, when my heart is ſilent my inclination is alſo deaf, and I cannot obey: I ſee the evil that threatens, and let it arrive, inſtead of attempting to prevent it; I ſometimes make an effort, but it preſently tires me, and I find it impoſſible to perſevere. Among the things I might eaſily perform, what I cannot do with pleaſure, I find it in vain to attempt. Yet more; conſtraint, though in inſtances which naturally accord with my diſpoſition, is ſufficient to deaden, and convert them into repugnance, or even averſion, if it acts too ſtrongly: this it was that rendered painful the good actions required of me, though I ſhould have performed them freely had they been undemanded. Unconſtrained benevolence is what I love to beſtow;

ſtow; but when thoſe who have received it, pretend to extort a continuation, under pain of their hatred, and make out an obligation of ever continuing a benefactor, becauſe I once took pleaſure in being ſuch, from that moment conſtraint arrives, and inclination vaniſhes. What I then give into, is from weakneſs, or falſe ſhame; good will no longer ſubſiſts, and, far from applauding, I even reproach myſelf for acting thus in oppoſition to my feelings.

I know there is a kind of contract, and even of the moſt reaſonable kind, ſubſiſting between the benefactor and the obliged: it is a ſort of ſociety which they form with each other, more cloſely connected than that which generally unites mankind. If the perſon obliged engages himſelf to gratitude, the benefactor engages, in the ſame degree, to preſerve for the other, as long as he ſhall remain worthy of it, that good will he has thought fit to demonſtrate, and to renew thoſe acts of beneficence as often as his abilities will permit, and they ſhould be required of him: theſe are the expreſs conditions and natural effects of that compact which is eſtabliſhed between them. The perſon who refuſes the firſt favour demanded of him, gives no right of complaint to the perſon refuſed; but he

who will not repeat a favour formerly granted, frustrates a hope himself has authorized, deceiving and defeating an expectation he at first gave rise to. This refusal is thought more unjust and harsh than the first would have been, though equally proceeding from that independence which the soul loves, and which it cannot renounce without difficulty. When I pay a debt, I fulfil a duty; when I bestow a gift, I procure myself a satisfaction: the pleasure attending the former arises from habitual virtue, that which attends the latter is a spontaneous effect of nature, and of an inferior quality.

After so many melancholy experiments, I have learned to foresee the consequences which would result from following the first impulse of my feelings, and have frequently abstained from a good action I had both will and ability to perform, from a dread of the obligation it might hereafter draw upon me, if I gave into it inconsiderately. I was not always sensible of this fear; on the contrary, in my youth, I generally became attached to those who received obligations from me, and frequently experienced a return of affection, founded more on gratitude than interest. But things have changed their appearance in this particular, as in most others,

others, ſince the commencement of my misfortunes. From that time I have lived as in a new generation, which bears no reſemblance to the former; and my opinion in regard to others has experienced as great a change as their's can poſſibly have done in reſpect to me. The very people I was acquainted with in the former, appear quite different in this latter generation, and (to uſe the expreſſion) have aſſimilated into it. Formerly, open, frank, and generous; then, as they now are, having changed with the times, and acted like the reſt. How, then, can I maintain the ſame opinion for thoſe who have adopted ſentiments quite contrary to thoſe which gave riſe to it? I do not hate mankind, becauſe I cannot feel hatred; but it is impoſſible to refuſe them that diſdain they merit, or refrain from expreſſing my diſapprobation.

Perhaps a greater change than was neceſſary has taken place even in myſelf, without my being ſenſible of it; but what man could remain unaltered in a ſituation ſimilar to mine, convinced by twenty years experience, that all the happy diſpoſitions Nature had implanted in my heart, were turned by my deſtiny, or the contrivance of thoſe who direct it, to the prejudice of myſelf or others, and

can no longer look on a good action demanded of me, but as a ſnare under which ſome certain miſchief is concealed? I am convinced, that whatever the effect might be, I ſhould no leſs have the merit of my good intentions; but the interior charm is no more, I feel nothing but indifference and apathy, for being perſuaded, that inſtead of doing a uſeful action, I am only duped, indignation and ſelf-love join the diſapprobation of my reaſon, inſpiring repugnance and averſion, inſtead of that candour and zeal I ſhould have felt in my natural ſtate of mind.

There are adverſities which elevate and ſtrengthen the ſoul, but there are others which deaden and depreſs it, and of theſe I am the prey. Had there been any bad leaven in my ſoul, the fermentation might have been raiſed to exceſs, and made me frantic; but in my preſent ſituation, it has only rendered me of no uſe in the world, being incapable of doing a good action for myſelf or others. I, therefore, abſtain from the endeavour; and this ſtate, which is only innocent becauſe unavoidable, makes me experience a kind of pleaſure in giving wholly, without reproach, into the natural indolence of my diſpoſition. I doubtleſs go too far when I avoid every occaſion of acting, even where

I ſee

I see nothing but good can result from it; but, convinced that I am not permitted to view things as they really are, I abstain from judging by appearances, and whatever lure is thrown over any arguments for acting, their being put in my way, is sufficient to convince me they are fallacious.

Even from infancy, my destiny seems to have spread the first snare which so long since rendered me liable to fall into others. Born the most credulous of men, during a period of forty years, my natural confidence was never once deceived: Falling suddenly among a different order of beings, I gave into a thousand snares without once suspecting them, and twenty years experience has scarcely sufficed to acquaint me with my fate. At length, convinced that the demonstrations of regard and friendship they lavished on me, were only falsehood and deceit, I passed rapidly to the opposite extreme; for when once we have quitted the natural bias of our inclinations, no bounds contain us. From that time, I was disgusted with mankind, and my will, coinciding with their's in this respect, held me at a greater distance from the world than all their machinations.

Do all they can, my repugnance can never amount to averſion. When I conſider the dependance under which they have placed themſelves to me, that I might remain equally dependent on them, they inſpire me with real pity. If I am not unhappy, they are ſo, nor do I ever contemplate this ſubject, without finding their condition truly lamentable. Pride, perhaps, has ſome influence over my own feelings; conſcious ſuperiority forbids my hatred; they may excite my diſdain, but it can go no farther; in ſhort, I love myſelf too well to admit of hatred for any one; that would be cloſing, contracting my exiſtence, which I rather wiſh to extend over the whole univerſe.

I had much rather fly than hate mankind. Their aſpect ſtrikes my ſenſes, and through them my heart, with impreſſions which a thouſand cruel circumſtances render painful; but the uneaſineſs ceaſes the moment the object that cauſed it diſappears. While preſent, I think of them in ſpight of myſelf, but never by means of recollection, and when abſent they are as if they did not exiſt.

They are only indifferent in what relates to myſelf; for when others are concerned, they yet inte-

reſt

reſt and move me, like the characters of a drama which I ſee repreſented on the ſtage; for to render juſtice indifferent to me, my moral being muſt be annihilated. Scenes of injuſtice and wickedneſs yet make my blood boil with anger, while acts of virtue, in which neither affectation or oſtentation appear, make me even tremble with delight, and draw tears of ſatisfaction from my eyes. But then it is neceſſary I ſhould ſee and be convinced of their reality, ſince after what I have experienced, truſting report, or the judgment of others, would be madneſs.

If my perſon and features were as much unknown to mankind as my diſpoſition and temper, I ſhould yet live quietly among them, and their ſociety might even be pleaſing, while I remained a perfect ſtranger. Given up without conſtraint to my natural inclination, I ſhould yet love them, if they never troubled themſelves with me, ſhould exercife a univerſal and perfectly diſintereſted benevolence, and, without forming any particular attachment, or bearing the yoke of any duty, would do for them, freely, all they have taken ſo much pains to incite by their ſelf-love, or enforce by their laws, dictated by vanity, and purſued with ſeverity.

If

'If I had remained free, obſcure, and alone, placed in the ſituation Nature deſigned me for, I ſhould have done nothing but what was right, for my heart bears not the ſeeds of any miſchievous paſſion. Had I been inviſible and powerful as the Almighty, I ſhould have been benevolent and good like him: it is power and freedom that make good men, weakneſs and ſlavery never made any but wicked ones. Had I been in poſſeſſion of Gyges's ring, it would have removed me from dependence on mankind, and have made them dependent on me. When in my air built caſtles, I have frequently aſked myſelf what uſe I ſhould make of this ring? For a temptation to abuſe is very nearly allied to the power. Maſter of ſatisfying my deſires, every thing within my reach, without a poſſibility of being deceived by any one, what could I have deſired beyond it? Only one thing: that would have been, to ſee all hearts content: the appearance of univerſal felicity being alone able to inſpire my ſoul with permanent happineſs, while the ardent deſire to encreaſe it, had been my moſt conſtant paſſion. Juſt without partiality, and good without weakneſs, I ſhould equally have ſecured myſelf from blind diſtruſt or implacable hatred; becauſe, ſeeing mankind as they really are, and reading the very bottom of their hearts, I ſhould

have

have found none amiable enough to merit all my affection, few odious enough to deserve all my hatred, or whose wickedness itself did not dispose me to pity, by a certain knowledge of the misery they procured themselves, while endeavouring to inflict it on others. Perhaps, in my moments of gaiety, I should have felt a childish inclination for acting prodigies; but perfectly disinterested for myself, needing no law beyond my natural benevolence, and for one act of severe justice, should have done a thousand of clemency and equity. Minister of Providence, and dispenser of its laws according to my will, I should have performed more useful and sagacious miracles than those of the Golden Legend, or the tomb of St. Médard.

There is but one single circumstance in which the power of penetrating every where invisible could have drawn me into temptations which I might not have resisted, and once engaged in these wanderings, whither would they have conducted me! I must be little acquainted with the nature of my own heart to flatter myself that these facilities would not have seduced, or that reason would have with-held me in this fatal inclination. Sure of myself in every other instance, by this I should have spoiled all. Whoever is endowed with a

power

power ſuperior to mankind, ſhould alſo be above the weakneſs of humanity, without which, that exceſs of ſtrength would, in effect, only ſink him below the moſt feeble, or what he would actually have been had he remained their equal.

Every thing conſidered, I believe I had better throw away my magic ring, before it has made me commit ſome folly.

If men determine to ſuppoſe me the reverſe of what I really am, and the ſight of me encreaſes their injuſtice, it is my wiſeſt way to ſhun, but not to be eclipſed among them. Let them ſtudy arts to conceal their contrivances; let them ſhun the light of day, and bury themſelves in the earth like moles, or let them look on me if they pleaſe; ſo much the better; but that they cannot do, they will never ſee any but the J. J. of their own imagination, faſhioned at their will, to be hated at their pleaſure. I ſhould do wrong, therefore, to intereſt myſelf in the fate of this ideal being, ſince it is not me they ſee under this form.

The concluſion I draw from all theſe reflections is, that I was never formed for civil ſociety, where all is conſtraint, obligation and duty, my natural

love of independence ever rendering me incapable of the subjections necessary to those who wish to live well with mankind. While I act freely, I am good, and do nothing but what is right; but the moment I feel the yoke imposed, either by necessity or the will of mankind, I become rebellious, or rather stubborn and useless; for when called on to act against inclination, let what will be the consequence, performance is impossible; nay, from weakness, I neglect even what my inclinations call me to. I abstain from acting, for in that my incapacity is conspicuous; my strength is merely negative, my very sins being of omission, rarely of commission. I ever imagined that the liberty of man consisted in doing whatever he felt an inclination for; but never supposed it consistent with being forced to do what is disagreeable. An exemption from this is what I have ever claimed, frequently preserved, and by asserting my right to it, have most offended my cotemporaries: an active, artful, ambitious race, who detest liberty in others, nor desire it for themselves; provided they sometimes have their will, or rather are permitted to controul the will of others; who would suffer constraint during the whole term of their existence, act in a manner repugnant to their inclinations, and omit nothing that is servile, to obtain command.

mand. Their wrong does not consist in excluding me as a useless member of society, but in proscribing me as a pernicious one: I have done very little good, I confess, but no ill, that never having once accorded with my inclination; and I question whether any man in the world has really done less than myself.

SEVENTH WALK.

HARDLY have I began this collection of my copious reveries, yet I am already sensible that I draw near the conclusion of it. Another amusement succeeds, absorbs, and even deprives me of opportunity to contemplate and give into my design. This inclination has acquired an ardour which almost reaches to extravagance, nor can I refrain from laughing when I reflect on it; yet even that does not restrain me, for in my present situation, I have but one rule for my conduct, which is, to follow my inclination freely. I cannot change my fate; I have only innocent inclinations; hereafter the opinions of mankind will be immaterial,

immaterial, and wiſdom itſelf preſcribes that I ſhould pleaſe myſelf with every thing that remains within my reach, whether in public or alone, having no rule but my fancy, no bounds except the little ſtrength I have remaining: behold me then, confined to a vegetable diet, and fully employed in botanical reſearches.

I was already advanced in years, when I took the firſt inclination for this ſtudy, while with the Doctor of Invernois, in Switzerland. I herbalized with ſufficient ſucceſs during my travels to acquire a tolerable knowledge of the vegetable kingdom; but having paſſed the age of ſixty, finding my ſtrength inſufficient for extenſive botanical reſearches, and being likewiſe ſufficiently occupied with copying muſic to require no other employ, I deſerted my herbal, ſold my books, and was content with inſpecting thoſe common plants I found in my walks about Paris. During this interval, the little I had learned almoſt entirely eſcaped my memory, with more eaſe and expedition than it had been placed there. Now that I am turned of ſixty-five, deprived of the little memory I once poſſeſſed, and ſtrength to ramble about the country, without books, without garden, and even without a common herbal; behold me once more

ſuddenly ſeized with this folly, with more ardour than I felt for it on the firſt attack, and ſeriouſly undertaking to learn by heart the whole *Regnum Vegetabile* of Murray, and to get acquainted with all the various plants on the habitable globe.

Unable to purchaſe a freſh collection of botanical books, I have ſet about tranſcribing thoſe I borrow, and reſolve to begin a herbal more copious than my former one, ſince I deſign it ſhall include all the productions of the ſea and Alps, with every tree in both the Indies. Meantime, I make ſure of the pimpernel, the chervil, borage, and groundſel, botanizing learnedly at the ſide of my bird-cage, and at every trifling plant I meet with, cry with ſatisfaction, "this is one herb more, however."

I ſhall not attempt to juſtify the reſolution I have taken of giving into this propenſity; though it is a very reaſonable one, in my opinion, ſince I am perſuaded, that to give up myſelf to thoſe amuſements which offer themſelves, is the wiſeſt thing I can do in my preſent ſituation, and even a great virtue; being a means of preventing any leaven of hatred and vengeance from taking root in my heart; for to find any taſte for pleaſure in cir-

cumſtances

cumſtances like mine, gives proof of a diſpoſition little ſubject to irraſcible paſſions; but it is my method of being revenged on my perſecutors, for I cannot inflict a ſeverer puniſhment than by being happy, notwithſtanding their endeavours to make me otherwiſe.

Yes, doubtleſs, Reaſon herſelf permits, nay even preſcribes, that I ſhould give into every harmleſs inclination; but ſhe does not inform me why this amuſement invites, or point out what attractions I can find in a vain ſtudy, purſued without profit or improvement, which recals me to the fatigues of youth and the exerciſes of a ſchool-boy, while weighed down by age and infirmities, and poſſeſſing neither activity or memory, This is a whimſicality I wiſh to inveſtigate, ſince I imagine it would throw ſome new light on that knowledge of myſelf, to which I have conſecrated my remaining leiſure.

I have ſometimes ſtudied profoundly, but ſeldom with pleaſure, almoſt always againſt inclination, and as it were by force. Reveries recreate and amuſe, but ſtudy fatigues and diſtreſſes me, thought being ever a painful and unentertaining occupation. Sometimes my reveries end in meditation,

tation, but more frequently my meditations convert to reveries; and during these wanderings my soul fleets lightly over the universe on the wings of imagination, wrapt with extacies which surpass every other enjoyment.

While I could indulge in the full extent of these ideal pleasures, every other occupation appeared insipid; but when once engaged in a literary career, by an impulse foreign to my disposition, I felt the fatigue of mental labour, and the importunity of an unhappy celebrity; while pleasing reveries grew cold and languid, my thoughts turning to the melancholy of my situation in spight of every effort to the contrary, and I could seldom enjoy any of those charming extacies, which during fifty years had supplied the want of fame and fortune, rendering me, in a state of indolence, without any other expence than that of time, the happiest of mortals.

Trees, shrubs and plants are the decoration and covering of the earth. What is more melancholy than the sight of a naked barren country, which presents the eye with nothing but stones earth and sand? but enlivened by nature, and cloathed in its wedding suit, in the midst of fragrant flowers, springs of water and the warbling of various birds, the earth

earth offers, in the concurrence and harmony of the the vegetable, mineral and animal kingdoms, a ſcene intereſting and full of charms, the only object in nature which can never weary the eye or heart.

The more ſenſibility the ſoul of a contemplative man poſſeſſes, the more it gives into the extacies excited by this concord: a pleaſing, and profound reverie takes poſſeſſion of his ſenſes, being loſt in the delicious intoxication and immenſity of this charming ſyſtem, with which he feels himſelf ſo intimately connected. Detached objects make no more impreſſion on him, he only ſees and feels the whole, and ſome particular circumſtance, muſt contract and circumſcribe his ideas, before he is enabled to enter on a partial obſervation of that univerſe, which his imagination is on the ſtretch to compaſs.

This is what naturally happened to me, when my heart, contracted by diſtreſs, concentered every impulſive motion about itſelf, in order to preſerve thoſe remains of heat which were almoſt evaporated and extinguiſhed by the melancholy into which it ſunk by degrees. I wandered careleſſly in the woods and over the mountains, not daring to think

for

for fear of encreaſing my ſorrows; while imagination, which, in me, recoils from painful objects, permitted my ſenſes to run into the light by pleaſing impreſſions produced by the ſurrounding ſcenes: my eyes wandered perpetually from object to object, nor was it poſſible in ſo great a variety but ſome ſhould have power to arreſt and amuſe them.

I conceived a fondneſs for this recreation of the ſight, which calms and amuſes the unfortunate, blunting the edge of their ſorrows. The nature of the objects which preſent themſelves, greatly aids this amuſement, and renders it more ſeducing. Odoriferous ſmells, brilliant colours, and the moſt elegant forms, ſeem to diſpute the right of fixing our attention. A love of pleaſure is alone ſufficient to make us give into thoſe delightful ſenſations, and if this effect does not take place in all thoſe who contemplate theſe charms, it is owing, in ſome, to natural inſenſibility, but generally proceeds from the mind being ſo much occupied with other concerns, that it only ſteals time for the conſideration of thoſe objects which immediately ſtrike the ſenſes.

Another reaſon which contributes to withdraw the attention of polite people from the vegetable kingdom

dom, is that custom of considering a collection of plants as so many drugs and medicines. Theophrastus thought differently on the subject; and this philosopher, who may be looked on as the only botanist of antiquity, is not much known among us: but thanks to a certain Dioscorides, a great compiler of recipes, and to his commentators, physic has taken such possession of plants, transforming them into simples, that those properties only are pointed out, which it is impossible to discover; that is to say, the pretended virtues which it pleases the generality of botanists to attribute to them. It is not conceived that the organization of vegetables can of itself merit our attention. People who pass their lives in learnedly arranging shells, ridicule botany as a useless study, unless accompanied, as they express it, by its application; that is to say, when one does not abandon the observation of Nature, which never lies, and is silent on this system, to give entire credit to the authority of men, who seldom speak truth, yet affirm a number of particulars that we must believe on their word, which is frequently founded on some borrowed authority. Stop in an enamelled meadow, examine successively the flowers that adorn it; those who observe you thus employed, supposing you are of the healing fraternity, will approach, and enquire what herbs are good to

 cure

cure the ſcald in children, the itch in men, or the glanders in horſes.

This diſguſting prejudice is partly deſtroyed in other countries, particularly in England, thanks to Linnæus, who has, in ſome meaſure, reſcued botany from the ſchool of pharmacy, reſtoring it to natural hiſtory and economical uſes; but in France, where this ſtudy has not become ſo general, they have remained ſo ignorant in this particular, that a Pariſian wit, being in the environs of London, and viewing a garden which belonged to ſome virtuoſo, exclaimed, as if that was the greateſt encomium that could be beſtowed on it, "What a charming garden for an apothecary!" According to this account Adam ſhould have been the firſt apothecary, for it is not eaſy to form an idea of a garden better ſtocked with plants than that of Eden.

Theſe medicinal ideas, certainly are not calculated to render the ſtudy of botany agreeable; they tarniſh the enamel of the meadows, cauſe the vivid dyes of the flowers to fade, and wither the freſhneſs of the groves, rendering their ſhades and verdure not only inſipid but diſguſting. All thoſe charming and beautiful ſtructures which continually preſent themſelves, are nothing to thoſe who only wiſh

to pound them in a mortar; and who would ſeek or imagine garlands for ſmiling ſhepherdeſſes, among the ingredients for a gliſter.

But an idea of pharmacy never damped my rural pleaſures, nothing being more diſtant from my thoughts, than diet-drink and plaiſters. I have often thought, while conſidering the fields, vineyards, woods, and their numerous progeny attentively, that the vegetable kingdom was a plenteous magazine of food, beſtowed by nature on man and animals; but it never ſtruck me to ſeek for drugs and medicines there, nor do I ſee any thing in thoſe various productions which indicates ſuch a deſtination, and certainly Nature would have pointed out the uſe, had they been intended for this purpoſe, as ſhe has done reſpecting what is proper for food. I am ſenſible that the pleaſure I feel in wandering through the groves would even be embittered by an idea of human infirmities, and would utterly vaniſh if once I began to conſider fevers, the ſtone, gout or epilepſy. I do not mean, however, to diſpute the great virtues attributed to vegetables, and ſhall only add, that ſuppoſing theſe virtues real, it is ſheer malice in any perſon to continue ill, ſince there is not a ſingle malady incident to man, but may be radically cured by twenty different kinds of herbs.

That turn of mind which is ever connected with perſonal intereſt, making us ſeek every where for profit or relief, but would incline us to look on all nature with indifference if we were in health and affluence, never governed me. I feel myſelf in that particular, quite contrary to other men, ſince every thing that bears any reference to the conſideration of my wants, ſaddens and depraves my ideas; nor could I ever find any real charm in the pleaſures of the mind, but when they were entirely independent of perſonal intereſt. Had I, then, ever ſo much confidence in phyſic, and the practice was in itſelf ever ſo agreeable, I could never apply to it, or experience in the ſtudy, thoſe pleaſures which flow from a pure and diſintereſted contemplation, ſince my ſoul could not expand and enjoy the works of Nature, while I felt it confined by the bonds of mortality.

Without ever having much faith in medicine, I have put great confidence in phyſicians, whom I have eſteemed, and loved, having truſted them with the abſolute management of my bodily health. Fifteen years experience has informed me to my coſt, what concluſion I ſhould draw; and returning again to the ſimple laws of Nature, I have, through them, regained my former health: If the

phyſicians,

physicians, therefore, had no other quarrel against me, who can wonder at their animosity? I am a living proof of the vanity of their art, and the inutility of their prescriptions.

No, nothing personal, nothing that is connected with interested views, can truly employ my soul. I never meditate so delightfully as when freed in the fullest sense from every regard to myself; then I experience extacies, enjoyments inexpressible; it is then, that rushing as it were into the great system of beings, I assimilate with universal Nature. While I considered mankind as my brethren, I formed plans of terrestrial happiness; and these projects, being relative to all, I could only be happy in public felicity; the idea of private, detatched advantage, never having reached my heart till I saw mankind seek theirs in my misery: then, if I would avoid hating, I found it was necessary to shun them; taking refuge, therefore, with our common mother, I sought in her arms to sustain myself against the attacks of her children; I became a solitary, or according to them an unsociable misanthrophist because I thought the wildest retreat preferable to the society of depraved mortals, who are only nourished with treasons and malice.

Abſtaining from thought, leſt the remembrance of my misfortunes ſhould obtrude in ſpight of all my efforts to the contrary; obliged to ſuppreſs the remains of a chearful, though now languiſhing imagination, which ſo many ſorrows might at length depreſs; reduced to the neceſſity of endeavouring to forget mankind, who endeavour to overwhelm me with ſcandal and indignity, leſt indignation ſhould at length convert my thoughts into bitterneſs againſt them; I cannot concenter my whole exiſtence within myſelf, ſince my expanſive ſoul ſeeks to extend its ideas and faculties to other objects; nor can I ruſh blindfold into the vaſt ocean of nature, becauſe my weakened and relaxed intellects, no longer find objects within their reach ſufficiently fixed and powerful to ſuſtain them. I have not ſtrength to wade through the chaos of my former extacies, my ideas are now ſcarce any thing but ſenſations, and the ſphere of my underſtanding is not ſuperior to the objects which immediately ſurround me.

Shunning mankind and ſeeking ſolitude, fancying little, thinking leſs, yet, notwithſtanding, endowed with a lively temper, which preſerved me from a languiſhing and melancholy apathy, I began to find employment in what ſurrounded me, and, by

by a very natural inſtinct, gave the preference to the moſt agreeable objects.

The mineral kingdom has in it nothing amiable and attractive; its riches, incloſed in the boſom of the earth, ſeem to be hidden from the ſight of man that they may not tempt his avarice, being there as in reſerve, to ſupply one day the place of thoſe true riches that are more within his reach, for which he loſes the inclination in proportion as he becomes corrupt; then muſt he call induſtry, pain and labour to the aid of his ſorrows, he digs in the bowels of the earth, ſearches to the center at the riſk of life and the expence of health, for imaginary treaſure, inſtead of the real wealth, which was freely offered, while he knew how to employ it: he ſhuns the ſun and buries himſelf alive!—he does well, being no longer worthy to enjoy the chearful light of the day. From thence, quarries, pits, forges, furnaces, with all the apparatus of anvils, hammers ſmoke and fire, ſucceed to the pleaſing images of rural labour. Squalid features, unhappy wretches who languiſh in the infectious vapour of the mines, ſooty forges, hideous cyclops, are the objects and inhabitants which the mines ſubſtitute in the bowels of the earth, for that of verdure flowers, the

azure ſky, amorous ſhepherds and robuſt labourers, who, live and are happy on its ſurface.

It is eaſy, I confeſs, to gather ſand or ſtones, to fill our pockets and cabinets with them, and on the ſtrength of theſe collections to aſſume the air of a naturaliſt; but thoſe who attach and bound their reſearches to this kind of collections, are, in general, wealthy dunces, who ſeek no farther than the pleaſure of arranging and making a ſhow of them. To profit by the ſtudy of minerals, it is neceſſary to be both a chymiſt and a phyſician, to make painful and expenſive experiments; working in laboratories, ſpending much time and money among coals, crucibles, furnaces, and alembics, in ſuffocating vapours and ſmoke; always at the riſk of life, and frequently at the expence of health. From all this inſipid and fatiguing labour, reſults, in general, more pride than knowledge, for even the moſt indifferent chymiſt will imagine he has penetrated into the great myſteries of Nature, becauſe chance, perhaps, has taught him a few combinations of that art.

The animal kingdom is more within our reach, and certainly merits much better to be conſidered; but this ſtudy has likewiſe its difficulties, embar-

raſſments,

raſſments, diſaſters, and troubles, particularly for a ſolitary, who has no one to make obſervations for him, or to aſſiſt his labours. How ſhould I obſerve, diſſect, ſtudy, and underſtand the birds of the air, fiſh in the waters, quadrupeds fleeter than the wind, and ſtronger than man, who are not more diſpoſed to offer themſelves for my examination, than I am able to overtake or make them ſubmit by force! I muſt then have recourſe to ſnails, worms, and flies; paſs my life, and ſpend my breath, in running after butterflies, impaling poor inſects alive, diſſecting mice, when I could catch them, or the dead carcaſes of animals which I might find by chance.

The ſtudy of animals is nothing without anatomy; it is by that we are taught to conſider their genus, and to claſs and diſtinguiſh their various ſpecies. In order to ſtudy their manners and characters, aviaries, reſervoirs, and menageries, would be neceſſary; they muſt be conſtrained, by ſome contrivance, to continue within reach of my obſervation; but I have not the means to keep them in captivity, nor activity enough to follow them in their ſpeed while in a ſtate of freedom; I muſt, therefore, ſtudy them when dead, ſeparate their bones, and turn at leiſure their palpitating entrails!

 trails!

trails! What an aſſemblage does an anatomical amphitheatre exhibit!—Stinking bodies, putrid and livid fleſh, blood, loathſome entrails, hideous ſkeletons, and peſtilential vapours!—It is not among ſuch objects, I promiſe you, that J. J. will ſeek amuſement.

Beautiful flowers, enamelled meadows, refreſhing ſhades, brooks, groves, and verdure, come and purify my imagination, ſoiled by theſe hideous objects. My ſoul, dead to all lively emotions, can, henceforth, only be affected by ſenſible images; I have no longer any thing but ſenſations, and through thoſe alone can feel pain or pleaſure here below. Attracted by the ſmiling objects which ſurround me, I conſider, contemplate, compare, and at length learn to claſs them: behold me, then, on a ſudden, as much a botaniſt as is requiſite for any perſon to be, who only wiſhes to ſtudy Nature, that he may diſcover perpetual ſources of delight. I do not ſeek inſtruction, it is too late; beſides, I have never found that profound ſcience contributed to the happineſs of life; but I ſeek to procure myſelf pleaſing and innocent amuſement, which I may enjoy without conſtraint, and which, meantime, beguiles my misfortunes. I neither run into expence or trouble while wandering care-

lefsly from herb to herb, from plant to plant, examining and comparing their various characters, and noting their affinity or difference; in fhort, while I obferve vegetable organization follow, in a manner, the courfe and play of thefe living machines, feek (fometimes fuccefsfully) their general laws, the reafon and end of their different ftructures, I give myfelf up to the charms I feel, in a grateful admiration of that Power, who beftows on me the enjoyment of fo many wonders.

Plants appear to have been fown upon the earth in the fame profufion that ftars are planted in the firmament, and equally invite man, by the attractions of pleafure and curiofity, to the ftudy of Nature; but the ftars are placed far from us, and need preliminary ftudies, inftruments, machines, immenfe ladders, (if I may ufe the expreffion) to place us where we may underftand them. Plants are naturally within our reach, they fpring up under our feet, and even in our hands: if the minutenefs of their conftituent parts are fometimes imperceptible to the naked eye, the inftruments neceffary to difcover them are more eafily obtained and applied, than thofe requifite in the ftudy of aftronomy. Botanical objects are moft proper to an indolent folitary, a needle and magnifying glafs being all the

 apparatus

apparatus neceſſary to conſider them; he wanders freely from one object to another, viewing each flower with pleaſing curioſity; and when he begins to underſtand the ſtructure and uſe of their various parts, enjoys a ſatisfaction, purchaſed without care or labour, yet as pure and lively as if obtained with the utmoſt difficulty.

There exiſts in this idle occupation a charm that is not to be experienced except in the full calm of the paſſions, which alone ſuffices to render life pleaſing and happy; but the moment a motive of intereſt or vanity mingles with it, whether you ſeek to obtain a place, or write a book; if you ſtudy in order to inſtruct, and herbalize only to become author or profeſſor, all its attractive charms vaniſh, and plants, being no longer conſidered but as inſtruments of our paſſions, no more real pleaſure can reſult from the ſtudy of them. Our end then, is not to gain knowledge, but to make others ſenſible of our acquirements; and while in the wood, or on the hills, conſidering ourſelves as on the theatre of the world, we are employed with the idea of being admired. Others contract botany within the narrow bounds of the garden or cabinet, and inſtead of obſerving vegetables in their natural ſtate, are only buſied with ſyſtems and rules,

rules, furniſhing eternal ſubjects of diſpute, which are not calculated to make one ſingle plant better underſtood, and conſequently can throw no light on the natural hiſtory of the vegetable kingdom. From thence ariſes that hatred, and thoſe jealouſies, which an emulation for fame excites among botanical authors more than thoſe of any other claſs: thus, taking this pleaſing ſtudy from its native ſeat, they have tranſplanted it into cities and academies, where it is ſure to degenerate, like exotic plants in the gardens of the curious.

Very different diſpoſitions have concurred to render this ſtudy a kind of paſſion to me, which occupies the void of thoſe I no longer feel. I climb the rocks and mountains, deſcend into the vallies and woods, to withdraw myſelf as much as poſſible from the remembrance of man, and the purſuits of the wicked. It appears to me, that when ſhaded by a foreſt, I am forgotten, free and peaceful as though I had no longer any enemies, or that the leaves ſhield me as much from their attempts, as they put them from my remembrance; ſuppoſing, in my folly, that as I no longer think of them, they no longer think of me; and I find ſo great a pleaſure in this illuſion, that I ſhould give into it entirely,

entirely, did not my ſituationa weakneſs and wants, forbid me.

The more profound the ſolitude in which I now live, the more do I feel that ſome objects are neceſſary to fill up the void, and thoſe which imagination denies, or that my memory repulſes, are ſupplied by thoſe ſpontaneous productions, which the earth, in her uncultivated ſtate, offers to my view in every direction. The pleaſure of ſeeking in the deſert for new plants, conceals the pain of flying from my perſecutors, and when I light on any ſpot where I can diſcover no trace of human footſteps, I breathe at eaſe, as in an aſylum where their hatred cannot overtake me.

I ſhall never, during my whole life, loſe the recollection of a herbalizing I one day made on the ſide of the Robaila, a mountain belonging to the *Juſticier Clerc.* I was alone, exploring the hollows and chaſms of this mountain, from wood to wood, from rock to rock, when, at length, I diſcovered a retreat ſo truly concealed, that never in my life did I behold ſo wild and romantic a ſcene. Black firs were mingled with prodigious beech trees, ſeveral

of

of which had fallen with age, and croſſing each other, ſhut up this retreat as with an impenetrable barrier. Through ſome opening of this dreary enclosure, the eye was preſented with craggy peaked rocks and horrible precipices, which I dared not caſt a look at, without, laying down with my face to the ground. The horned owl, the raven, and the oſpray, ſcreamed from the clefts of this mountain, while ſome ſmall birds, ſcarce but familiar, tempered the horror of the ſolitude. There I found the notched *heptaphyllos*, the *ciclamen*, the *nidus avis*, the greater *laſerpitium*, and ſome other plants, which delighted and amuſed me for ſome time; but inſenſibly governed by the forcible impreſſion made on me by ſo many ſtriking objects, I forgot my botany, and ſeating myſelf on a bed of *lycopodium* and moſs, began to contemplate at my eaſe, ſuppoſing I was in a retreat unknown to the whole world, and where my perſecutors could never find me. A ſentiment of pride was mingled with this reverie; I compared myſelf to thoſe great voyagers who diſcover deſert iſlands, and ſaid, with ſelf-complacency, "doubtleſs, I am the firſt mortal who ever penetrated this retreat," regarding myſelf as another Columbus. While I was indulging this idea, I heard, at ſome ſmall diſtance, a kind of clattering noiſe, which ſeemed familiar to

me;

me; I liſten—the noiſe is repeated and encreaſed Surprized, and curious, I roſe haſtily, and crept through the buſhes, on that ſide from which the ſound proceeded; when, in a thicket, not twenty paces diſtant from that retreat which I thought no one but myſelf had ever diſcovered, I perceived— a ſtocking manufactory!

I cannot expreſs the confuſed and contradictory agitation I felt in my heart on this diſcovery. My firſt ſenſation was an involuntary joy at again finding myſelf among mortals, when I had ſuppoſed myſelf totally alone; but this emotion, more rapid than lightning, ſoon gave place to a melancholy and more laſting reflection, which was, that I could not poſſibly hide myſelf, even among the cliffs of the Alps, from the cruel ſearch of men, who would delight to torment me; for I was well convinced, there was not, perhaps, two people in this manufactory, but what were initiated into the combination of which that ſorry preacher Montmollin was the chief, who drew his hearers from a much greater diſtance. I haſtened to drive away this diſagreeable idea, and concluded this adventure by laughing at my ridiculous vanity, and the whimſical manner in which it had been puniſhed.

But who would have expected to find a manufactory on the edge of a precipice? Indeed, there is no ſpot in the world which exhibits ſuch a mixture of uncultivated nature and human induſtry, as Switzerland; the whole country, to uſe the expreſſion, is nothing but one great city, whoſe ſtreets, longer and wider than thoſe of St. Antoine, are adorned by foreſts, or ſeparated by mountains, and whoſe ſtraggling lonely dwellings, only communicate by a kind of Engliſh gardens. While on this ſubject, I recollect another botanical excurſion that Du Peyron, Deſcharny, Colonel Pury, the Juſticier Clerc and myſelf, had taken ſome time before on the mountain of Chaſſeron, from whoſe ſummit ſeven lakes may be perceived. We were informed there was but one houſe on this mountain, and certainly we ſhould never have divined the profeſſion of its inhabitants, if our informer had not added, he was a bookſeller, who even gained a very comfortable ſubſiſtence in this country.* A ſingle trait of this kind throws a greater light on Switzerland than all the deſcriptions of travellers.

I ſhall

* It was doubtleſs the reſemblance of names which cauſed M. Rouſſeau to apply the anecdote of this bookſeller to Chaſſeron inſtead of Chaſſeral, another very high mountain on the frontiers of the principality of Neufchatel.—*Fr. Editor.*

I ſhall relate one more of the ſame kind, which tends to characterize a very different people. During my reſidence at Grenoble, I made many little botanical excurſions out of the city with the Sieur Bovier, an attorney of that country; not that he loved or underſtood botany, but having undertaken to be my companion, he ſcarcely quitted me a moment. One day, as we were walking by the ſide of the Iſere, in a ſpot covered with thorny willows, I ſaw ſome ripe fruit on theſe ſhrubs, which I had the curioſity to taſte, and finding an agreeable aſcidity, began eating it by way of refreſhment. The Sieur Bovier was by my ſide, but neither ſpoke to me, nor followed my example; when one of his friends coming up, and ſeeing me gather theſe berries, exclaimed, "Sir! 'what are you doing? Do you not know that fruit is poiſonous? "This fruit poiſonous!" replied I with ſurpriſe. "Without doubt," anſwered he, "and every one is ſo well aware of it, that not a ſingle perſon in the country, will taſte it." I looked at the Sieur Bovier, and ſaid, "Why did not you inform me of this? "Ah! Sir," replied he, reſpectfully, I did not dare to take that liberty." I laughed heartily at his provincial humility, but diſcontinued my collation, though I was then perſuaded, as I am yet, that every natural production which is

agreeable to the palate cannot be pernicious, unless taken to excess; however, I confess I took some care of myself for the remainder of the day; but felt no ill effect from this fruit, except a little inquietude; I supped well, slept better, and rose the next morning in perfect health, after having swallowed the day before fifteen or twenty berries of this terrible *hippophæe*, of which a very small dose certainly poisons, as every one assured me the day following at Grenoble. This adventure appeared so ridiculous, that I never recollect it without laughing at the singular discretion of the lawyer Bovier.

My botanical excursions, the local impressions of various objects which have struck me in them, the ideas they gave rise to, and the incidents that occurred, were mingled together, and have left impressions which are renewed by the sight of those plants I then used to gather. I shall no more behold the beautiful landscapes, forests, lakes, groves, rocks, and mountains, whose aspect has ever touched my heart; but though I can no longer stray through those happy regions, I have only to look over my collection, and I am immediately transported thither, the very fragments of plants which I gathered at that time, being sufficient to

make me recollect thoſe magnificent ſpectacles. My collection is, therefore, to me, a journal of botanical excurſions, which brings them back to my memory with new charms, and, producing the effect of a camera, delineates them as preſent to my ſight.

It is this concatenation of ideas which attaches me to botany, by recalling to my recollection all thoſe images that are moſt delightful; the meadows, waters, woods, and ſolitudes, but more particularly the peace and repoſe enjoyed among them are by this means retraced inceſſantly on my memory. This makes me forget the perſecutions of mankind, the hatred, diſdain, wrongs, and all the injuries with which they have repaid my tender and ſincere attachment to them. This tranſports me into peaceful habitations, among innocent and worthy people, like thoſe I was formerly accuſtomed to. It recalls my youth and harmleſs pleaſures, making me again enjoy them; and often renders me happy, though plunged by Fate into the moſt melancholy ſituation that ever mortal experienced.

EIGHTH WALK.

MEDITATING on the difpofitions of my foul, in every fituation of life which I have paffed through, I am extremely furprized at the difproportion I perceive between the different combinations of my deftiny, and the habitual conceptions of good and evil with which they have affected me. The feveral intervals of my fhort-lived profperity have fcarcely left one permanent agreeable remembrance of the manner in which I enjoyed them, while, on the contrary, during the greateft miferies of my life, I conftantly experienced the moft tender fentiments, which, though affecting, were delicious; thefe, fhedding a falutary balm on the forrows of my wounded heart, feemed to convert grief into enjoyment, and the amiable remembrance of thofe pleafing fenfations, frequently returns, unaccompanied by thofe forrows that formerly attended them. It appears to me that I have given more into the pleafure of my exiftence, and more truly lived, when the peculiarity of my fate had concentered all my feelings, as it were, about my own heart, than when they evaporated outwardly,

wardly, in purſuit of thoſe objects which merit ſo little in themſelves, yet conſtitute the whole felicity of thoſe we think moſt happy.

When all was right around me, when I was content with every thing, and ſatisfied with the ſphere I was to occupy, I filled it with my affections, while my expanſive ſoul, extending itſelf to other objects, was perpetually attracted by a thouſand different inclinations, and by amiable attachments, which continually employed my heart: in theſe ſituations I forgot myſelf in ſome meaſure, thinking principally on what was foreign to me, and experiencing in the continual agitation of my feelings, all the viciſſitude of earthly things. This exquiſite ſenſibility left me neither inward peace, nor outward repoſe; happy in appearance only, I had not a ſingle ſentiment that could have borne the proof of reflection, or with which I could truly have been content. Never was I perfectly ſatiſfied either with others or myſelf; the tumult of the world made me giddy, ſolitude wearied me, I perpetually wiſhed for a change of ſituation, and met with happineſs in none. Meantime, I was entertained well, and careſſed every where; I had not a ſingle enemy, none who bore me ill will, none that were envious, every one ſought to oblige me, and I frequently

frequently had it in my power to oblige others. Without wealth, employment, or flatterers; without any diſplay or reputation of particular talents, I enjoyed every advantage that could have reſulted from them all, and ſaw no one in a ſituation which I thought preferable to my own. What then was wanting to make me happy? I cannot anſwer this; but I am fully ſenſible I was not ſo. What additional misfortune is wanting at this time to make me the moſt miſerable of mankind? Nothing that human malice can add; yet in this deplorable ſituation, I would not change my being and deſtiny with the moſt fortunate among my perſecutors; but would rather be myſelf in the midſt of theſe misfortunes, than any of thoſe who figure in all the glare of proſperity. Cut off from every connection, my ſoul muſt nouriſh itſelf on its own ſubſtance; but ſhe is not exhauſted, though I ruminate on a void, if I may be allowed the expreſſion, my clouded imagination and faded ideas no longer furniſhing ſufficient aliment to my heart, while my ſoul dimmed and obſtructed by the weakneſs of its bodily organs, ſinks daily under the weight of them, having no longer ſtrength ſufficient to free itſelf, and dart as heretofore from its aged and feeble covering.'

This

This entering into ourſelves, is what we are naturally forced to by adverſity, and this, perhaps, renders it ſo inſupportable to the generality of mankind: for my part (who have only weakneſſes to reproach myſelf with) I eaſily find conſolation, for never did premeditated evil approach my heart: Yet, unleſs I was fortified by ſtupidity, how could I contemplate my ſituation, though but for a ſingle moment, without ſeeing it in all its horrors, and ſinking under the weight of grief and deſpair? Far from that, though the moſt feeling of beings, I conſider it unmoved, and without ſtruggle or effort, nay almoſt with indifference, ſee myſelf in a ſtate which no other man, perhaps, could ſupport the idea of without the utmoſt perturbation.

How did I acquire this inſenſibility? For I was very far from this peaceful diſpoſition when I firſt opened my eyes on that plot which had been ſo long enſnaring me in ſecret. I was inſtantly overwhelmed with this new diſcovery: infamy and treaſon fell on me unawares, for what honeſt ſoul could be prepared for ſuch attacks, ſince they muſt be merited to be foreſeen? When I found myſelf entangled in the ſnares they ſpread for me, indignation, fury, and delirium took poſſeſſion of my heart; I knew not how to act, my head was

giddy;

giddy; while in the fearful obſcurity into which they had plunged me, I could diſcover no light to direct, no ſupport or hold, whoſe help I might rely on, to reſiſt the deſpair which threatened to overwhelm me.

'How could I hope for happineſs or peace in this dreadful ſituation! yet, though I ſtill continue in it, and am even plunged deeper than ever into this fearful abyſs, I have found tranquility and eaſe, am happy and chearful, laughing ſometimes at the perpetual torments which my perſecutors are giving themſelves, while I am content, and ſo employed with flowers, ſtamina, and childiſh amuſements, that I do not even think of them.

But how was this change produced? Naturally, inſenſibly, and without effort. The firſt ſurprize indeed was dreadful.——I who felt myſelf worthy of love and eſteem; I who thought myſelf honoured and reſpected, as I deſerved to be, found myſelf on a ſudden transformed into the moſt fearful monſter, ſuch a one, indeed, as never exiſted. I ſaw a whole generation precipitate itſelf into this unreaſonable opinion, without explanation, doubt, or ſhame, and even without my being able to learn the cauſe of this ſtrange revolution. At firſt I

ſtruggled violently, and did but entangle myſelf the more, I wiſhed to force my perſecutors to ſome explanation; but they took care not to ſatisfy me in this particular. After having a long time tormented myſelf to no purpoſe, it was neceſſary to take breath; meantime, I ſtill hoped, and ſaid to myſelf, "ſo ſtupid a blindneſs, ſo abſurd a prejudice, cannot long influence the whole human race; there are men of ſenſe who will not ſhare this delirium, there are upright minds who deteſt traitors and impoſture, I will ſeek them; at length, ſurely, I ſhall find a man, and if I meet with one, the reſt will be confounded." I ſought in vain, I found none; the combination was univerſal, without exception or difference, and I am reduced to a certainty of concluding my days in this horrid proſcription, without ever being able to penetrate the myſtery.

It is in this deplorable ſituation, after long and dreadful agonies, that, inſtead of deſpair, which ſeemed my inevitable portion for ever, I once more found ſerenity, tranquility, peace, and even happineſs; ſince each day of my life I recall the occupations of the preceding one with pleaſure, and deſire no variation for to-morrow.

From

From whence proceeds this difference? From one ſingle circumſtance, which is, that I have learned to bear the yoke of neceſſity without murmuring. Formerly I was attached to a thouſand things, all which connections have been rent aſunder ſucceſſively, and I am reduced to depend on myſelf, and adopt my own plan for happineſs. Now that I am preſſed on all ſides, I maintain my equilibrium, becauſe, no longer attached to any thing, I depend on myſelf alone.

When I ſtruggled with ſo much ardour againſt public opinion, I ſtill bore its yoke, though I did not perceive it; for while I entertained an advantageous idea of mankind, or at leaſt of a part of them, the opinions they might form could not be indifferent to me. I had frequently found that the judgment of the public was very equitable; but did not then perceive that this equity was the effect of chance, or that the rules on which their opinions are founded were drawn from their paſſions or prejudices, and that even when they judge uprightly, it frequently ſprings from a bad principle; ſince they may pretend to honour the merit of another, not from a love of juſtice, but to give themſelves an air of impartiality, that they may calumniate the ſame man, on other ſubjects, more ſecurely.

But when, after long and vain experiments, I found every one, without exception, remained in the most cruel and absurd system that infernal malice ever invented; when I saw that, in respect to me, reason was banished from all heads, and equity from all hearts; when I found a frantic generation given up without reserve to the blind furor of its guides, against an unfortunate being who never did, wished, or attempted harm against any one, it was time to lay aside my lanthorn, and exclaim, "There are none such as I sought for!"

From that time I began to consider myself as alone upon the earth, and that my cotemporaries were, in regard to me, but mechanical beings, who acted by mere impulsion, and whose actions could only be calculated by the laws of motion. Whatever intention, whatever passions I might suppose in their souls, these would never explain their conduct on my account, in any manner that I could comprehend. Their interior dispositions, therefore, cease to be of any consequence to me; since I no longer consider them in any other light than machines, moving in various directions, but destitute, in regard to me, of all good or moral reflection.

In all the evils that befall us, we look more to the intention than the effect. A tile falling from a houſe may wound us more, but does not vex us half ſo much as a ſtone thrown from an ill-deſigning hand; the blow, indeed, may fail, but the intention never miſſes its mark. Corporeal ſufferings are leaſt felt amid the ſtrokes of adverſe fortune; and when the unhappy know not on whom to charge their ſufferings, they attribute them to Deſtiny, whom they perſonify on this occaſion, and ſupply with eyes and underſtanding, that he may be in a capacity to torment them wilfully. Thus it is with the gameſter, who, enraged with his loſſes, is in a fury, though he knows not with whom; he, therefore, imagines a Fate maliciouſly tormenting him, and thus, giving food to his paſſion, becomes enraged and exaſperated againſt an enemy himſelf has created; but a wiſe man, who only views the misfortunes which happen to him as the ſtrokes of blind Neceſſity, has not theſe unreaſonable agitations: he complains in his affliction, but without heat or paſſion, he only feels the actual pain of thoſe evils which aſſail him; the ſtrokes he receives may ſlightly wound his perſon, but not one of them can reach his heart, or in the leaſt remove the early impreſſion of a religious and virtuous education.

It requires much labour to arrive thus far, but this is not all; if we ſtop there, we only cut off the evil, but leave the root behind, and this root is not implanted in others, but in our own boſoms, from whence we muſt endeavour to eradicate it. This I was perfectly ſenſible of when my recollection returned, my reaſon pointing out nothing but abſurdity in all the explications I had given to my ſufferings, being ſoon convinced that the cauſes, inſtruments, and means of all this, were unfathomable, inexplicable, and ought to be regarded with indifference; in ſhort, that I ought to conſider my whole deſtiny as ſo many acts of pure fatality, in which neither plan, intention, nor moral cauſe exiſted; that I ſhould ſubmit without murmuring or uneaſineſs, ſince both were utterly unavailing; that all I had now to do on earth, was to look on myſelf as a being merely paſſive, and that I ſhould not waſte that ſtrength in uſeleſs ſtruggles againſt my fate, which was given me in order to ſupport it. This is what I thought both my reaſon and heart acquieſced in; yet I felt the latter ſometimes complain. From whence aroſe this murmur?—I ſought, and found the cauſe: it aroſe from ſelf-pride, which having been irritated with mankind, roſe up alſo againſt the conviction of reaſon.

This

This diſcovery was not ſo readily made as ſome may imagine; for an innocent, perſecuted man, is apt to miſtake affection to his own perſon for a pure love of juſtice; but when once the true ſource is diſcovered, it may eaſily be ſtopped, or at leaſt turned into its proper channel. Self-eſteem is the ſtrongeſt incentive to elevated ſouls: ſelf-pride, fertile in illuſions, often diſguiſes itſelf, and is miſtaken for the former; but when once the fraud is diſcovered, the danger ceaſes; for though it is difficult to eradicate it entirely, it may eaſily be kept in ſubjection.

I was never much inclined to ſelf-pride, but this factitious paſſion encreaſed with me in the world, particularly after I commenced author: I had leſs of it, perhaps, than many others, but yet I had a prodigious quantity. The terrible leſſons I received, preſently confined it within juſt bounds. This reformation began by a ſimple diſlike of injuſtice, and concluded by a thorough diſdain of it: then, relying on the integrity of my own heart, and ſtriking off thoſe exterior relations which render ſelf importunate, by renouncing all compariſons and preferences, this paſſion was reduced again to ſelf-eſteem, reſumed its natural courſe, and has delivered me from the yoke of opinion.

From this time my ſoul regained its peace, and almoſt its felicity; for in whatever ſituation we may find ourſelves, it is through the mind only that we can be completely miſerable; when that is compoſed, and we liſten to the voice of Reaſon, ſhe conſoles us for all thoſe woes which it was not in our power to avoid, and even annihilates them, when they do not immediately act upon us, ſince we are certain to eſcape their ſharpeſt ſtings, the inſtant they ceaſe to employ our attention; the moſt diſtreſſing ſituations being nothing to thoſe who do not think of them. Offences, revenge, over-reaching, outrages, or injuſtice, loſe their force with thoſe who, in the evils they experience, ſee only the actual injury, without conſidering the intention, and whoſe ſelf-eſteem does not depend on that opinion it pleaſes others to beſtow on their actions. In whatever light men think fit to view me, they cannot change my being, and, in ſpight of their power or dark intrigues, I ſhall continue, let them do what they pleaſe, to remain preciſely what I am. It is certain that their behaviour, in reſpect to me, influences my real ſituation; the barrier they have placed between themſelves and me, cutting off all reſource, ſubſiſtence, or relief, which my old age and wants require, renders even money uſeleſs, ſince it cannot procure me thoſe

ſervices which are neceſſary. There is neither commerce, reciprocal truſt, or correſpondence between me and mankind; alone in the midſt of them, I have no reſource but myſelf, and that is a very weak one at my age, eſpecially in the ſtate to which I am reduced. Theſe ſorrows are undoubtedly great; but they have loſt their force with me, ſince I have learned to bear them without anger. The ſituations in which real want is felt, are not very numerous; foreſight and imagination multiply them, and it is this continuity of ſenſation, which cauſes our inquietude and unhappineſs. For me, it is in vain that I am ſenſible I ſhall ſuffer to-morrow, it ſuffices to render me content, that I do not ſuffer to day. I am not affected with the evils I foreſee, but only with thoſe I feel, which reduces my portion of ſuffering to very little. Alone, ſick, and abandoned in my bed, I might die with want, cold, and hunger, without any perſon concerning himſelf about it; and, provided I remain unmoved, and as little affected as the reſt, of what conſequence is all this? But is it nothing, particularly at my age, to view life and death, ſickneſs and health, riches and poverty, glory and defamation, with equal indifference? Other old men are uneaſy about every thing, while I am regardleſs of all; nor is this indifference the effect of my own

 wiſdom,

wiſdom, but of the malice of my enemies, and is a compenſation for the ills they have dealt me; for by rendering me inſenſible to the ſtrokes of adverſe fortune, they have done me more ſervice than if they had left me free from its attacks; ſince never having experienced adverſity, I ſhould continually have dreaded its approach, but now that it is vanquiſhed, I can fear it no more.

This ſtate of mind reſtores me, in the midſt of all the croſſes of life, to the enjoyment of my natural diſpoſition, almoſt as compleatly as if I lived in the higheſt proſperity, except during thoſe ſhort intervals, when I am recalled by the preſence of ſome particular object to the moſt melancholy inquietudes. At other times, given up to the guidance of my inclinations, of the affections which moſt attract me, my heart yet nouriſhes itſelf by the indulgence of thoſe ſentiments for which it was formed, and I enjoy and partake of them, with the imaginary beings my fancy creates, as though all theſe things really exiſted: nay, they do exiſt for me who create them, and I neither fear they ſhould betray or abandon me; they will exiſt while Memory holds her ſeat, or Reaſon maintains her empire; they will endure while my miſeries remain, and ſuffice to make me forget them.

Every

Every thing concurs to bring me back to that peaceful and happy ſtate for which Nature deſigned me. I paſſed three-fourths of my time, either employed with inſtructive and even agreeable objects, to which I give up my mind and ſenſes with pleaſure, or with thoſe ideal beings my fancy forms according to my heart; a commerce with whom, yet keeps its feelings and affections alive: if not thus employed, alone, and content with myſelf, I already experience that happineſs which I am conſcious is due to me. In all this, ſelf-love does the whole work, ſelf-pride is of no account. It is not thus in thoſe melancholy moments which I yet ſometimes paſs among men, the dupe of their treacherous careſſes, their falſe deceitful compliments, and honied malignity: however I endeavour to ſuppreſs it, ſelf-pride then prevails, and the hatred and animoſity I perceive in their hearts, through every weak concealment, tears mine with keeneſt ſorrow; while the idea of being taken for ſo groſs a dupe, adds to my grief a childiſh vexation, the fruit of this fooliſh pride, which, though I feel the ridiculouſneſs of, I cannot conquer. The efforts I have made to bear theſe inſulting and ſatirical looks unmoved, are amazing: a hundred times have I paſſed in the public walks, in order to accuſtom myſelf to theſe painful trials; but ſo far

from having been able to blunt my feelings, I could never advance a ſingle ſtep towards it, and all my vain efforts have left me as ſuſceptible of trouble and vexation as ever.

Governed by the ſenſes, notwithſtanding all my endeavours, I have never been able to reſiſt their impreſſions, and while the object continues to act upon them, my heart cannot ceaſe to be affected; but theſe fugitive afflictions laſt no longer than the ſenſation which gives riſe to them. The preſence of a malicious perſon affects me violently; but the inſtant he diſappears, the impreſſion ceaſes; he is immediately baniſhed from my memory, and if I am ever ſo well aſſured he is buſying himſelf about me, I cannot trouble myſelf about him. The evil which I do not actually feel does not in the leaſt affect me; and the perſecutor I do not ſee, can give me no concern. I am ſenſible of the advantage this diſpoſition gives to thoſe who rule my deſtiny; but let them diſpoſe of it at their pleaſure, I had rather they ſhould torment me without reſiſtance, than that I ſhould be forced to think of them, in order to avoid the efforts of their malice.

It is my ſenſes, acting thus immediately on my heart, that occaſion the ſole torment of my life:

In retreats where I ſee no one, I think no more of my misfortunes, no longer feel them, no longer ſuffer, but am happy and content, without obſtacle or interruption. At other times, I rarely eſcape ſome ſenſible attack, and frequently when I leaſt expect it: a geſture or malicious look that I obſerve, an envenomed word that I hear, or an adverſary I chance to meet with, ſuffices to overthrow me. All I can do in theſe caſes is to forget and fly from theſe affronts as faſt as poſſible; my pain vaniſhes with the ſubject that cauſed it, and calmneſs reſumes it place the moment I am alone, or if any thing then diſturbs my peace, it is a fear of meeting in my way ſome new object of inquietude. This is my principal concern; but this is ſufficient to embitter my happineſs: I lodge in the midſt of Paris; in going from my houſe, I ſigh for the country and ſolitude; but I have a conſiderable way to go before I can breathe at eaſe, and in this ſpace I encounter a thouſand objects which wound my heart, and half the day paſſes in agonies, before I can find the wiſhed aſylum, happy if at length I am permitted to reach it. The moment I eſcape the ſight of injurious man is delicious, and when I find myſelf under the trees, ſurrounded by verdure, I think myſelf in a terreſtrial Paradiſe, enjoying as

lively an interval of pleaſure as the happieſt of mortals can experience.

I perfectly remember that during my ſhort-lived proſperity, the very ſame ſolitary walks, now ſo delightful to me, were inſipid and wearifome. When I happened to be at any one's houſe in the country, the neceſſity of uſing exerciſe, and breathing a freer air, made me frequently go out alone; then, eſcaping like a thief, I wandered in the park, or about the country; but far from finding the pleaſing calm I experience at preſent, I carried with me the vain agitation that employed me in the houſe, the remembrance of the company I quitted purſued me even to my ſolitude, while the vapours of ſelf pride, ſeemed to tarniſh the freſhneſs of the groves, and diſturb the quiet of my retreat. It was in vain that I fled to the receſſes of the woods, an importunate crowd followed me every where in idea, and all nature faded in my ſight; nor was it till ſince I have been detached from ſocial paſſions, and their melancholy train, that I have found her again in all her charms.

Convinced of the impoſſibility of reſtraining theſe powerful involuntary emotions, I have ceaſed to attempt it. At every freſh attack, my blood ferments, while rage and indignation immediately take

take possession of me; I therefore give up to Nature this first explosion, which all my strength could not overcome. I only endeavour to prevent the effects they might produce, if left to themselves; meantime my eyes sparkle, my features are agitated, I feel a universal trembling and suffocating palpitations; all these proceed from physical causes, and depend on constitution, nor can any effort of reason conquer them; but after having given way to this first transport, we may re-obtain the government of ourselves, and recover our senses by degrees. I attempted this a long time without success; but at length more happily, when ceasing to exhaust my strength in vain resistance, I waited the moment that reason might govern, to vanquish my weakness, for she never speaks but when she may be heard. Alas! what do I say? until reason might govern! I should do wrong to bestow on her the honour of this triumph, in which she has no share; all this is the effect of a versatile disposition, which an impetuous wind sometimes agitates, but which resumes it native calmness the moment this hurricane ceases to blow: it is my natural ardour which catches the momentary agitation, it is my natural indolence which as instanteously appeases me. I give into every present impulse, each shock occasions a violent emotion; but the cause vanish-

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ing, the effect ceafes: nothing communicated is laſting, and all the events of fortune, all the machinations of man, can have but little hold on a being thus formed.

To afflict me with laſting pain, it would be neceſſary to renew the impreſſion every moment, for intervals, however ſhort, are ſufficient to reſtore me to myſelf. I am what it pleaſes men to make me, while they continue to work on my ſenſes; but in the firſt inſtant of relaxation, I am again what Nature deſigned me. To this point, therefore, notwithſtanding all endeavours to the contrary, I moſt conſtantly return; and in this ſituation, even in deſpight of fate itſelf, enjoy that happineſs for which I feel myſelf peculiarly formed. I have deſcribed this ſtate in one of my former reveries, which ſuits me ſo well, that I wiſh for nothing during its continuance, and fear nothing but to ſee it diſturbed. I am not in any manner affected with the evils mankind have heaped on me, the fear of what they may yet do, is alone capable of giving me the ſmalleſt agitation; but convinced they have no new contrivance by which they can permanently affect me, I laugh at their inventions, and enjoy myſelf in ſpight of their malignity.

NINTH WALK.

HAPPINESS is a permanent condition, which does not ſeem deſigned for man, while here below. Every thing on earth is in a ſtate of continual fluctuation, which will not permit any thing to maintain a conſtant form. Every object with which we are ſurrounded changes; we are equally mutable, nor can any man be certain he ſhall love to-morrow what he loves to-day: thus all our plans for happineſs in this life, are purely chimerical. Let us, then, prize contentment, whenever it offers, let us beware how we baniſh it by our own folly, neither let us embarraſs ourſelves with forming projects to enſure its continuance, ſince ſuch projects, are certain follies. I have ſeen few men, perhaps none, in a ſtate of happineſs; but I have ſeen many content, and of all the objects that ever ſtruck me, it is that which conveys the greateſt ſatisfaction to my heart, and I believe this is a natural conſequence of the great power of involuntary ſenſation on my internal feelings.

Happineſs has no particular outward ſign to diſcover itſelf by; we muſt be able to view the heart before we can be certain who are truly happy; but contentment is to be read in the eyes, the converſation, the accent, the manner, and ſeems to communicate itſelf to him that perceives it. Can there be a greater pleaſure than to ſee a whole people given to the enjoyment of a holiday, every heart expanding with the exhilerating rays of pleaſure, which paſs joyfully, but rapidly amid the clouds of life?

Three days ago, M. P. came with extraordinary haſte to ſhew me an eulogy on Madame Geoffrin, by M. D. The reading was preceded by repeated burſts of laughter on the ridiculous phraſes this piece contained, and the ſilly play on words with which he ſaid it abounded. Still continuing to laugh, he began reading, while I liſtened with a ſerioufneſs, which (on obſerving that I did not imitate him) calmed his levity. The longeſt and moſt laboured article of this piece turned on the pleaſure Madame Geoffrin took in ſeeing children, and exciting their harmleſs prattle. The author drew from this, and with reaſon, the proof of an amiable diſpoſition; though he did not ſtop here, but directly accuſed thoſe who had not the ſame

taſte

taste, with evil dispositions, and wickedness. He maintained this so far, as to assert, that if all the malefactors who are taken to the gallows or the wheel, were interrogated on that subject, they would universally agree in confessing, they had never loved children. These assertions appeared very singular in the situation they were placed in; for supposing all this true, was it necessary to soil the praise due to an estimable woman, with disgusting images of executions and malefactors? I easily understood the true motive of this paltry affectation, and when M. P. had finished reading this piece, after praising what I thought worthy, I added, that the author had less friendship than hatred in his heart when he wrote it.— The next day, the weather being fine, though cold, I took a walk as far as the military school, expecting to meet with some moss in full bloom. During my walk, I reflected on the visit of the preceding evening, and on the work of M. D. in which I could not believe the far-fetched episode I have before remarked, could be placed there without design. The affectation of bringing this trifle to me, from whom they usually conceal every thing, was sufficiently expressive of their meaning. I had sent my children to the Asylum; this was sufficient to make me pass for an unnatural father;

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from thence, extending and exaggerating the idea, they had deduced, as a neceſſary conſequence, that I hated children. In following the gradations of this chain of thought, I admired with what art human induſtry may change white to black: for I do not believe that ever man loved better to ſee theſe little puppets play together, than myſelf, and frequently in the ſtreets or public walks, I ſtop to obſerve their little tricks and ſports, with a degree of intereſt which I never obſerved in any other perſon. The very day I was viſited by M. P. and not an hour before his arrival, I had received one from the two younger children of Souſſoi, my landlord; the eldeſt of whom might be about ſeven years old. They had embraced me ſo freely, and I had repaid their careſſes with ſuch tenderneſs, that notwithſtanding the diſparity of years, they ſeemed ſincerely ſatisfied with me, while I was tranſported with pleaſure to find that my aged figure had not diſguſted them: Even the youngeſt came to me ſo willingly, that more childiſh than they were, I felt myſelf moſt attached to him, and ſaw his departure with as much concern as if he had belonged to me.

I know that the reproach of having ſent my children to the Aſylum, has readily degenerated, with the

aſſiſtance

aſſiſtance of very little alteration, into that of being an unnatural father, and hating children; though it is certain that the fear of expoſing them to a deſtiny a thouſand times worſe, and almoſt inevitable by any other means, obliged me to take that ſtep. Had I been leſs concerned for what might become of them, not being in a ſituation to bring theſe children up myſelf, I ſhould have left them to their mother, who would have ſpoiled them, or to her family, who would have converted them into monſters—I even yet tremble to think of it! —What Mahomet made of Saide, is nothing to what would have been made of them in reſpect to me, and I am certain, from the ſnares which were afterwards ſpread for me on that account, that the project was formed. It is true, I was very far, at that time, from ſuſpecting theſe atrocious ſnares, but was then fully convinced that the education leaſt dangerous to them would be that of the Aſylum, and accordingly I placed them there. I ſhould do ſo again, and with leſs concern, was I in the ſame circumſtances; though I am convinced no father can feel more tenderneſs for his children than I ſhould have felt for mine, had habit in ſome degree aſſiſted Nature.

If

If I have made any progreſs in the knowledge of the human heart, it is to the pleaſure I have experienced in ſeeing and obſerving children, that I owe it. This ſame pleaſure, in my youth was rather an obſtacle, for I joined ſo gaily and heartily in their play, that I never thought of ſtudying their diſpoſitions; but as I grew old, and found they were alarmed at the ſight of my feeble frame, I abſtained from teazing them, rather wiſhing to deprive myſelf of a pleaſure, than to diſturb their joy; I therefore ſatisfied myſelf with obſerving their little tricks and ſports, and found a recompence for the ſacrifice I made of my ſatisfaction, by the lights theſe obſervations threw on the ſtudy of the firſt and genuine diſpoſitions of Nature, of which our learned men underſtand nothing. I have given ſufficient proof in my writings, of having too carefully and minutely attended to this ſtudy, not to have done it with pleaſure; for it muſt certainly appear the moſt incredible circumſtance in the world, that Eloiſa and Emilius ſhould have been written by a man who did not love children.

I never poſſeſſed either preſence of mind or facility of ſpeech, and ſince my misfortunes, both my tongue

tongue and head are ſtill more embarraſſed; the idea and expreſſion equally eſcape me, and nothing requires greater diſcernment, or a more proper choice of expreſſions, than a diſcourſe held with children. What augments this embarraſſment in me, is the interpretation and weight they give to every word that proceeds from a man who has wrote profeſſedly for children, and whoſe diſcourſe is ſuppoſed to have the weight of oracles for them. The conſtraint and inaptitude I feel on theſe occaſions, make me uneaſy and diſconcerted, and I ſhould be more at eaſe before an Aſiatic monarch, than before a child it was neceſſary to make prattle.

Another inconvenience, which I have already hinted at, puts me at a greater diſtance from children, and though, ſince my misfortunes I ſee them with the ſame ſatisfaction, yet I no longer enjoy an equal familiarity. Children do not love old-age; the ſight of decaying nature is hideous in their eyes: the repugnance I diſcover in their little faces overwhelms me, and I had rather abſtain from careſſing, than inſpire them with diſguſt; but this ſcruple is nothing to our modern philoſophers of either ſex. Madame Geoffrin was little concerned whether children were pleaſed with her or not, provided ſhe was amuſed with them; but to me, that

that enjoyment is nothing unleſs it is reciprocal, and I am no longer in an age or ſituation to ſee the hearts of children bound with pleaſure to meet mine; ſhould that ever happen again, the ſatisfaction, from its ſcarceneſs, would be more lively. I had a ſtriking proof of this the other morning, by the pleaſure I took in careſſing the little ones of Souſſoi; not only becauſe the preſence of the good nurſe who attended them laid me under no reſtraint, but particularly from the chearful air with which they accoſted me, and becauſe, during the viſit, they neither appeared weary, or diſpleaſed with my company.

Alas! could I yet experience ſome moments of real tenderneſs, proceeding from the heart, were it only from a child; could I once more obſerve joy and contentment in ſome eye, communicated by my preſence, for how many ſorrows and troubles would it atone, by the ſhort, but delightful effuſions my heart would experience; I ſhould not then be reduced to ſeek among animals that look of friendſhip which is denied me by mankind. I can judge the effect it would produce by a very few examples; but thoſe are ever dear to my memory. I will deſcribe one, that in any other ſituation would have been fogotten, and the impreſſion it made on me,

me, may furniſh ſome idea of the unhappineſs of mine.

Two years ago, having been walking towards *La Nouvelle France*, I turned to the left, and willing to extend my walk round *Montmartre*, croſſed the village of *Clignancourt*. As I walked along, thoughtful, and regardleſs of the ſurrounding objects, I felt ſomething claſp my knees, and immediately perceived it was a child of about five or ſix years old, clinging round them, who at the ſame time looked up ſo fondly and familiarly in my face, that I was greatly moved, ſaying to myſelf, "thus I ſhould have been treated by my own." I took the child in my arms, and after having kiſſed it ſeveral times, in a kind of tranſport, continued my way. I felt as I walked on that ſomething was wanting to compleat my ſatisfaction, and this obliged me to return. I reproached myſelf with having quitted the child ſo ſoon, thinking I had diſcovered in its manner a kind of inſpiration, which ought not to have been ſlighted. Giving into the temptation, I ran towards the child, embraced it again, and gave him money to buy ſome ſmall *Nanterre* loaves, a man who ſold them happening to be paſſing by. I began to make him talk; and on aſking who's ſon he was? he pointed to a man that was hooping

ſome barrels. I was juſt preparing to quit the child, in order to ſpeak to the father, when I was prevented by ſeeing a man whiſper him, who appeared to be one of thoſe ſpies who are ever at my heels. While this perſon was ſpeaking, I remarked that the cooper's eyes were fixed attentively on me, with no very friendly aſpect: this ſight contracted my heart in an inſtant, and I quitted both father and child, with greater expedition than I had returned to them; but with a ſenſation leſs agreeable, and which altered my whole chain of feelings. I have, notwithſtanding, frequently felt theſe ſentiments revive, and have often paſſed *Clignancourt*, in hopes of ſeeing this child again, but have never ſince met either with him or his father, and the only reſult of this encounter is, a lively remembrance, intermingled with that pleaſing melancholy which is natural to me in all thoſe emotions that penetrate my heart.

There is a compenſation in all things; if my pleaſures are ſhort and ſeldom occur, they are more lively when enjoyed, than if they were more frequent. I renew them, if I may ſo expreſs myſelf, by frequent recollections, and though ſcarce, if they were unmixed and pure, perhaps I ſhould experience more happineſs than I did in my greateſt

proſperity.

prosperity. In extreme poverty, a very little makes us rich; a beggar who picks up a crown piece is more affected with his good fortune than a rich man would be on finding a purse of gold. The world would laugh could they see into my soul, and view the impression the smallest pleasures of this kind make on it, when I can steal from the vigilance of my persecutors. Four or five years ago, a most pleasing incident presented itself, which I never recollect without delight, from having so well enjoyed it.

One Sunday I went with my wife to dine at Porte Maillot, after which we crossed the wood of Boulogne, as far as *La Muette*; there we sat ourselves down in the shade, waiting the decline of the sun, designing to return gently through Passy. Soon after, about twenty young girls, conducted by a kind of nun, arrived at the same place: some seated themselves on the grass, while others played round about us. During their play, a man with wafers passed by, furnished with his drum and his lottery-board, seeking for customers. I soon perceived that the young lasses longed for the wafers, and two or three of them, who had, I suppose, some farthings in their pockets, asked leave to play. While the governess was hesitating and disputing

on this point, I called the man to me, bidding him let the young ladies draw once each, and I would pay for them. This command inſpired ſo much pleaſure throughout the whole company, that the ſight of it would more than have repaid me had I emptied my purſe for that purpoſe. As I ſaw their haſte occaſioned confuſion, with the permiſſion of the governeſs, I ranged them all on one ſide, making them paſs to the other as they drew. Though there were no blanks, and each muſt at leaſt get one wafer, which would prevent entire diſcontent, yet I privately took an opportunity of bidding the man uſe his ordinary dexterity in a contrary ſenſe, ſo as to beſtow as many prizes as poſſible, and I would pay the difference. By this means near a hundred wafers were diſtributed among them, though they drew but once each, for on that ſcore I was inexorable, neither favouring thoſe who were leaſt fortunate, or ſhowing any preference that might raiſe diſcontents. My wife prevailed with thoſe who had good lots to ſhare them with their comrades, by which means the prizes were nearly equal, and the joy univerſal.

I entreated the nun to draw in her turn, though dreading to have my offer diſdainfully refuſed; but ſhe accepted it with pleaſure, drawing like the penſioners;

ſioners, and taking her lot cheerfully. I reſpected her for this conduct, looking on it as a kind of politeneſs fare preferable to any airs of affectation. During this ſport, ſome diſputes aroſe, which were brought before my tribunal, at which theſe little ones pleaded in their turns, giving me an opportunity to obſerve, that though none of them were pretty, the gentility of ſome obliterated the idea of their want of beauty.

At length we ſeparated, extremely well ſatisfied with each other, and this afternoon was one of thoſe which I recollect with the greateſt ſatisfaction. The amuſement was not a very expenſive one, ſince for thirty ſous, which was the moſt it coſt me, I had a hundred crowns worth of content; ſo true it is that pleaſure does not depend on extravagance, and that joy is as readily purchaſed by pence as pounds. I went ſeveral times to this place, in hopes of meeting the ſame little company, but was never fortunate enough to do ſo.

This recalls to my memory another amuſement of the ſame kind, but much farther back. It was during that unhappy period, when familiar with the rich and men of letters, I was ſometimes conſtrained to partake of their melancholy amuſements.

ments. I was at *La Chevrette*, at a feſtival occaſioned by the birth-day of its owner: all the family were aſſembled to celebrate it, with every kind of noiſy entertainment; neither ſhows, feaſting, or fireworks, were omitted; there was hardly time to breathe; it was all giddineſs, without amuſement. After dinner, we took a walk in the avenue, where a kind of fair was kept. The villagers were dancing: the gentlemen condeſcended to dance with the country maids; but the ladies maintained their dignity. There were people here who ſold gingerbread: a young gentleman took it in his head to buy ſome, and throw it piece by piece among the crowd; and all the company were ſo delighted to ſee the clowns ſcramble, fight, and overthrow each other in queſt of it, that every one was eager to contribute towards the ſport. Gingerbread, therefore, flew in every direction, while men and maids, running, falling, and laming each other, offered a moſt charming amuſement to the ſpectators. Though not really pleaſed as they were, I did like the reſt, from a principle of falſe ſhame; but ſoon weary of emptying my purſe in order to lame my fellow-creatures, I quitted the good company, and walked alone through the fair. The variety of objects that preſented themſelves amuſed me for a conſiderable time: among others, I perceived

I perceived five or ſix Savoyard boys round a young girl, who had about a dozen pitiful apples yet remaining in her baſket, which ſhe would willingly have parted with; but the Savoyards could not muſter above two or three farthings among them all, and theſe were inſufficient to make the deſired purchaſe. This baſket was to them the garden of the Heſperides, and the young wench the dragon that guarded this precious fruit. The farce amuſed me for ſome time; at length, I concluded it by buying the apples, and diſtributing them among the boys. I then enjoyed the moſt pleaſing ſpectacle that can flatter the heart of man, that of ſeeing joy, united with the innocence of youth, ſpread itſelf all around me, for the ſpectators, in contemplating, ſhared it; but I who purchaſed it ſo cheaply, had the additional pleaſure of feeling it was my own work.

In comparing this amuſement with that I had juſt quitted, I felt, with ſatisfaction, the difference between real inclination and natural pleaſures, and thoſe that ſpring from opulence, which are engendered by deriſion and diſdain; for what amuſement ſhould be derived from ſeeing a number of our fellow-creatures, greedy through poverty, overthrowing, choaking, and brutally laming each other,

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from eagerneſs to pocure ſome morſels of ginger-bread, which had been trampled on, and were co-vered with duſt?

For my part, when I reflect on the kind of vo-luptuouſneſs I have enjoyed on various occaſions, I find it conſiſted leſs in ſentiments of benevolence than in the pleaſure of contemplating happy faces. That ſight has, indeed, to me a charm, which, though it penetrates my heart, appears to riſe en-tirely from animal ſenſation; for if I do not ſee the ſatisfaction I beſtow, though fully convinced of its reality, it does not give me half the plea-ſure. This is to me even a diſintereſted enjoy-ment, which does not depend on the part I take in it; for in public holidays, the pleaſure of contem-plating a number of happy faces, has ever attracted me. This pleaſure has often been fruſtrated in France, for that nation, who pretend to ſo much gaiety, ſhew little of it in their ſports. Formerly I oftent went to the Guinguettes, to ſee the poorer ſort of people dance; but theſe dances were ſo aukward, and their behaviour and countenances ſo dull and melancholy, that I always left them ra-ther wearied than amuſed; but at Geneva, and in Switzerland, where mirth and laughter do not continually evaporate in malignant tricks, every

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thing breathes contentment and gaiety in their public entertainments. The hideous aſpect of poverty is baniſhed, neither does pride ſhow its inſolence; but good-will, friendſhip, and concord, diſpoſe all hearts to cheerfulneſs. Frequently, in the tranſports of innocent joy, ſtrangers accoſt, embrace, and invite each other to ſhare the pleaſures of the day. In order to enjoy theſe pleaſing ſports, it is not neceſſary I ſhould be actually engaged in them; let me but ſee, and I am certain to partake of the jollity; and among ſo many contented faces, I am convinced there would not be found one heart more happy than my own.

Though this is a pleaſure ariſing only from ſenſation, it has certainly a moral cauſe, and what is a proof of this, the ſame objects, inſtead of delighting, wound me with grief and indignation, when I am convinced that theſe expreſſions of ſatisfaction and pleaſure on the faces of the miſchievous, are only ſigns that their malice is accompliſhed. An appearance of innocent joy is the only kind that delights my heart; cruel, ſatirical mirth, overwhelms and afflicts it, though I am not the object of its malignity. Theſe ſymptoms, certainly, are not exactly the ſame, ariſing from ſuch different principles; yet they are equally the marks of ſa-

tisfaction, and the perceptible difference cannot be proportionate to the emotions which they excite in me.

Expressions of sorrow and pain affect me even yet more powerfully, to a height which I cannot sustain, without being agitated with emotions more lively than those which occasioned them. Imaginations adds to the acuteness of my feelings, and incorporates me with the suffering person, frequently inflicting greater torments than himself endures. A discontented face is another sight I cannot support, particularly if I think the cause bears any reference to myself: I cannot tell how many crown pieces the lowring, ill-natured looks of the footmen who waited have forced out of my pocket, in those houses to which I formerly had the folly to let myself be dragged, and where the servants always made me pay dearly for the hospitality of their masters. Ever too much affected with sensible objects, especially by those which demonstrate pleasure or dissatisfaction, benevolence or aversion, I suffer myself to be influenced by these exterior expressions, having no resource to escape their influence but flight. A sign, a gesture, a glance of the eye, from an unknown person, is sufficient to destroy my happiness, or calm my sufferings.

ferings. I am only in my own power when alone; at other times, I am the ſport of all thoſe who happen to ſurround me.

Formerly I lived in the world with pleaſure, when I ſaw nothing but benevolence in every countenance, or, at worſt, indifference in thoſe who were unknown to me; but at preſent, when my perſecutors do not take leſs pains to make my perſon generally known, than to hide my diſpoſition, I cannot ſet my foot in the ſtreets without finding myſelf ſurrounded with heart-rending objects. I haſten with my utmoſt ſpeed into the country, and the inſtant I perceive the verdure, I begin to breathe at eaſe. Is it aſtoniſhing that I am fond of ſolitude, ſince I ſee nothing but animoſity on the faces of mankind, while Nature ever wears a ſmile at my approach?

I muſt confeſs, notwithſtanding, that I yet feel pleaſure in living among thoſe who are ſtrangers to my perſon; but this ſatisfaction they have almoſt entirely deprived me of. I loved, ſome years ago, to ramble through the villages, to ſee the countrymen in the morning mending their flails, or the women ſitting at the doors with their children. This ſight had in it an inexpreſſible charm, which touch-

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ed, my heart: I ſometimes ſtopped inſtinctively to obſerve the contrivances of theſe good people, ſighing, I knew not why. I am ignorant whether my perſecutors took notice that I enjoyed this trifling amuſement, and therefore reſolved to deprive me of it; but from the altered looks of the villagers, as I paſſed by, and the air with which they ſeemed to examine me, I was perſuaded that great care had been taken to deprive me of that ſatisfaction. The ſame thing was ſtill more ſtrikingly obſervable at the Hoſpital of the Invalids: that excellent eſtabliſhment has ever intereſted me, nor can I behold without tenderneſs and veneration, thoſe good old men, who may ſay with thoſe of Lacedemon,

Once we were, though now grown old,
Valiant, hardy, young and bold.

One of my favourite walks uſed to be round the military ſchool, where I frequently met with ſome invalids, who having preſerved their ancient military civility, ſaluted me as I paſſed. This ſalute, which my heart returned an hundred fold, flattered and augmented the pleaſure I felt at ſeeing them. Not being able to conceal any thing of this kind, I frequently ſpoke of the invalids, and the manner in which their preſence affected me.——

No

No more was neceſſary—ſoon after I perceived I was not unknown among them, or rather that I was worſe than known, ſince they now viewed me with the public eye. From that time, no more civility, no more ſalutations; a diſtant air and viſible ſhyneſs took place of their former urbanity. The freedom of their ancient profeſſion not permitting them to conceal animoſity under ſmiles and falſehood, they openly ſhewed me the moſt violent hatred; and ſuch is the extreme miſery of my ſituation, that I am conſtrained to eſteem them moſt, who leaſt diſguiſe their ill will.

Since then, I walk with leſs pleaſure by the Hoſpital of the Invalids; but my opinion of them does not depend on their thoughts of me, and I never ſee without reſpect and veneration, thoſe ancient defenders of their country, though I feel the hardſhip of having the juſtice I do them ſo indifferently repaid. If by chance I meet with one who has eſcaped the common information, or not knowing my perſon, expreſſes no averſion, the friendly ſalute I receive from him compenſates for the repulſive behaviour of the reſt. I forget their unkindneſs, to remember his good nature, imagining he poſſeſſes a ſoul like mine, into which hatred cannot enter.

I fully

I fully experienced this pleaſure laſt year, in croſſing the water to the Iſle of Swans. A poor old invalid was waiting the arrival of more company; when I came up, I ſtepped into the boat, and bid the ferryman put off. The water was rough, and the paſſage tedious. I hardly dared addreſs a word to the invalid, for fear of being repulſed, as uſual; but his civility re-aſſured me. We chatted together; he appeared to be a man of ſenſe and morality——I was delighted with his affable and courteous behaviour, not being accuſtomed to ſo much kindneſs; but my ſurprize ceaſed when I learned he had juſt arrived from the country, conſequently it was natural to ſurmiſe that my perſon had not been pointed out to him, and that he had not received the uſual inſtructions. I profited by this opportunity to converſe one moment with a man, and felt, from the pleaſure I experienced in it, how much the value of our moſt common pleaſures is capable of being augmented by their ſcarcity. When we were about to leave the boat, he prepared his poor halfpenny; but I paid the paſſage, begging him to put it up, though I trembled at the ſame time for fear I ſhould diſpleaſe him, which, however, did not happen; on the contrary, he ſeemed ſenſible of my attention, and particularly to that (as he was older than my-

ſelf)

felf).of helping him out of the boat. Who would believe that I was child enough to cry with pleafure! I ardently wifhed to put a twenty-four fous piece into his hand, to have furnifhed him with tobacco, but could not take courage to attempt it. The fame fhame has often prevented me from doing laudable actions, from which I have abftained, deploring my imbecillity.

For once, after quitting my invalid, I confoled myfelf by reflecting, that I fhould have acted againft my own principles, in mingling with native benevolence, pecuniary objects, which foil and degrade its difinterefted nefs. We fhould ever haften to fuccour thofe in want; but in the ordinary concerns of life, let us leave benevolence and urbanity to do their work, without daring to approach or corrupt fo pure a fource with any thing venal or mercenary. It is faid that the people in Holland make you pay for being told the hour of the day, or directed to the place you want to find. How defpicable muft that people be, how loft to the endearing quality of benevolence, who thus fordidly make a traffic of the moft fimple duties of humanity!

I have remarked, that hoſpitality is only ſold in Europe: throughout Aſia you are lodged gratis. I well know that it is not ſo abundantly furniſhed with conveniencies; but is it nothing to be enabled to ſay, "I am a man, and as ſuch, received by my fellow-creatures: pure humanity affords me this ſhelter?" Small privations are eaſily endured, when the mind is better treated than the body.

TENTH WALK.

THIS day is Palm Sunday. It is preciſely fifty years ſince my acquaintance commenced with Madame de Warrens. She was then eight and twenty, being born with the century. I wanted ſomething of ſeventeen, and the encreaſing warmth of a temperament which I was yet unacquainted with, gave additional heat to a heart naturally full of life. If it was not aſtoniſhing that ſhe ſhould conceive an affection for a young man, who, with an

agreeable perſon, was lively, though mild and modeſt; it is ſurely leſs extraordinary, that a charming, ſenſible, and elegant woman, ſhould inſpire me with gratitude, and with a yet more tender ſentiment, which I could not diſtinguiſh from it; but what is rather particular, this firſt moment produced an inevitable chain of fate throughout my whole future life. My natural organs not having yet developed the moſt precious faculties of my ſoul, it had received no fixed form, but ſeemed to wait with a kind of impatience for the moment that ſhould impreſs it, which moment, though accelerated by this meeting, did not arrive ſo ſoon as might have been expected; ſince, by the ſimplicity of manners which education had given me, that delightful but rapid ſtate was prolonged, in which love and innocence inhabit the ſame heart. She ſent me from her; but every thing recalled me back again: I found it neceſſary to return; this return fixed my deſtiny, and long before ſhe was mine, I lived for her alone. Ah! had I been every thing to her heart, as ſhe was ſufficient to mine, what peaceful and happy days ſhould we have paſſed together! We have ſpent ſuch; but they were ſhort and rapid, and what a fate has followed them! Not a day paſſes in which I do not

recollect

recollect with pleasure and tenderness, this short, and only time in my life, when I enjoyed myself fully, without alloy or obstacle, and in which I could be truly said to live. I can nearly say with the Roman Prefect, who being disgraced under Vespasian, went to end his days peaceably in the country, "I have passed seventy years on the earth, and have lived seven." Had it not been for this short but precious interval, I should have remained a stranger to myself during my whole life, having been so agitated, thrown and dragged about by the passions of others (though almost passive and unresisting) through a stormy existence, that I should be puzzled to separate what is really my own, in my actions or conduct from what has been compulsive, so much has cruel necessity kept me in subjection. But during those few years, beloved by a most amiable and accomplished woman, I acted as I pleased, was what I wished to be; while by the employment of my leisure hours, aided by her lessons and example, my soul (yet unexperienced and simple, received the impressions best suited to its nature, and which it has ever since adhered to. An inclination for solitude and contemplation sprang up in my heart, with the expansive and tender sentiments which naturally

accompany

accompany ſuch propenſities. Tumult and noiſe contract and ſuppreſs theſe feelings, while calmneſs and peace, re-animate and exalt them.

Solitude is neceſſary to me when in love: I engaged Madame de Warrens, therefore, to retire into the country. A lonely houſe, on the gentle declivity of a valley, was our aſylum, where, for the ſpace of four or five years, I enjoyed an age of life, a full and pure happineſs, which enlivens with the charms of its remembrance even my preſent wretched ſituation. I wiſhed for a friend adapted to my heart; I poſſeſſed her—I ſighed for a country life; I obtained it—I could not bear ſubjection; I was perfectly free, and more than free; ſince following my attachments only, I did no more than was delightful, my whole time being divided between affectionate cares and rural employments. I only wiſhed for the continuation of ſo mild a fate, I felt no fear except that which aroſe from the uncertainty of its continuance; this the difficulties of our ſituation gave birth to, and it was not without foundation. This too, ſuggeſted the idea both of endeavouring to divert this uneaſineſs, and of providing reſources againſt poverty. I imagined that the attainment of talents

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was the moſt certain ſecurity againſt the evils I dreaded; and, therefore, reſolved to employ my leiſure ſo as to put myſelf in a ſituation to return one day, if poſſible, to the beſt of women, that aſſiſtance I had received from her * * * * *
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THE END.